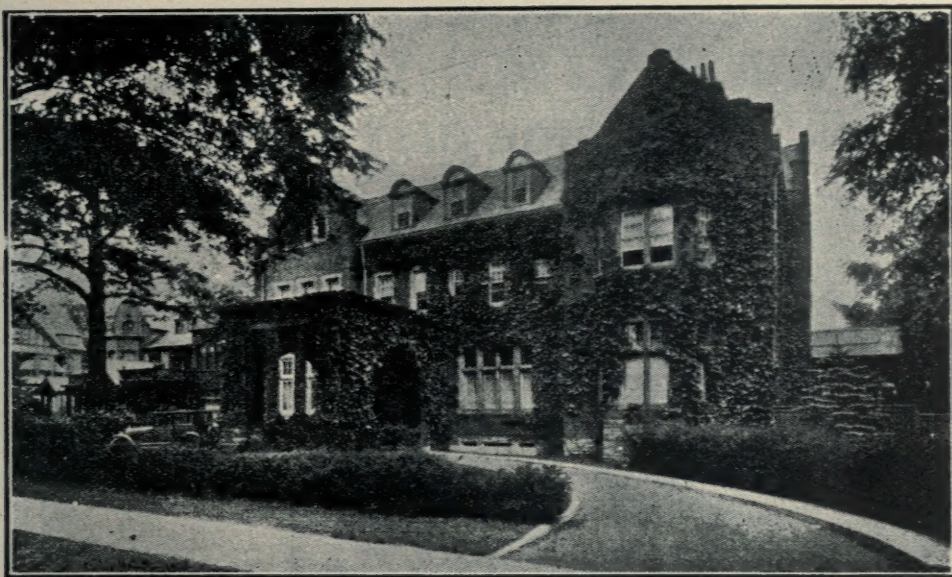


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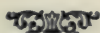
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St. Joseph—Our Patron

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXXII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1943

No. 1

EDITORIAL

ST. JOSEPH

PATRON OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH

SINCE the beginning of the war we have a clearer meaning of "total war!" "Total war" means just what it says. "Total" is the sum of all parts. In "total war" not only the army, navy, and air-force take part, but also the civilians, who live far from the actual battlefields. The home front, the economic front, the morale front,—in a word the nation marshals all powers and energies for the prosecution of the war. The failure of one will weaken the others. It is the efficient marshalling of all energies that will bring the war to a successful and speedy termination.

The Christian, the true follower of Christ, is also engaged in a war. In the Holy Scripture Job called man's life on earth a warfare. St. John mentions war against the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life. St. Paul speaks also of man's warfare, the warfare between the flesh and the spirit. This warfare stands between man and the realization of his principal object of existence,—the attainment of the kingdom of heaven. God has given man many helps for the prosecution of this war. "Total war," the marshalling of all these helps, will bring man more surely to the kingdom of heaven.

First and foremost among the many helps which the Catholic has in this warfare are the sacraments and prayer. In addition to these he has a guardian angel and one or more patron saints. He has a patron saint from baptism, one from confirmation, and many times a patron saint from his coun-

try, diocese or parish. But more than this, our Holy Mother Church has given us St. Joseph as a patron for every member of the Church. On December 8, 1870, Pope Pius IX appointed St. Joseph as the Patron of the Universal Church.

There are many reasons for this appointment. St. Joseph had a very special mission in the mystery of the Incarnation. He was the protector, the guardian, the foster-father of Jesus Christ. He was the custodian of the body of Christ. God does not change these relations in the kingdom of heaven. The mystical body of Christ is the Church, and St. Joseph is truly the guardian and protector of the mystical body of Christ. The Church includes all its members, so St. Joseph as a Patron of the Universal Church is a patron for every member. St. Joseph rescued and protected Christ from danger. Now he rescues and protects the Church and all its members from danger, particularly in time of persecution and trouble. Because of his eminent position he deserves veneration even before the angels and saints, our other patrons.

This theological basis for the position of St. Joseph is not something new. At the time of the Council of Constance in 1416 the Church was torn by schism. The cardinals, bishops, doctors and theologians gathered together to find a way to bring complete unity to the Church. Gerson, the learned and holy chancellor of the University of Paris asked the Council to spread devotion to St. Joseph. He explained that as St. Joseph was the guardian and protector of Christ, he is still the guardian and protector of the mystical body of Christ. World-wide devotion to St. Joseph was his remedy for schism. The bishops returned to their sees inspired by the words of Gerson. They spread devotion to St. Joseph and in a short time the Church was restored to unity.

This one instance of the power of St. Joseph as a patron is well known in history. St. Joseph has proved himself many times as a patron, but most of these instances are not recorded. St. Joseph is still a hidden saint. The word patron means one who is a helper and protector. The word patron implies knowledge and power,—knowledge of the difficulties of the client and power to remedy those difficulties. St.

Joseph has had first-hand knowledge of our troubles. He has known from bitter experience the meaning of temptations and sufferings. The story of his life is meager in details, but it tells of sorrow, as is always the case with those who are near and dear to God. Because he has learned from the Child Jesus the secret of charity, he is pre-eminently our refuge in sorrow. St. Joseph as our patron has the power to assist us in every necessity. He was called "father" by the child who was Almighty. God Himself while on earth was subject to him. The Little Flower promised that God would refuse her nothing in heaven because she had refused Him nothing on earth. If the Little Flower had such confidence of her power in heaven, then God could certainly not deny St. Joseph anything, because he was a model of obedience to the Divine Will. St. Joseph has a better reason for having his petitions granted than any other saint if we except the Blessed Mother of God.

The saints knew of the power of St. Joseph as patron. St. Thomas Aquinas says, "Some saints are privileged to extend to us their patronage with particular efficacy in certain needs, but not in others; but our holy patron, St. Joseph, has the power to assist us in *All* cases, in every necessity, in every undertaking." The words of St. Teresa of Avila are well known, "I do not remember that I have ever asked him at any time for anything which he did not obtain for me." The Little Flower of Jesus, writing about her pilgrimage to Rome, says, "I prayed especially to St. Joseph to watch over me, . . . so I felt that I was well protected and quite safe from danger."

The saints at all times had devotion to St. Joseph, but the devotion to St. Joseph was not so public in past centuries, particularly the early centuries of the Church. Some readers might wonder why the Church waited eighteen centuries before proclaiming St. Joseph as Patron of the Universal Church. During the space of centuries the Church was defending the doctrine of the Incarnation, the divinity of Christ. The doctrine of the Incarnation was the doctrine most often and violently attacked. For this reason devotion to St. Joseph

was not so public. When the controversies on the Incarnation had subsided devotion to St. Joseph was brought more prominently before the faithful. A public devotion in the early centuries would have given the heretics a cause to call him the father of Jesus Christ and not as the Gospel says, the "supposed father."

Although the Church's devotion to St. Joseph was not so publicly declared yet from the earliest times he was venerated in the East. The Carmelites who had charge of the holy house at Nazareth, kept his feast day. When they were driven from Mount Carmel and came to Europe they brought with them this devotion. The writings of the early fathers and doctors of the Church are filled with praise for this great saint. We have mentioned the world-wide devotion to St. Joseph in the fifteenth century. To-day there is scarcely a Catholic church without an altar to St. Joseph.

As his feast day comes during the month of March, the Church at this time emphasizes the position of St. Joseph in our lives. The love of St. Joseph might be set as a standard to judge the depth of our faith. St. Joseph is a patron for all, to guide us and guard us through the storms of life and to prepare us for a happy death. In the warfare against the enemies of our salvation, in marshalling all the helps for a "total war," our Holy Mother Church re-echoes the ancient words, "Go to Joseph."

* * * * *

I HATE war, but I like the expression "total war." The word, "total" gives a basis for analysis and criticism. It is an axiom in philosophy that a composite,—that is something made of parts, cannot be good or true unless all parts are good or true and all parts are present. The young bride in making her first cake might learn from bitter experience the meaning of this axiom. One bad egg would spoil the "total" cake even though all other parts were of the best. The working man in struggling with his income tax knows he will not have a true "total" unless all the parts are true. These examples seem very simple, but the same axiom can be applied even

to political and economic philosophies or more abstract concepts. A historian might write a biography of a hero and select only incidents that shed glory on the hero, omitting those that might be shameful. The biography would not be a true one. A humanitarian out of love for humanity might establish homes, hospitals, or schools. Is such a one a true humanitarian? A human is composed of body and soul and the possible recipient of divine grace. One who would help humanity in the preservation or perfection of the body only without any help for the soul is not a true humanitarian. A hospital is of benefit to an unapprehended robber. The robber is restored to health to again become a danger to society. Schools and libraries are of just as much benefit to the criminal as to the law-abiding citizen. A true humanitarian would furnish help for both the body and for the soul. A human is a composite. The sisters in the hospitals and even in the cloister, would come closer to the idea of a true humanitarian.

Our bishops are insistent that we establish Catholic schools for Catholics even if it takes great sacrifice. The public schools do not teach religion in their regular curriculum,—they cannot do so, and religion is too important for the Catholic to neglect. The Catholic schools provide for the soul as well as the body and those who help to establish them are true humanitarians.

If we go back to the bride and her first cake, we cannot honestly condemn the good flour or the good butter. The cake was bad because one egg was bad. Because the parts in a composite are good or true with one or two exceptions, the composite is bad but the good parts are still good. Our public schools are the best in the world. We have no reason to discredit them. Whatever good they have is still good, but they leave out a part important for us. The bad or evil is the negation of something; something should be there, but it is not. There is nothing completely bad. We could find elements of good even in the most vicious philosophy. But when judging truth or good even 99 44-100 per cent. good will not suffice. For a composite, "total," something made of parts to be true or good all parts must be true or good and all parts must be there.

CHURCH AND STATE

By REV. THOMAS F. BATTLE.

THE story of the Christian age is replete with the relations of Church and State. To mention in the same breath these two powers placed over society for its governance, will arouse in the popular mind a picture totally different, as each mind is Catholic or otherwise. The Catholic will forthwith conjecture that the Church has nearly always been bullied and persecuted by the civil powers. The Protestant man on the street will at once think of persistent clerical interference, *auto da fe's*, and the Inquisition known as Spanish.

WHY TWO POWERS.

The relation of Church and State truly has a history: nineteen centuries of it to be sure. And the history of Europe and what was made by Europe is an enigma without a knowledge of the *diarchy of Christendom*. Before following the thread through the tangled skein of Christendom's history, it would be well to reannounce the traditional Christian teaching on the relationship of Church and State.

The symbol and the reason for the distinction, not the entire separation of Church and State, is the human person—composed of soul and body. Each is distinct but their separation spells death, the death of the body. The Church is immortal and like the soul can never die no matter what befalls the State. The soul of man is destined for eternal felicity and needs the means here to obtain that glorious hereafter. The body needs welfare here, and hence for its convenience and comfort we have the State which aims at the temporal happiness of man, and supplies the deficiencies of the family and the individual.

God has divided the government and care of human society into two orders. Both are supreme and independent in their own sphere and for their own ends, (purposes); with due subordination of course of the one to the other. The State is

subordinate to the Church, as the body is to the soul, on account of the inequality of ends. The end of the Church is higher than temporal happiness, which is the aim and care of the State. Neither Society, each of which have its proper power from God, has any right of interference within the other's jurisdiction as such.

The Church, however, as the representative of the spiritual or supernatural order has *indirect* power over the State. This kind of power must be explained.

When the State oversteps its powers, and enacts laws or carries on in any way contrary to truth or justice, the Church has the right and duty to reassert the rights of the spiritual, i.e., the rights of God. Then it exercises jurisdiction, not over temporals as such, but as regards the spiritual order where it has been outraged. Dogmatic Theology and Canon Law, explain more fully the traditional Christian doctrine.*

PRE-CHRISTIAN RELATIONS.

Before Christianity came, the relations of Church and State were as follows: In the Roman world the State had absorbed the religious set-up, and it was a mere state department. The gods were official and national. The priests were officers of the State. The Emperor was Pontifex Maximus (High Priest) of the Roman religion. Deities were national throughout paganism. The Greeks and the Carthaginians had their own gods. It was political odium that first frowned on Christianity. The Christians could not and would not offer incense to the gods or bow the knee before the emperor god. Therefore, they were to the Romans disloyal and seditious. So, the blood baths.

In time, these gods became too numerous to remain respectable. Even, before Constantine, the Christian fruit was ripe enough for picking. By the edict of Milan (313) the son of St. Helen, gave the new religion tolerance. In time, it received right and privilege. But the ancient gods still skulked in their

* The Indirect Power of the Popes is entirely a different question from the Temporal Power of the Popes over the Papal States, now Vatican City, which in extent is only a small acreage. Over those few acres the Pope is a civil or temporal ruler.

outmoded niches. Sometime after Constantine had closed his eyes after the famous death bed baptism (337), Christianity both in theory and practice, became a kind of established religion. By now, the Church was well experienced in the killings and kindnesses of the civil rulers. The Church walked into the Middle Ages, the Pope and the Emperor, arm in arm. After the abortive attempt of Julian the Apostate to revive paganism by a bloodless persecution, the death knell of the old religion soon sounded. The successors of Constantine like him, clothed themselves in a quasi-Episcopal character. In theory, they recognized in the Bishops, their spiritual independence, but true to laic propensity, they could not keep their proper place. However, the rulers did a lot for the Church and there grew up a concord between the two Orders. Feudalism was the order of the day, was everywhere and would see many moons. Weal and woe waited on the Church for centuries and ebbed and flowed as the tide. What ailed the rulers all through the Feudal period was either a feeble grasp of the Catholic spirit or an excessive hangover of the barbarian spirit. Feudalism was a mixture of three elements: (a) what monasticism found worth saving of ancient culture, (b) the barbarian element, and (c) the Church. The unfriendly Guizot has this to say:

GUIZOT DESCRIBES.

“From the fourth to the thirteenth century it is the Church which always marches in the front rank of civilization. I must call your attention to a fact which stands at the head of all others, and characterizes the Christian Church in general—a fact which, so to speak, has decided its destiny. This fact is the unity of the Church, the unity of the Christian society, irrespective of all diversities of science, of place, of power, of language, or origin. Wonderful phenomenon! It is just at the moment when the Roman Empire is breaking up and disappearing that the Christian Church gathers itself up and takes its definite form. Political unity perishes, religious unity emerges. Populations endlessly different in origin, habits, speech, destiny, rush upon the scene: all becomes local and

partial; every enlarged idea, every great local arrangement is lost sight of: and in this moment, the Christian Church proclaims most loudly the unity of its teaching, the universality of its law. And from the bosom of the most frightful disorder the world has ever seen, has arisen the largest and purest idea, perhaps, which ever drew men together—the idea of a spiritual society.” (LECTURES on European History, XII, P. 230).

IN FEUDAL DAYS.

The Feudal period was a hectic one. The set-up as mentioned—the remains of Roman culture, the Barbarian culture, and the Church, made a new form of society. Feudalism grew out of the exigencies of the age. It would last for a long time, but not forever. Things so went from bad to worse that another turning point in the story of civilization came along. As was expected, God raised up a churchman, who took over and saved the independence of the spiritual power. St. Gregory VII, the famous Hildebrand was the man in question. This former monk had great Popes before and after him in the long story of the Papacy, but none greater. He struck out against three major evils in the society of his day—simony, clerical concubinage, and Lay Investiture. The last had the Church bound hand and foot. From the Feudal relations of the day, the Fief system, vassalage and all that, the princes of the day, claimed the right of investing the bishops with staff and ring. It was this courageous man who almost single handed struck out at this abomination. This fearless and epochal character had been the power behind the throne in the rule of five former popes. He had travelled and lived in at least three countries as papal envoy. He knew what was going on, so when he became Pope, although quite advanced in years, he struck as no human being has before or since. He did not live to see the full fruits of his work, but he succeeded, as time proved, and he saved the liberty of the Church. Other great Popes in the latter part of the high Middle Ages fought well for the independence of the Church. Innocent the Third, is one of these giants. But there were others.

The Church came through the thirteenth century with her head in the sunshine of glory. Society, for centuries back, had been based on theology, as it should be. What else could Society rest on? To be based on anything else, would mean ridiculously, that humanity was based on itself or something lower. To say that Society rested on the Christian faith and ethic means that it sought the best set-up for time and eternity. The ideal of society seemed to be attained in the 13th century. The various civil entities more or less republican in form, functioned autonomously with the Pope as an umpire of justice. It was a true League of Nations with the Papacy as a World Court. Society with this unity of Christendom appeared ready, for full steam ahead in fair weather, but there was plenty of trouble around the corner. For generations, a whole flock of evils had been collecting, and soon the religious unity, and with it, the social unity of Christendom would be gone. All this would be most vital to the relations of Church and State.

THE GREAT REBELLION.

The religious revolt of the sixteenth century was the worst disaster in Church history. For a long time, the Church was familiar with heresy and schism. She had telling samples of both in Aryanism (4th cent.) and the Greek schism completed in the eleventh century (1054). But Protestantism was something different. It was a framework that encased or could encase all heresies and all rebellions. Up to date, there was nothing more innocuous to not only the religious but the social welfare of mankind.

The key to all Christian history is the attitude of nations to God and His Christ. The same is true of their relations with the Mystic Christ—the Catholic Church. The conflict with the Vicar of Christ, as waged by Philip the Fair of France, with Boniface VIII, was a fitting overture to the break the German Princes and English rulers made with Rome in 1517 and 1534. All that has happened since is a perpetual tail-spin from the break with the earthly representative of things spiritual. The issue of our day is found in that monster of modern times known

as the lay or servile state. Boniface the VIII and Philip the Fair, or earlier, Gregory the seventh and Henry the fourth of Germany, and Innocent the Third, and Frederick the second, are classic cases—only to name a few, of the clash of the two powers in society. Napoleon, and Pius VII, the case of Joseph the second of Austria, and Bismarck's Kulturkampf, are more modern instances. While such scuffles, centred on some particular issue, yet generally their cause can be ascribed to the trespass of the civil power on the rights of the spiritual. Many a ruler in Christian times, has assumed the pontifical powers of the old Roman Emperor. Not content with their sway in the temporal sphere, they have arrogated to themselves some kind of spiritual or church authority imitative of the old pontifex maximus of ancient days. A laughable angle of early Protestantism, which should even amuse its modern offspring, is the revolt against church authority by the princes who at once invested that power in themselves. The case of the English sovereigns is a noted example.

For practical purpose, we might state that there are few, if any, Protestant states to-day. They should be called Indifferent states. Protestantism in many places to-day is no longer what it used to be. It has faded into nothingism as regards dogmatic teaching. It is true, however, that in most countries it has survived as an organization. Many Protestants to-day are rationalists pure and simple.

THE AFTERMATH.

When State absolutism, aided by Protestantism, had a good flare, along came social revolution in Europe, with France as the hotbed. Down went throne and altar before the sweep of the Rebellion. The reform philosophy had degenerated into the rationalism of the Encyclopedists. On came the Revolution which shook every throne in Europe. Out of the chaos, came Europe's armed soldier, Bonaparte. Since his day, until the outbreak of World War I, or shortly previous, the governments in Europe, have been able to carry on only by standing armies numbering 5,000,000 men. This ready-to-hand instrument of

force has been necessary since the old unity of Christendom is no more, and revolution lurks around every corner. No longer is the Vicar of Christ accepted by all as the concrete representative of the spiritual; and the aegis under which nations function in their own supreme autonomy. The French Revolution and its afterday, brought a new kind of state into our world. It is the laic state, with no relation whatever to church or religion, for in the main it ignores all religion. It is fully authoritarian and in practice, its own religion. In many contemporary instances the State is totalitarian. The religion of the modern age, outside the Catholic Church, is in great part, statolatry or the worship of the state. Where it will all end no man can tell.

It is a far cry to the day when Jesus bade the pharisees and hypocrites: Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. It is a long time since the Apostles said: We cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard; and, we must obey God rather than men. The New Testament clearly points out the authority of the two powers and the necessity of obedience to each. The Church has been vigilantly and zealously conscious of her independent character. She likewise has been careful to recognize the authority of the civil society and has commanded obedience to lawful authority wherever found. As long as said authority ordains nothing against faith, morals or the rights of the supernatural society, it is sinful disorder to resist it.

DESPOTISM BORN IN EAST.

The theory and practice of the old Roman emperors as exemplified in their role of pontifex maximus is in origin an oriental importation. The despotism of eastern potentates is an old and favorite pastime. Such rulers are not true monarchs or sovereigns—the embodiment of the common weal, the *res publica*. The Roman emperors ruled well in civil matters, but the pontifical or priestly powers that were merged in their office was an eastern sin they were not free from. As the western empire was overthrown and the barbarians from the German

forests seated themselves on its ruins, whenever and wherever the old Roman law was retained or revived, along came an old taste of oriental or Roman despotism. Away went the Church's complete freedom. It has been said that the key to modern history is not the fight between the Empire and the Papacy but the basic difference of two civilizations—the Romanic and the Germanic orders. This may be but a quarrel over words. To cover all it can be said that the whole trouble, whether through ignorance or malice, is the attitude of a people or a government towards Christ.

This despotic interference of rulers born in the East and given to the West by the Roman Emperors, soon found worthy heirs in the Suabian (Hohenstaufen) emperors, Philip the Fair and other Gallican tyrants, in the House of Tudor in England. Napoleon Bonaparte and Joseph II of Austria are samples nearer our day. Royalism and even other forms of civil government have always found it hard to tolerate another perfect society in its midst. The apparent incompatibility or jealousy, or totalitarianism or some such have in the course of our era produced either a persecuting or quarrelsome state attitude toward the Church in most countries of Christendom. Of course there are some places such as the United States where a friendliness or tolerance or an indifference has prevailed. But the set-up in the land of Uncle Sam is quite different from countries generally regarded as Catholic. The modern bigot reading or hearing of the old quarrels between Pope and Emperor, Church and State breaks forth into silly philosophizing on the time honored conflict. He is a strong protagonist for liberty and a stern opponent of aggression, especially papal or what he deems the constant sin of the bishops and clergy in some regions such as Catholic Quebec. He rejoices that such pontiffs in history such as Boniface VIII or Pius VII received such deserved chastisement from such saintly and oppressed princes as Philip the Fair and the First Consul. There are copious tears shed over poor Henry IV of Germany standing barefooted in the snow at Canossa. There is no sympathy for Thomas of Canterbury who was slain at the altar by four armed knights. Such a mind can

see nothing but tyranny and oppression in pontiffs and prelates, nought but liberty and democracy in the deeds and daring of princes and politicians. There is no thought of a churchman's contribution to the liberty not only of the supernatural society but of humanity in general when the rights of the spiritual, that is the rights of God, are asserted and defended. Government has no authority or right unless founded on the rights and authority of God. And the Church in defending and fighting for the rights of the spiritual order is best securing the rights and authority of both orders. The Church in insisting on the rights of God is the best bulwark and defender of the rights of man. There is no freedom, no true democracy, no social security and happiness where religion and morality are not upheld. And when the Church the representative of the Spiritual order which guards and upholds these is opposed or oppressed then the door is thrown open for any tyranny or oppression that any despotic ruler or government may choose to inaugurate.

The State is bound to not only not oppose the Church in her task of promoting the eternal welfare of the citizens but to favor and aid her mission. The State like the individual is bound to seek out the True Religion and to adhere to it. To avoid greater evils it can tolerate any sect or form of religion not contra bonos mores or that does not disturb the common good. But the State cannot be indifferent to all religions or place any on a footing with the True One. This thesis which is the Catholic one of course applies to governments and peoples where such is practicable on account of a great portion of the citizenry professing the Catholic religion. In countries where conditions are otherwise such as England and the United States the thesis just announced is supplanted by an hypothesis or a substitute thesis in a hypothetical case. Practically all the Church can ask for in these places is freedom to pursue her mission. This of course includes freedom for her schools and so on.

THE AGE OF CONCORDATS.

When certain nations were separated from the Church by the unhappy revolt of the 16th century the age of the Concordats

came in fashion. A Concordat is an arrangement made by the Pope regarding the Church in a certain country on account of expediency. The Church in a Concordat makes certain concessions to the civil power in order, in return, to be permitted the exercise of her rights and functions. At many times and in various places such agreements have taken place. But the story of the Concordats has not been a very pleasant one. The Popes have always adhered to their part of the arrangement, but in most cases the civil authority has honored the affair more in the breach than the observance. The Concordat between Pope Pius XI and Hitler's Germany in 1933 is a modern exhibit.

It would be better for human society if she would learn the things that are for her peace. It is time that she would try out the full acceptance of the Church since she has tried everything else and there is no such peace. The testimony of history is not against this suggestion since in the words of G. K. Chesterton Christianity never has been really tried. It has not in the relation of the two powers—The Spiritual and the temporal. For nineteen hundred years of Christian time these two powers have been in the world for its governance and weal.

POLITICAL ATHEISM.

Political atheism is a term given to describe the doctrine that religion is but a private affair, not something social or public. It also claims that kings and kaisers, executives and governments are emancipated from God's law. It logically holds therefore that the Church is powerless to call to task the acts or laws of the civil power even when justice or rights are outraged; or when sins and crimes of any kind are committed against divine or human rights. That is why such lamb-like rulers, as Brownson calls them, Henry IV and Philip the Fair or the Hohenstaufen have had the sympathy of all adherents of political atheism and of course of all who take delight in hating, persecuting or ridiculing the Catholic Church. That is why the name or suggestion of a Medieval pope or a modern hierarchy of bishops are to them synonyms for oppression and autocracy. So think many outside the Church who exalt their patriotism or

exaggerated nationalism into a religion and a worship. It matters not, at times, under what form of civil government these zealots for so called political freedom and opponents of supposed Church aggression find their home. Sometimes the people of a democracy engage in unhealthy democratism and are as persecuting toward religion and the Church as any crowned tyrant from Nero to the last one.

Speaking of forms of civil rule, it must be said that the Catholic Church cares not what kind of government a people chooses. The Church has thrived or suffered under all forms of them. She finds any one of them suitable to her tastes providing she is left free to fulfil her mission to mankind. She does not and cannot prescribe any form for any people, for civil government is something particular or local. She is Catholic and temporal government is not and cannot be so. She is opposed to no people selecting the form that suits their natural character and convenience. She approves of any kind under the sun providing that it is admitted that all authority comes from God, providing a people's laws and customs run not contrary to the natural or divine law.

TRADITIONAL TEACHING.

The desired relations between the two powers which the Church has always striven for was given divine charter by the Saviour of Mankind. The traditional doctrine has been announced through the Christian centuries by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. Popes, such as Gelasius Boniface and others, and great theologians and writers such as Suarez and Bellarmine, have handed on the time-worn teaching after St. Augustine and St. Thomas. In modern times Pope Leo XIII in his admirable encyclicals has clearly taught all about the two powers and the Christian constitution of states and the norms for the public weal. He has so well drawn attention to the rulers and the ruled of the world the manifold evils afflicting modern society. How different is the traditional teaching of the Church from the philosophy of Nicolo Macchiaveli and Karl Marx. How disastrous the infamous theories of courtiers and legists who basked

in the favor of men like Philip the Fair and Joseph II of Austria. Such teachers revive the old pontifex maximus attitude of Roman and Oriental rulers. They aided the mind of modern man to conceive the modern laic state.

God has given the governance of earth's people to two supreme and independent powers who are such in their own sphere. But there is due subordination of the temporal to the spiritual. Their proper relation for the future will be well for us all.

ST. JOSEPH.

THEY call you Poor Saint Joseph. They desery
Only a toiling carpenter, possessed
Of little that marauders might molest;
They count you spouse and father, who deny
The right to rights the titles signify.
They do you ill who call you poor; for blest
Beyond all men the man upon whose breast
The Infant lay on Whose breast you would die.

A liliated staff made you the Lily's rod,
The Ever-Virgin's virgin spouse and knight;
High Heaven's message and her meek assent
Gave you foster-paternity of God!
Head of the Holy Family, that right
Gives you the wealth of all the firmament.

Benjamin Musser.

HUMANITARIANISM — TRUE OR FALSE?

By ARTHUR J. MURPHY, S.F.M.,
St. Augustine's Seminary, China Mission.

“**G**LORY to man in the highest, for man is the maker of things”—so said Algernon Charles Swinbourne near the end of the last century. In his day the deification of man had apparently reached its height among the so-called intellectuals. Darwin and Haeckel proclaimed that finally after ages of evolution, man had reached the zenith of his physical perfection. Shelley and Walt Whitman sang the praises of humanity; Goethe spoke of the natural goodness of man; Renan and Harnack assured us that the powers of human reason were practically unlimited; the inventions of Watt and Fulton stirred up a belief in the omnipotence of science. Utopia was with us; a Utopia founded on man, the new god.

Have the philosophic pessimism of Frederick Nietzsche and the belittling of human nature by Sigmund Freud led the philosophers of our age to abandon this old liberalism? It may be so; it may be true that the flamboyant, loud-mouthed Humanitarianism has lost some of its steam, but false Humanitarianism as a tendency is with us still, and in a manner which is just as deadly as any other brand. But more of that later. For the present let us turn our attention to the men who made gods out of man—for that must have been quite a trick.

THE FOUNDATION OF FALSE HUMANITARIANISM—
ROUSSEAU.

The pillar of the philosophy of humanitarianism is Jean Jacques Rousseau—even though Jean Jacques was not much of a philosopher. To-day millions of people follow his philosophy in practice—although they probably do not realize it.

We could sum up his whole system of thought in three words—NATURE IS GOOD. This requires a little attention

for Rousseau had some rather queer ideas about nature. By it, he did not mean the essence of man, namely the animality and rationality—the soul with its ten faculties and the body, but he meant the sensitive nature of the individual that which is manifested in the inclinations of a man—what we call the concupiscible appetite. This nature is good and all its inclinations are to be followed. So, if a man feels like getting drunk—then he has only one possible duty—get drunk; and if he feels like stealing a little money, or getting another wife, then once again his duty is obvious.

So all our inclinations are good, and we must never resist even one of them lest we run the risk of perverting our nature, just as we would pervert our corporeal nature if we were to gaze with naked eye at the noonday sun. But Jean Jacques was not merely a sensualist. He was a poet—he loved the good, the true, and the beautiful—but only speculatively. So, in practice, says Jean Jacques, follow natural inclinations, but in your mind love that which is beautiful and true. His teaching was a sort of moral hypocrisy, although he himself was apparently sincere. He made the finest judgments as to what was good, but did not think it necessary to act in accordance with his judgment. That was why he could speculatively judge that purity was a very good thing, and yet leave five children to foundling homes.

There is the great appeal of Rousseau to modern men. All men love virtue, but not so many are anxious to practise it. In Rousseau they find an authority of great reputation who in his "Confessions" really exposes their own souls as well as his. Many men would like to love virtue and at the same time practise vice, and here is that great Father of the French Revolution telling them that that is the only correct thing to do. In short, Jean Jacques gives men leave to follow their sinful inclinations and that is just what they want.

AUGUSTE COMTE AND THE WORSHIP OF HUMANITY.

Rousseau was the foundation of false humanitarianism, but it remained for Auguste Comte to make a religion out

of it. Comte founded Positivism, the philosophic system which holds that the only true knowledge is that which we obtain through our senses and which remains in our senses—the knowable is the same as the sensible. But using our senses alone we cannot show that there is such a thing as a cause. Therefore there are no causes, and causality is non-existent. But if causality does not exist then we cannot prove the existence of God, for the five proofs of St. Thomas are based on the principle of causality . . . so we had better forget all about God.

But Comte was a good psychologist. He knew that man is naturally religious and must worship something. If he had no God, whom will he worship? The answer was easy. Comte's Positivism showed him that man was the highest thing knowable by sense knowledge alone—so Comte made Humanity God.

Needless to say, Comte's religion as such never became very widespread. It was a little too tame for his younger disciples. But through it Comte started the idea of progressive sociology, namely, the interest in the material welfare of humanity, and that ideal did keep going. Gradually, being and it has become an end instead of a means to the supernatural end. So Humanitarianism, which in itself could be a very good thing, has deteriorated into a sort of Hedonism, a system which holds that that alone is good which tends towards the pleasure and material welfare of the individual or the community.

How is this theory reduced to practice? A few examples will show. A man who is incurably diseased is no good to himself or to anyone else from the material standpoint, and he is a burden on the rest of the community—so the best thing to do is to quietly remove him from this earth. In other words, Euthanasia is good. Again the cost and worry of raising more than one or two children is really too much—so we had better introduce birth control. Then, again, some of these people who aren't too brilliant might produce a lot of weak-minded children who would certainly be of no

use to us—so perhaps we should bring in sterilization. And so on.

All these things help to make the world a little closer to heaven, a real Garden in Eden for the healthy, lusty, un-repressed demi-god who will go strutting around the world like a veritable Apollo. But before we reach this state we must have some set-up in which men will have a decent share of the material things of the world, where everyone will have plenty of everything—that is just to where the third aspect of Humanitarianism comes in.

THE ECONOMIC SAVIOUR—SAINT-SIMON.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a gentleman named Henri Saint-Simon, who was a good fighter but not much of a thinker, decided that Christianity needed reforming. He thought it would be fine if everybody had an equal share of the wealth of the world, so he thought up some principles to bring about this end, namely: (1) All the instruments of labour should be collectivized; (2) The right of heredity should be abolished and all wealth left at death should be given to the community. And so on.

Saint-Simon thought that charity would be the oil in this social machinery, but his successors were a little more earthly in their outlook. They preserved his principles, but changed his purpose, and the system he started, the system which we call Socialism, directed itself towards the material happiness of man. All men were to share all things, and the reason for this was that this world is our be-all and end-all here; Heaven is just a dream; what we want to do is make this world the best and happiest place possible. So down with the capitalists who load the workers with chains, and up with the oppressed workers until we have eliminated all classes, and given everyone an equal share of the wealth—let all men be free and equal, let us develop naturally and let us have a great time on earth, for while we live we live in clover, but like Billy Pringle's pig, when we die, we die all over.

SHALL WE HAVE GOD—OR MAMMON?

So there is Humanitarianism. It sounds crazy, doesn't it?—nevertheless that's what it is. It is easy for you to object that there are many high-minded souls who want to bring about a true Humanitarianism. I would be the first to agree with this, but I would like to add that unless Humanitarianism is informed by Christianity it will result in just what I have described.

One of the best examples of a nation which lives by nature alone is Japan, a country which as a whole has never had the light of the Gospel. The results are pathetic—paganism, indifference to religion, *hara kiri*, fanatic devotion to the state, disregard of the truth, etc., etc.

This one example alone is a proof that natural Humanitarianism is foredoomed to failure if put into practice, and it helps to illustrate the difference between natural or pagan humanitarianism which teaches supernatural variety. The latter is the true humanitarianism which teaches a love of man is subordinated to the love of God, and a proper use of material things as means to our last end. In practice it has produced marvellous works of charity of the religious orders; the social teachings of Leo XIII and Pius XI, the efforts for a just peace by the present Pope and Benedict XV, the true outlook on such things as marriage, education, social relations and all the other things which make man's lot on this earth a little less hard. In short, Christian Humanitarianism is a true philosophy of life, both in theory and in practice, while the pagan brand is a philosophy of death and leads to a future death.

So Humanitarianism if the school of Rousseau and Comte is wrong—in its theory as well as its practice and that is just what we'll try to show now.

IS MAN AN ANGEL?

Rousseau taught that man is naturally good—Catholic theology teaches that all who descend from Adam contract, *ipso facto*, original sin, and by original sin man loses not only

the supernatural gift of sanctifying grace but also the preternatural gifts with which Adam was adorned in Eden, namely, immunity from ignorance, concupiscence and death; and also man was weakened in his natural properties, which means that his intellect has a harder time to discover the truths of religion and morals, his will is easily inclined to vice and practises virtue only with difficulty, his irascible appetite finds it more difficult to obey reason, commands something hard, and his concupiscible appetite draws him to sensible goods very strongly and even illicitly. The difference between this actual man and the ideal man of pure nature of whom Rousseau dreamed is apparent. Experience and common sense tell us which is correct. I don't think any of us can examine our lives even for the past week or so and still say that, morally considered, our nature is good.

WAS COMTE RIGHT?

Then there was Comte, who said that only sense knowledge is valid. But St. Thomas said a little more than that. He added that intellectual knowledge is also valid, and once again experience and common sense bear out his teaching. Sense knowledge is concerned only with material things, but everyone knows that there are more than material things in our heads. Somehow we work on sensible knowledge until we produce what are called abstract ideas. That's why we order a chocolate milk shake instead of just a milk shake. Somehow or other we picked up the notion of "chocolateness" and it certainly did not come entirely from the senses. The same is true of about nine million other abstract ideas that we possess.

So if intellectual knowledge is valid, and it is, then causality can be proved, and if causality exists then we can prove the existence of God, and if God exists then there is no reason to deify man, and Comte is wrong.

"I GOT PLENTY O' 'NUTHIN'!"

Comes finally the economic myth. Saint-Simon thinks the community should own everything—and we think that would

be a very fine system—except for one thing—we're dealing with men in the fallen state, not with angels. As a matter of fact men have a natural right to own things as individuals and this right is necessary, for if we consider the fallen state of a man, and we must, unless a man owns something he will not be able to fulfil his purposes as an individual, as a member of society, and as a provider for a family. If all things were common then the gentlemen with the biggest club would soon own most of the common things, while the little fellow with the lame back wouldn't get very much. This is actually what has happened when Communism has been put into practice. Theoretically the people may own everything, but in fact the reigning government possesses everything, and in this case, possession is ten-tenths of the law.

WILL IT BE CHRIST—OR CHAOS?

So Humanitarianism is wrong—wrong because it solves the problem of human happiness by identifying happiness with pleasure. It teaches that if a man has a full stomach and a good time he must be happy. Probably many of us could discount that claim from experience alone but there are also many men in the world who have never had a chance to experience it, and that is where the danger of false humanitarianism lies.

After the war there will be some changes. People are tired of bloodshed and ruin and they want to establish some sort of international set-up which will exclude the possibility of a future universal carnage. Despite the intense nationalism of the day internationalism is strong in many quarters and it shows up most clearly after a war. Men now blame the war on an unequal distribution of the world's goods, and rightly so. With the peace they will try to remedy that defect, and if they succeed it may be in either of two ways. Either they will accept the peace points of the Pope and establish the new world on Christian principles or they may take a pagan Humanitarian point of view and try to make the world a place where everyone will have plenty, where there will be

no more wars, where humanity will be supreme and where God will be left out of the picture for all practical purposes. In other words they may take Satan up on that promise of his, "You shall be as God."

EASTER MORNING.

THE bitter Cross has blossomed like the rod
Of Aaron, the iron nails are lilies now;
The Crown of Thorns which pierced that lovely brow
Is wreathed with roses; from the feet that trod
Earth's valleys, from the hands and feet of God,
Fell drops of precious blood that earth endow
With fresh wildflowers, pressing to avow
That the glory has returned, not Iehabod.

White iris there and red anemone
Spring from the soil to weave a winding sheet
For limbs that never shall corruption see,
And lilies of the valley scent the air;
An Easter song of angels thrills to greet
Those whom Christ's love has rescued from despair.

A. F. Gerald.



THE VIRGIN

Reprinted from the American magazine
FORTUNE

"Symbol or Energy the Virgin Mary is the greatest power the Western World has known—"

—Henry Adams (Education of Henry Adams).

THE scriptural accounts of the Mother of Jesus are not many and are not long. But in them lie cradled nearly 2,000 years of faith and mysticism, ceremony and art; and because of them a simple and pure woman was ordained to light the centuries as the receptacle of men's hopes, the sanctuary for their fears, the intercessor for their sins, the destination of their pilgrimages. In the darkest of intervening ages, when the secular and ecclesiastical worlds were alike plunged in bloodshed, it was to her that the children of Christendom looked for guidance. At her feet they laid their greatest possessions. In her image they saw the corporal proofs of the eternal law.

Transfigured though it is, the story of Mary remains above everything else a human story. Set against the stern righteousness of the Church and the awful mysticism of the Trinity, the compassion of the Eternal Mother presents a magnificent chronicle of solace. The attributes of Mary are those of a woman standing between two worlds, the one blundering and chaotic, the other mysterious and infinite, and mingling the vision of Heaven with the language of earth.

The worship of an Earth Mother, or goddess of fertility, is, of course, very ancient. Astarte, Isis, Demeter, Ceres coloured the emotions of the pagan races; and Mary, too, first partook of such veneration, sometimes supplanting a pagan goddess. Indeed, she has never lost her great maternal role. But interfused with it has been the concept of chastity, which has come to stand as one of the ideals of Christian living. Mary's, then, is the double role of Mother and Virgin,



Chiesa di S. Biagio.

Guido Reni

THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

of resting place for the children of the Church, of purity and exclusion from carnal sin.

Though not very much is told of Mary in the Bible, the story of her life had already begun to spread during the ministry of Christ's apostles and was carried west by missionaries and pilgrims. The theological basis for future Marian veneration was laid very early, but its flowering into what unbelievers call Mariolatry—that complex of personal devotion, tirelessly expressed in words and music, in paint and glass and stone—is of later growth. It is true that Mary first appears in art during the second century and frequently during the two centuries that followed; but she appears then largely in a human attitude of prayer.

It was in the fifth century that veneration of Mary blazoned forth: as the outcome, it so happens, of a schism in the Church, the celebrated Nestorian heresy. Nestorius declared that Christ was two persons, one human, one divine, and that Mary was the mother of only the human one. But in this he was bitterly opposed, and at the Ecumenical Council at Ephesus that followed in 431, Mary was proclaimed "the Holy Virgin and Mother of God." The Nestorians were excommunicated, but the orthodox were overjoyed and began to depict the Virgin and Child on coins and garments, in their Churches and their homes. Shortly afterward the Empress Eudocia sent home from Jerusalem a portrait of Mary "painted from the life of St. Luke." (Shortly before St. Augustine had declared that no portrait of the Virgin was known to exist).

The veneration of Mary flourished throughout the next 200 years. She was named the Patron Saint of Constantinople; in the Eastern Church her picture was carried at the head of every procession; in 610, when Heraclius sailed from Carthage to dethrone Phocas, the image of the Virgin was at the masthead of his ships. But in the eighth century there came a reaction: Marian veneration was termed idolatry by the iconoclasts; many effigies of the Virgin were destroyed; from many other effigies the figure of the Virgin was deleted. Such

destructions were protested. For a time the practice was halted, afterwards was revived. Legend has it that for defending Mary, John of Damascus was called an idolater and had his right hand struck off; he touched a picture of Mary and a new hand sprang out. On this account the Virgin is sometimes portrayed with three hands.

More time passed. A new council restored Mary to her former position in the Church; and now commenced that great burst of Marian veneration that was to spread everywhere through Europe and triumph across the entire span of the Middle Ages. Pilgrims carried the apocryphal gospels in which the Virgin was venerated; rulers and knights off to war, off to the Crusades, dedicated themselves to the Madonna's service, using her name as a battle cry (*Notre-Dame-Guesclin! Notre-Dame-Bourgogne! Notre-Dame-St.-Denis-Montpoie!*) The hour of the Annunciation having been placed by the Church at sunset, the Angelus was introduced to commemorate it. Monks wore white in token of the Virgin's purity, black in token of her sorrow. Different monastic orders championed different Marian doctrines: the Franciscans, for example, defended the Immaculate Conception. The Cistercian Order put all its churches under the Virgin's special protection.

It is around the churches themselves that the veneration of the Virgin wove its deepest spell, combining reverence with art. It is perhaps no longer possible to conceive what Mary meant in the life of the Middle Ages, certainly not without first conceiving what religion meant. One can grasp the poverty, the suffering, the disease; the threats and hostilities; the fears and superstitions; the mystical impulses that overwhelmed even the paltriest imagination. One can grasp this, and with it the absolute power of the Church itself, grim, forbidding, inexorable, and yet not quite conceive all that flooded the emotions of those who built the wayside shrines, the Lady chapels, the churches, the great cathedrals of Europe, dedicating them to the Lady of Sorrows, the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven. Nearly every great church of the twelfth

and thirteenth centuries belonged to Mary. Her presence, at once holy and human, consoled the humble; her regal image, standing beyond mortal desire, humbled emperors, patriarchs, and popes. The Virgin Mary stood as a kind of special pleader for the faithful in the matter of their own faith. Small wonder, then, that as men to-day store up wealth for themselves, in the Middle Ages they offered up literally almost all they had to Mary. By many in those times she was placed above her Son.

From the huge number of medieval edifices that were dedicated to the Virgin, we may choose the most celebrated of all as an instance of Marian veneration and art: Chartres Cathedral. Chartres, whose legends go back to the Druids, claims the honour of having dedicated a shrine to Mary while she was alive; in any case, her presence seemed, for the faithful, to hover there for centuries. As much as it was ever a cathedral, it was consciously a palace where she held gorgeous court as Queen of Heaven. The Virgin of Chartres was indeed the Virgin of Majesty, the object of notable pilgrimages like those made by Thomas à Becket and, long after, Mary Queen of Scots. At Chartres, in all the splendor of medieval glass, the veneration of the Virgin Mary sounded its grandest note.

But the whole Middle Age glows with its celebration of the Virgin. In her honour the Dominicans introduced the Rosary; the Ave Maria, introduced in the 10th century, almost challenged the importance of the Pater Noster. The greatest poets of medieval Christendom—Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer—invoked her name. Practically every church that was not dedicated to her contained a chapel that was. On less exalted levels her influence was equally plain. In Oriental chess a piece called the minister had very restricted powers, the French, making it the most powerful piece on the board, gave it the new title of queen and referred to it as the Virgin. And men's attitude toward Mary plainly helped to elevate their attitude toward women in general.

As the Middle Ages passed over into the Renaissance, Marian veneration began to decline. Not only was the hege-

mony of the Catholic Church disputed by sects who paid the Virgin less honour, but men's interest in the classic worlds of Greece and Rome lent other stimuli to art, the scientific spirit began to overshadow the mystical, parochial orbits tended to expand. The Church was in general, no longer the centre of people's lives. The veneration of the Virgin became, as it were, theological rather than religious. Taste, rather than faith, dominated art. The Renaissance painters did not scruple to use their wives, their mistresses, even women of the streets, as models for the Virgin. She was no longer treated austere, but often with almost pagan sensuousness. Savonarola thundered against such irreverent effigies and made a bonfire at Florence of all he could put his hands on; but it was too late.

Yet much reverence remained. Even in art, though the concept of Mary as Holy Virgin had less force, the favourite treatment of her was dignified and melancholy, that of a *Pieta* or a *Lady of Sorrows*. Or it was touched with deeply religious grace, as in what is certainly one of the most famous of all pictures, the *Sistine Madonna*. And a little later on, the idea of Mary's predestination to her role, as expressed in the *Immaculate Conception*, first triumphed in art, particularly with Guido and Murillo; and the Virgin often appeared alone in great paintings without the Christ child.

With the devout, the veneration of Mary continued during the Renaissance. The Pope attributed the victory of Christians over Turks at Lepanto to the special intervention of the Virgin. A new invocation, the *Auxilium Christianorum*, was added to her litany. A festival of the *Rosary* was added to her honours. Churches and chapels continued to be built in exaltation of her; poems and hymns continued to be composed.

In modern times there has come about, more and more, a cleavage between the religious and the worldly life. But church worship apart, the special veneration of the Virgin in many ways continues. The nineteenth century, for one thing, saw a tremendous revival of one of the oldest forms of

Marian veneration, widespread throughout the Middle Ages but much diminished by the Reformation: pilgrimages. It was in 1858 that the Virgin appeared to a shepherdess in the grotto at Lourdes, saying, "I am the Immaculate Conception," and causing a spring to gush forth. Within a few years this miracle had drawn crowds of pilgrims; until recently a million pilgrims went annually to Lourdes. According to the faithful, the water there has no curative properties but is wholly miraculous.

After Lourdes, perhaps the most famous of hundreds of shrines is Loreto. There, legend says, the house of Mary and Joseph in Nazareth, after being whisked by angels to Dalmatia and elsewhere, was finally deposited in 1295, and still stands, the nucleus of the basilica. Guadalupe Hidalgo in Mexico is particularly interesting because around a picture of the Virgin grew up the shrine, around the shrine grew up the church, around the church grew up the town. In the United States the most famous object of pilgrimages is probably Auriesville, in Montgomery County, New York, the scene of the martyrdom of three Jesuit Missionaries at the hands of the Mohawks. The shrine there is built to Mary as Our Lady of Martyrs, and the long file of pilgrims who visit it grows longer every year.

Thus the long special sovereignty of the Virgin over Catholic peoples remains unbroken. As late as 1920 the Pope made the Blessed Virgin Mary of Loreto "special patron, with God of all things aeronautic." To-day every new shrine is dedicated to her who in the past was enshrined with a host of titles, human and divine, in every language, was symbolized by the sun and the moon, the lily and the rose, was invoked by great poets, painted by great artists, honoured by great builders. She has received the most sacred vows of kings and queens; with her image before them armies have marched off to war, and men and women forsworn the world. And in millions upon millions of homes a cheap oleograph of her has meant peace of mind, for as children look to their mothers for protection, so Catholics look to Mary, believing she will

intercede for them in their waywardness. It was a profound skeptic who yet in his own way profoundly venerated the Virgin—it was Henry Adams who said: “The Virgin . . . remains the most intensely and the most widely and the most personally felt, of all characters, divine or human or imaginary, that ever existed among men.”

STABAT MATER.

THROUGH summer twilight of his infancy
Beneath the shadowed eaves in Nazareth
How many nights beside His little bed
She watched till sleep had claimed His even breath.

So by that last bed of the Crucified
Her kind maternal vigil doth she keep;
Throughout the darkening hours she stands beside,
Nor leaves Him till His eyes are closed in sleep.

E.B.

ISLES OF BEAUTY

By K. CHAPMAN MOESSINGER.

THE war activities in the Pacific, especially in New Guinea and the Islands north of Australia, recall a visit I made about ten years ago to the then "Isles of Beauty."

A wireless message from my brother, Dick Chapman, "Come over to New Guinea and spend a few weeks on Edie Creek," fulfilled my wish for such a trip, and so, embarking by the "Macdhui" at Pinkenba, I began my sea voyage.

Our first port of call was the garden island of Samarai, a picturesque place of vivid flowering shrubs and red-roofed houses set amid green trees. A wall had been built around the island to prevent the erosion of the sea, and along this wall is the esplanade, enabling one to stroll around in twenty-five minutes.

Two hotels, two stores, a school, a native clinic, and a post office joined to a branch of the Commonwealth Bank—these constitute the public buildings of the community. Native "boys" do most of the work—washing, ironing, loading boats, etc.,—and with their fuzzy, flower-decked hair and coloured "lap-laps" they make a brilliant slow-motion picture. The streets are swept daily, and the garbage is carried out to the end of a small pier and dumped into the sea. One of the industries of the place is the collection of shells; these the natives clean, grade to size and kind, and pack in crates, to be later polished, carved, or exported to the button factories.

RABAU OF THE VOLCANOES.

Rabaul, on New Britain, the next port of call, is a busy place. Magnificent shade trees line the wide roads, and the Botanical Gardens are a centre of tropic beauty. Two volcanoes add to the picture; hot steam rises from several crevices, and the sides of the hills, covered with stunted vegetation, reach down to the wave-lapped shore, where the water

is very hot, and where sulphur fumes make a pungent atmosphere.

Just outside Rabaul are the "Beehives," two huge rocks which rose above the sea several years ago, as a result of volcanic action; already they carry vegetation, while around them the sea has a sheer depth of many fathoms. The cosmopolitan population of Rabaul is shown by the many national clubs, the native markets, and Chinatown, which is the real centre of business activity, with silk, fancy goods, and other stores, all redolent of the East. There is a Catholic Mission in Rabaul, and the Sisters of the Sacred Heart conduct schools where Chinese and native children are taught.

Moving onward through a smooth sea of purple, blue and green, past fairy islands, and shoals of porpoises and flying fish, we reached Lae, sparkling like a rainbow after a tropic shower. There is an aerodrome at Lae, and several planes were preparing for flight as we arrived.

FORMER MANGROVE SWAMP.

Salamoa is a narrow isthmus, and a Pialba spring tide would wipe the whole place away. The hotel stands on a reclaimed mangrove swamp, the sea lapping the front garden and the back yard. All the servants are male natives, and the "boss boys" walk around with staffs in their hands giving orders to their underlings. If a native is dishonest or disobedient, he is sent to the "Calaboose" (prison), where his punishment is to do "something—nothing," otherwise collecting stones and piling them up at one end of the yard.

On the day following my arrival at Salamoa, the clouds having left the range of mountains clear, we prepared for a flight to Wau in the airplane "Canberra," with Captain Holden. After being weighed, a native and I took our places in the cabin, along with our luggage and eleven bags of rice. We arrived at Wau in half an hour, and on account of the high ranges and clouds we had to rise in places to a height of ten thousand feet. Where there was no mist we had a wonderful view of the country, and below us the

natives, when visible, seemed to be the size of one's little finger; the streams were silver ribbons, and the native gardens were tiny ornamentations on the earth. The landing ground at Wau is an ideal one for airplanes, with a natural slope for alighting and taking off. When weather permits, planes arrive and depart every hour.

WAU.

My brother met me at Wau, and mounting little black ponies, we set off for Edie Creek along a narrow track cut in the side of the precipices. The bottoms of the gorges are thousands of feet below. In three or four places there are resting spots, about three yards wide, where the animals can pass each other and where people climbing upwards can rest and boil the billy. The view from the zig-zag track is gorgeous, with mountain peak above mountain peak, and green jungle-covered hills merging into purple and blue heights.

The plant life is wonderful. Begonias, which in Queensland are nursed in pots, are here in giant growth, a native poinsettia (similar to Brisbane's emblem) purple and white petunias, balsams, delicate maidenhair ferns, and clumps of tomatoes and cape goose-berries—a riot of tropical profusion—while the waterfalls and little cascades make one sorry to have forgotten the camera.

After twelve miles of climbing we had our first glimpse of Edie Creek, and a few minutes later dismounted at the mule depot and junction of Edie and Merri Creeks.

EDIE CREEK.

We were invited into the hut and given tea and toast, here I had my first sight of Edie Creek nuggets. Picking up a canvas bag, our host shook the contents into a soup plate—slugs from a quarter of an ounce to nine ounces in weight, the two largest like potatoes in shape, smooth and apparently water worn, and one piece like a pan-cake, with a quarter of an inch of gold wedged between two flakes of stone.

After a rest we walked the last quarter of a mile to my brother's claim, where the hut is snugly tucked in on a ledge on the side of the mountain, 7,600 feet above the sea level. The experienced miner knows which side of the creek to prospect. The swirl of the water in past ages brought the gold to one side or the other, and practical knowledge and experience tell the prospector where to put the open cut or sluice-box and ripple-table. Native boys do all the work except the panning of the gold.

I panned a shovelful of gravel from the floor of my brother's workings and got four dwts. of gold—a good prospect. One afternoon I saw the head boy pick up a one and a half ounce nugget, so I climbed down and, scooping under a rock, I got two nice slugs, weighing about 10 dwts.

EARLY DAYS AT EDIE CREEK.

The wealth of Edie Creek was discovered in 1925, and up to date of my visit over one million ounces of gold has been won from the Edie Creek, and Merrie Creek. The Edie Creek has no banks. The mountains on either side rise precipitiously from the gorge along which the creek flows. The pioneer miners, having found gold in the Bulolo, and believing there would be richer deposits higher up, tried the Edie and found the sand of the creek to be in parts ninety per cent. gold. These men, actually spoken of as "The Big Six," made fortunes in a short time, and sold their leases to the Day Dawn Company.

EDIE CREEK AS I SAW IT.

The Edie is still giving good returns, sluicing and boxing are the methods employed, and the miners smelt the gold before sending it away to the mint. I had the pleasurable excitement of holding a bar of gold weighing two hundred and eighty ounces, and of having a private view of a wash-tub of gold prepared for smelting, with nuggets piled up in miners' dishes, and three natives dollying specimens.

There are many women on the Edie and Merrie Creeks, but the pioneering days are over, for in many cases they have

electric light, and many other modern conveniences of the city homes. At the "Little Edie," which is in the higher reaches of the golden Edie, there is a settlement, which owes its existence to the New Guinea G. M Company, a companion company to the Mount Isa Co., and an efficient organization. The only battery on the goldfield is owned by the Day Dawn Co., which is tunnelling into the mountainous banks of the Merrie Creek. Instead of stampers, the battery crushes the stone with huge revolving wheels. All the machinery for the battery was brought to Wau by airplane, and then conveyed by native carriers and mules over twelve miles of mountain track—an engineering feat of no mean order. Mr. Newbury, the manager of this company, is a Gympie native. The slimes from the battery are run into a high dam, where the tailings settle, and the superfluous water is dammed into the creek below. Every day the cyanide plates are cleaned, and once a month the "blankets" are put through the fire, thus saving every particle of gold.

RETURN JOURNEY.

I made the return journey from Wau to Salamoia in a little Moth plane, and on the way home by boat we called at Finchhafen, Alexishafen, Madang, Kaewieng, and other places. At Alexishafen there is the Catholic Mission of "The Holy Ghost," with a convent and school conducted by sixteen Sisters, who teach the native girls English, sewing, cooking, dairying, and gardening. The "Brothers of the Divine Word" also direct schools and a hospital, besides a foundry, a sawmill, and a coconut and taro plantation.

I attended Benediction in the little church; a bell hung from the top of a tall cocoanut tree, calling all to evening devotions. The Rosary was recited in English, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin in Latin, the natives responding in that language.

Madang, the chief town on the coast of New Guinea, is situated on a harbour of the same name and is visited by many large vessels. The town laid out by the Germans is just a

beautiful park with administrative buildings and beautiful private residences set down in it, surrounded by brilliant flowering shrubs of all kinds.

NEW IRELAND.

Kaewiang, the port of New Ireland, is a most interesting place. When we dropped anchor here, the colouring of the sea, in the beams of the rising sun, was beyond description. The roads in the town are formed of crushed coral and lined with handsome trees. The island is of coral formation, and along the shore there are the intricate coral caves of the well-known song, while breakwaters and enbankments have been constructed to prevent the erosion of the sea.

Reaching Rabaul again, the ship landed the natives who had been trading the cargo at the ports of call, and the leading residents of the place came aboard and spent the evening dancing until eleven. Our farewell call at the isles of beauty was Samarai, and then the "Macdhui" set her course for Sydney, which was reached on the close of an October day. Having made my bow to the Customs Officer, I caught the Brisbane express, and via the Kyogle line travelled homewards, carrying memories of a delightful trip of absorbing interest, combining health-giving and pleasure with the spirit of adventure and the gaining of knowledge.



THE ELLEN LOVE

By PAUL KAY.

TAKE two parts Claudette Colbert, one part Joan Fontaine, a bit of Betty Grable; mix slowly, adding sweet personality, flavor lightly with a pinch of rascality, and you have the closest recipe you'll ever have for Ellen Baxter and all the things she was. This phantom of delights punched a time-clock and a type-writer at Dougall. Dougall, and Dunn's Music Publishing Company, ten minutes from Broadway, five minutes from the automat, and definitely this side of Heaven.

She did it every day. There was nothing unusual then, on March 15th, 1943, when Ellen whistled into the office twenty-five minutes late. She cast her daily glance of disgust at the "I was here on time" smugness of Marie O'Brien, threw a breath-taking smile at George, the staff pianist, and sat down. Sixty seconds to powder her nose, two minutes to open and sample heartily a box of chocolates, bought for her girl friend Kay, whose birthday it was, and Ellen has officially begun her day.

* * * * *

Now Marie O'Brien was thirty, plain, and very efficient. Hardly the type to tug at the old heart strings, but a number one in shorthand and all fingers on any standard typewriter. She was also in love; in love with that fervor which comes only to those who for thirty years have consigned the species homo to the eat, drink, and be a pest level. And now love had come, love and heartbreak, for George Keller, staff pianist, did not know Marie was alive. At least he had his doubts.

Marie pecked gingerly at a pimento stuffed olive as she raised myopic eyes to Ellen, ravenously disposing of her second pie à la mode.

"Don't you think George looks more like Charles Boyer than anything?"

Ellen separated her attention from a cup of coffee. She frowned.

"To me he looks more like anything."

"But he's such a wonderful songwriter," parried Marie, dropping logic and jutting forth an already prominent chin in defense of the man she loved.

"Wonderful songwriter, my eye! Three. No, four songs he has written and got not even one published. Wonderful songwriter, my eye!"

Marie clenched her fork and for a moment that eye was in danger. It was bad enough to be hopelessly in love. It was worse to have Ellen fully aware of the entire situation and enjoying it.

"Listen to me, Ellen Baxter."

* * * * *

It was true. George Keller, staff pianist of Dougall, Dougall and Dunn's, had been weighed as a songwriter and found wanting. As a matter of fact, at the moment, George was wanting a number of things, principally in the line of choice epithets to embellish his thoughts of the publisher who had just sent back George's latest effort. What if the song "Early Iris" was not worthy to take its place in Carnegie Hall! That was no reason for any man to write that.

"We may say, without fear of contradiction, that among songs, 'Early Iris' has reached a new depth in drool and drivel." But George, even though he didn't look it, was made of the sterner stuff. He thrived on discouragement. His maiden voyage on the sea of song had been titled "Evening Melody." Two critics admitted they liked the word Melody in the title but suggested dropping everything else. The fact that "Lady Amour," an attempted venture into sophisticated rhythm, had brought forth the comment, "you're a nut," daunted him not. "Lone Romance" was held for an extra day and George's raptures died when he found that the publisher wanted his colleagues to see it to give them a laugh. And now, "Early Iris" had come home to take its place with

his other defunct ditties. George was made of the sternest stuff. He sat down to write a song.

* * * * *

Three o'clock, March 15th, 1943. George Keller rose, grasped his manuscript, and strode like a combination of Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, and Irving Berlin, to where Ellen and Marie sat, the latter working, the former sitting. Magnanimously he stretched forth his hand.

"Here is my new song."

Ellen chewed her gum and eyed George as the keeper might have eyed an unruly inmate of the local insane asylum. Marie had jumped, rushed forward, and seized the paper from George's dampish hand. She read the title, quickly, breathlessly.

"Never Ever."

Marie O'Brien, the efficient one, the every day on time girl, was shaking, sobbing, pouring forth tears.

"I knew it. I knew it. I knew it," punctuated by sighs and dotted with groans.

George the dauntless looked his surprise. He rubbed the dampish hand across Marie's disarrayed coiffure.

"You knew it! I wanted to keep it a secret until my first song was published. Now that you know, well, aren't you glad?"

Anger. For the first time Marie became good and angry. Mad. Mad at this George.

"Glad! Glad! I should be glad that you're using songs to make love to, to her." She thrust the paper towards Ellen. Meanwhile Marie was gibbering.

"The first letter of your song titles. What do they say? Tell me. What do they say? E from Evening, L from lady, L from lone, E from Early, N from Never. What do they spell? Ellen. Ellen," she shrieked.

The fury of the woman scorned had turned on George. Foolhardy George, instead of following the advice of all beleaguered males, viz.: Run, do not walk, to the nearest exit, put his arm gently around the heaving shoulders.

"I didn't know her name was there. Honest, I didn't."

Then with the sheepish look of a boy caught placing a tack on the teacher's chair, he went on:

"I did know one thing. I thought you knew it, too. That there are two words in my song-titles and Melody, Amour, Romance, Iris, and Ever spell only one name."

He didn't finish. It's hard to talk when a fellow's being kissed.

The royalties from "Never Ever" were more than enough for a honeymoon.

THESE PRECIOUS THINGS.

HAVE you ever found a rainbow in the window of a store,
Or a ticket with the price attached to seashells on the
shore?

Has the fragrance of an April day been bought or sold in
town

Or the texture of an almond blossom captured in a gown?

Has there ever been a candle like the crocus, on a cake,
Or a mirror full of twinkles as the sunbeams on the lake?

No, No, because the fairest things are neither bought nor sold
But are for all to wonder at, to share. and to behold.

K.P.

SCHOOL BROADCASTING IN CANADA

By R. S. LAMBERT,

THIS winter for the first time Canadian teachers in all parts of the Dominion have been able to hear in their class-rooms a series of National School Broadcasts put on the air by the C.B.C. This experiment is quite an educational landmark. It is a step toward the using of educational facilities to strengthen national consciousness and unity, in the generation that will have the making of the Canada of the future. No Canadian needs to be told that we require the use to the full in this country of all the unifying process available. We have to overcome regional, sectional, religious and racial differences. Broadcasting is one of the instruments through which most can be accomplished in this direction. And school broadcasting is one of the most important forms of broadcasting for achieving this end.

Radio in the class-room is not, as some have mistakenly supposed, a substitute for teaching. It can never replace the individual teacher, but only strengthen his efficiency and enlarge his horizons. There are certainly some subjects in which radio can give valuable supplementary instruction—particularly in music and languages. But in the main, school broadcasting aims at awakening or stimulating the imagination of pupils by giving them new experiences, introducing them to new personalities or presenting old material in new forms, e.g., history in dramatic form.

Much of the value of radio in the class-room therefore depends on the use which the teacher makes of it. Mere passive listening to what comes out of the loud speaker may be largely waste of time, in the educational sense. The skilful teacher must know how to get the best out of the broadcast by ensuring for his students good listening conditions, by giving just enough but not too much preparatory intro-

duction, and by arranging suitable "follow-up"; in the form of pupil activity (reading, singing, drawing, discussion, writing, and so forth). The skilful teacher can also make use in his class-room of much more of the radio programme than the school broadcasts only. He can make it his business to



A demonstration of the School of the Air—One half of the platform is occupied by a demonstration broadcast, the other by a class of children with their teacher receiving the broadcast.

bring to the pupil's attention those parts of the general programmes which have an educational or cultural value; and thus he can help to develop the important habit of discriminatory listening, which will give us in the next generation a critical radio audience that will demand a higher standard of programme.

In the Anglo-Saxon countries, such as Britain, U.S.A., Canada and Australia, where school broadcasting has made most progress, the growth has been gradual. All new educational techniques have to go through a long period of experiment

and criticism. Radio is no exception. The schools and educational authorities have to be convinced of its value before they will instal receiving sets. On the other hand, broadcasting authorities are loath to put on educational programmes until they can be sure of an audience. It's the old paradox over again: "Which came first, the hen or the egg?" In Canada, school radio has developed in rather haphazard fashion. Some provinces, such as British Columbia and Nova Scotia, have used it regularly for many years; others, such as Ontario, have fought shy of it. At the present time British Columbia has the most highly successful provision of school broadcast, with a half-hour period given up to it five days a week, and five or six hundred "listening" schools using the broadcast. Recently *Radio Collège*, the educational organ of the French network of the C.B.C., has made a very popular provision of broadcasts in French every week-day for French-speaking high-school and college students in the Province of Quebec. Such schemes owe much of their inspiration to the example of Great Britain, where the B.B.C. gives up two hours every day of its national programme to school broadcasting, and where there are nearly 12,000 schools registered as "listening."

In the United States, there are scores of interesting school radio projects, ranging from the nationwide and international "School of the Air of the Americas," provided by the Columbia Broadcasting System, down to state systems of school radio, as in Wisconsin and Texas, and city systems, as in Cleveland and Chicago. Through the School of the Air of the Americas, Canada received her first stimulus towards providing her own national school broadcasts. The Columbia Broadcasting System offered its courses free to Canada, and the C.B.C., advised by a Committee of educators, of which I have the honour to be chairman, put two of these five courses on its national network. The response, particularly in the Prairie Provinces and in Ontario, was such as to show that these broadcasts met a real need, although there was a certain amount of criticism that they contained elements of

"propaganda" for Americanism. The next stage was an invitation from C.B.S. to the C.B.C. to contribute to the School of the Air of the Americas programmes representing Canada. As a result, in the past two years the C.B.C. has contributed from six to ten broadcasts each winter, representing Canadian



Students from three Halifax High Schools take part in a School Broadcast in C.B.C. Studios in Halifax.

literature, music, industry, etc., to the courses dealing with these subjects. Such broadcasts not only help to inform the children in United States schools about Canadian life, but they also publicize Canada generally abroad—for all school broadcasts have a substantial audience of adult listeners.

A year ago the demand was voiced that Canada should not rely solely on these American offerings, but should develop its own provision of national school broadcasts. In the natural course of things, since education in Canada is a provincial rather than a federal function, we might expect to see the pattern of school broadcasting in Canada completed

by the adoption of separate schemes of school radio in each of the nine provinces. However, this would take years to achieve, since some provinces, e.g., Prince Edward Island and Protestant Quebec, are too small to act independently. Regional schemes covering several provinces have been arranged, particularly in the Prairies, but much patience and experience is necessary to make them permanent. For this reason, the C.B.C., in the spring of 1942, successfully appealed to the Education Departments of each of the nine provinces to co-operate in a single series of national school broadcasts.

The main part of this series was entitled "Heroes of Canada," and consisted of sixteen 20-minute programmes on Fridays, dramatizing the life of individual Canadians who contributed through a display of the pioneering spirit to the growth of our country. The "heroes" were chosen by the different provincial Departments of Education. Naturally the subjects as a whole were rather a mixed lot. A few were text-book heroes like Sir Guy Carleton and Jeanne Mance (Quebec); others were little known but interesting figures, such as Samuel Larcombe (Manitoba) or Sara Maclure (British Columbia). Not only were the subjects chosen by the provinces, but production of the programmes was distributed across Canada at the main C.B.C. centres: Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver. As the supply of good script writers and good producers—particularly for children's programmes—is very limited, the quality of this series has been somewhat variable. Some have been good, others not so good. But we are learning from experience. New script writers are springing up, and in the future these national school broadcasts may be expected to show a steady improvement in quality of writing and performance.

It was a remarkable demonstration of the timeliness of the experiment that all nine provincial Departments of Education agreed to contribute financially to this series, and to help in the publicity. A programme booklet, *Young Canada Listens*, has been published by the C.B.C. and has been distributed gratis to teachers to the extent of 25,000

copies. Also since last September the C.B.C. has published a *Monthly Guide to Broadcasts of Educational Value* which lists musical, dramatic, and educational programmes likely to interest the teacher and the students.

"Heroes of Canada" is not the only national school broadcast series put on the air by the C.B.C. From British Columbia came a suggestion that national school broadcasts ought to be regarded as striking exceptions to the routine of school life, bringing to the children presentations of actual life in other parts of the Dominion than their own. This idea was embodied in a second series of national school broadcasts called "Canadian Horizons." Once a month (also Fridays), the C.B.C. puts on the air a special programme featuring dramatically some important aspect of our national life, e.g., the Co-operative Movement in Nova Scotia, or the marvellous phenomenon of Salmon-Spawning every spring in the rivers of British Columbia. In addition to these two courses, the C.B.C. Newsroom provides once a week, before the national series, a special news review for school children designed to help in the study of current events. Furthermore, besides these national school broadcasts, the C.B.C. has continued to carry two courses of the School of the Air of the Americas, one dealing with "Science at Work," the other presenting "Tales from Far and Near," dramatizations of popular children's books.

What has been the response to these school broadcasts? Their first announcement brought enthusiastic correspondence to the C.B.C. Many private commercial stations across Canada turned advertisement programmes off the air in order to make room for the school programmes. The owner of one large station even wrote at length and most earnestly to the Premier of his province, asking him to see that receivers were installed in every school, in order that the children should not miss this new experience. "Heroes of Canada" broadcasts have even been recorded and flown by plane to the isolated mining city of Flin Flon in northern Manitoba, for rebroadcast to local schools. On the whole, the broadcasts

are now heard on a network of forty-one stations, from Halifax to Vancouver. The achievement of this coverage is all the more remarkable when we consider that it includes five different time zones, and necessitates the recording and rebroadcasting of the programmes at different times at various points across the country.

Rough estimates of the number of schools listening to "Heroes of Canada" and the School of the Air of the Americas have come in from four provinces. British Columbia estimates 525 schools; Saskatchewan, 600; Manitoba, 140; Nova Scotia, about 150. A local survey conducted by Station CKSO, Sudbury, in October, showed that out of 285 schools in that area, 71, or approximately 25%, were following the broadcasts. The Boards of Education of the cities of Toronto and Montreal have passed special resolutions approving the use of school broadcasts in their schools. The Canadian Teachers' Federation, at its last annual convention, passed a resolution warmly welcoming national school broadcasting, and itself undertook to sponsor one of the broadcasts in the "Heroes of Canada" series. Many separate schools have written expressing their appreciation of the programmes. Also, the broadcasts evidently have a considerable out-of-school audience, as is indicated, for instance, by a letter from a mother of two invalid children living in a light-house and cut off from normal school life.

Already what has been achieved this winter is producing new fruits. Owing to requests from teachers, the C.B.C. is adding to its list of school broadcasts a selection from a third course of the School of the Air of the Americas—eight broadcasts on American history from the "New Horizons" series (January to April). During the same period the C.B.C. has arranged to broadcast over a southern Ontario network a course entitled "Music for Young Folk," which will include concerts by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Sir Ernest MacMillan, and special instrumental recitals—both with suitable commentaries. These broadcasts are being followed by thousands of students both in Toronto schools and the

schools throughout the province. In Ottawa a local experiment in school broadcasting is being conducted in which the schools are participating by providing actors, singers, etc., for programmes dealing with the contribution of "New Canadians" to our national culture.



Class listening in the children's library to a broadcast of "Tales from Far and Near," by the School of the Air of the Americas.

On the international side, new fields have been opened up by the C.B.C.'s participating in N.B.C.'s Inter-American University of the Air, which provides programmes for high-school and college students and adult audiences with the object of strengthening inter-American Cultural ties. One of these series, "Lands of the Free," is heard in Canada on CBL; and to this series in April, 1943, C.B.C. will contribute a series of five programmes on Canadian history and development, including such subjects as the Evolution of Dominion Status, the story of Clipper-Shipbuilding, the story of Immi-

gration into Canada, and the development of Canada's mineral wealth in the Laurentian Shield.

It will be seen from all this that much broadcast educational activity is going on. Teachers and parents can help the C.B.C. by criticizing and evaluating the programmes offered. The task of organizing this work upon a firm basis that will encourage all the provinces to develop their own schemes of school broadcasting, and at the same time make full use of the offerings from the United States and develop our own national school broadcasts, is a big one. But with the good will and support of all concerned, the C.B.C. can now build up a system of educational broadcasting which will do the Dominion credit in the eyes of the whole world.

GOD AND PRAYER.

If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
A continent or sea;

If songs like crimson roses
Are culled from thin, blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God can hear their prayer?

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GRAIL

By BARBARA ELLEN WALD.

(The Grail is a spiritual adventure for young Catholic women who are interested in the lay apostolate. Its headquarters in America is at Doddridge Farm, Libertyville, Illinois. It has recently held several courses, instructing girls from all over the country in their task in the lay movement. The most recent of these was "The Vineyard" and the "Rural Life School.")

ABOUT six months ago I came to the Grail to find out what it was all about. I am still here. This is not because I have not yet absorbed the spirit or learned all the facts that I sought, but because I have discovered what it means to be a Catholic! This perhaps puzzles you, so I will explain further.

Last June I left Los Angeles for a two-weeks course at Doddridge Farm, near Libertyville, Illinois, in what was then just an important looking word to me, the lay apostolate. I knew it had something to do with action and with the laity and I was determined to explore further. During "The Vineyard," I learned to live what Chesterton would call a "normal life" — with my feet on the ground and my head in the clouds! That the purpose of life is to know, love and serve God, I have been able to rattle off since my catechism days, but for the first time in my life it began to occur to me that living to know, love, and serve God, and living the



*After a visit to the Master
of the Vineyard.*

way our materialistic values require, are not *one and the same thing!*

Trying to be popular and, at the same time, poor in spirit; seeking to outdress all my friends and at the same time to renounce all I possess; attempting to keep up with the latest movies and novels and, at the same time, be clean of heart . . . all this finally led me to the conclusion that sophistication and sanctity don't mix! Christ said it in a much better way, "You cannot serve God and Mammon."

But this astonishing revelation did not come all at once. First, I learned about the lay apostolate—that in these times of chaos and world-wide paganism, a mighty army of the laity is rising to answer the call of the Pope and to fight for Christian living on Christian principles. And what is more, that this lay movement is not something you can join like a sorority or a hobby club, but it is our *task* and *responsibility* as Catholics. Through the great doctrine of the Mystical Body, we are drafted into it. When Christ said He was going to restore "one shepherd and one fold," He did not mean while the sheep munched grass. So, if we are going to convert the world, we first must convert ourselves, and then get started!

The Grail, I found out, was a lay apostolate for young women who want to "get started," who want to be radical Catholics. It began in Holland, in 1921, and has since spread all over Europe and has now come to America to set us on fire! Its spirit is that of uncompromising, joyous Christianity. It is the real living of what I have so often complacently recited as my purpose in life. The one goal of the Grail is to bring the world to Christ. With a nucleus of Ladies of the Grail trained as free-workers, it endeavors to awaken Catholic young women to a realization of the fullness of their Faith, and to permeate every sphere of life with the principles that Christ died to give us.

You probably think that discovering all this was enough to turn anyone upside down—but next came the Liturgy. I can remember in grade school not too enthusiastically sing-

ing Gregorian under the direction of a corpulent choirmaster with a tremulous voice. And that has been my solitary association with the Official Praise of the Church. But at the Grail, I learned to *live* the Liturgy. The spirit of the morning Mass was the spirit of the day, our celebrations were the feasts of the Church in which we rejoiced with the saints in Heaven, and as a group we frequently recited the beautiful psalms of the Old Testament. (I often think David wrote some of them especially for me). I remember, too, one evening in which we dramatized the great sacrifices of Abel, Abraham, Melchisedech and the Daughter of Jephta, as predictions of the infinitely Perfect Oblation on Calvary. There were no scripts or tedious rehearsals. We prayed and meditated on sacrifice and the importance it has always held in the worship of men, and then simply expressed it in action and movement, while a choir recited the Scriptural verses. A thousand text books could not have impressed upon me what one night of prayer-acting had done.

I never dreamed that being a Catholic really meant living such a full and joyous life. Why you don't have time for anything else. If Catholics only knew all this—if they only knew the ravishing dignity that is theirs—well, I'll bet you could "spot" one miles away. Because when you are aware that you are a living temple of the Holy Ghost, you walk like a Queen; when you know that your neighbor is a member of Christ's Body, you become his servant; and when you know it is not going to be long before Christ will come and triumph, you live almost in heaven! We Catholics should be so different and so radiant that the rest of the world just about goes insane with jealousy.

I wasn't the only one who was dynamited out of mediocrity. There were forty of us, "Laborers in the Vineyard," living together in one Spirit, seeing things in one Light. Many stayed over as leaders in the summer camps for underprivileged children, and often when free moments could be found, we would sit together and eagerly discuss our future work as apostles.

One by one, each went back to her city and college or office, aware that to fulfill her task in the apostolate she must first become a living example of what a Catholic ought



The Vineyard, 1942

to be. (For you cannot give to others what you are not already overflowing with yourself). That the Vineyard did not fade into a summer memory for these girls, has been confirmed by letters and reports from all over the country of their zealous efforts. They

are working hard, full of the enthusiasm of the early Christians and just about as dangerous.

So now you know what I meant about being a Catholic. And I hope it starts you thinking like it started me. Because once you start thinking—you don't stop!

In a Quiet House by a Wayside
 A little lamp's crimson ray—
 One Flower, that buds and encloses—
 Of a world-wide garden of roses—
 Shows where He deigns to stay
 Forever—My Joy this Day!

C. O'Byrne.

ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

By VERY REV. MYLES V. RONAN. M.R.I.A., F.R.Hist.S., Litt.D.

XII.

HIGH CROSSES.

SO far, we have been considering the Ancient Irish Treasures preserved in our museums and libraries. Equally important testimonies to the culture and art of the ancient Irish Catholics still stand exposed to the weather for a thousand years—the High Crosses. In the carving of those Crosses Ireland was, of course, influenced by continental art, the Art of the Catacombs of Rome, the Art of Ravenna, Coptic or Egyptian Art, the Byzantine Art of Constantinople, and the Carolingian Art of Gaul; some of the periods of the various influences are well marked. This goes to show how Ireland was in touch with continental sources of culture, especially during the period of the carving of those Crosses, the 7th to the 12th century.

The central subject on the Crosses was, of course, the Redemption, treated symbolically mostly. In this motif Irish Art followed Rome and Ravenna. In Roman Catacomb Art the Cross appears on chapel ceilings as a mere ornament, with the Good Shepherd with His sheep as a mere pastoral subject. Such a representation would convey nothing to the pagan interloper in the catacombs, but to the Christians, assembled there for the celebration of Holy Mass and the burial of their dear ones, it meant salvation and Christ's eternal love for His flock. In the 5th-6th century Art of Ravenna, the Crucifixion is not represented, but its place is taken by the circle containing either the modified monogram of Christ, the Greek letters X P (*Chr*: Christ), or the figure of a lamb supported by four angels, with the figures of the four Evangelists witnessing to the Lamb that was slain. It

was a perfect piece of symbolism of the Crucifixion. Gradually, however, the Church lost its reluctance to portray the realism of the Crucifixion when she saw that disrespect for the Crucified Saviour was no longer to be feared.

Ireland adopted the portrayal of Christ in her earliest representation about the end of the seventh century. The Cross of Carndonagh, Co. Donegal, in the north-west, shows Christ clad in long robe, with feet separated, and arms extended horizontally. Symbolism, however, influenced the art of the sculptor.

The next High Crosses, in the point of time, are the granite crosses of Leinster, the stone for which was easily obtainable from the granite mountain range in the province. At Moone and Castledermot they portray the long-robed Christ, not as in the Carndonagh Cross down the length of the Cross, but within the circle of the Cross, at the intersection of the arms. Yet, on either side are the lance and sponge. Again, the monastic sculptor preferred symbolism, but he emphasized the fact of the great Sacrifice by carving David with his harp and the sacrifice of Isaac—types of Christ—on the arms of the Cross. These crosses belong to the ninth century, borrowed their figure treatment from the continent and are unique in the Art of the British Isles of this period.

The next move in Irish High Cross Art was to discard the symbolism of the Crucifixion and to substitute Christ as the Great Judge. This was in the early tenth century, and Ireland stands alone, at this period, in its portrayal of this subject. Christ appears in the centre of the crosses of Clonmacnoise, Monasterboice, Kells, and Durrow with cross on left shoulder and flowered sceptre on right shoulder. The treatment on the arms of the cross varies. Sometimes attendant angels are sounding trumpets; other representations, such as on the Cross of Durrow, show on Christ's right David playing his harp, and on His left David breaking the jaws of the lion, both symbols of the Redemption. Between David and Christ, on the right, is a piper, and between David and Christ, on the left, is an angel in adoration.

Beneath Christ's feet are the flames of Hell, and over His head is the Lamb of God in medallion.

In another treatment there is a representation of a procession of the elect on one arm of the cross, and, on the other arm, one of devils driving the damned with forks, Whilst above it is St. Michael weighing souls in the scales, near which is a devil with, so to speak, a 'watching brief.' The idea in the mind of the Irish sculptors was, as expressed later in the hymn, *Vexilla Regis*, "God ruling nations from a tree"—the tree of the Cross. The same idea is expressed in the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI. for the Feast of Christ the King—the kingly office resides in Christ. The Irish sculptors carved the symbol of Christ the King in imperishable stone about a thousand years ago.

The 5th-6th century Art of Ravenna, to which we have already referred—the monogram of Christ in circle, or the figure of a Lamb attended by the four Evangelists—is closely followed by the sculptor of one of the Crosses of the celebrated monastery of Kells of the Rule of St. Colmchille. The Irish sculptor introduces Christ into the circle of the Cross, bearing cross and sceptre, and surrounded by figures of the four Evangelists. Moreover, he portrays St. Matthew holding aloft a medallion with the Lamb of God.

The extraordinary feature of this splendid sculpture of High Crosses attached to the great monasteries of Clonmacnoise, Monasterboice, and Kells, is that it disappears abruptly without leaving even a decadent imitation behind. The only explanation is that the Irish Monasteries were on the decline at the end of the 10th century. The raids of the Norsemen, especially where there was easy access from the sea by large rivers, had knocked out of action, to a great extent, the monastic life.



Durrow Cross
(Co. Offaly)

The next group of Crosses, in chronological order, belongs to Ulster of the late 10th century. Here, there is no continuity or imitation of the Crosses we have been considering. The Last Judgment does not appear. The sculptors confine themselves to the representation of Old and New Testament history, and preserve the familiar episode of the meeting of Saints Paul and Anthony in the Egyptian desert. The continental influence in Ulster was apparently different from that in Leinster.

The sculptural Art of Leinster was dead, except for a few miserable attempts in south County Dublin on the sites of insignificant hermitages. Yet, a new Christian Art arose in the south of Ireland, in the 11th century, due to the influence of King Brian Boru, the hero of the Battle of Clontarf, beside Dublin, in 1014, against the Danes of Dublin. It was a return to early Irish Art—foreign influence was to cease, and things Irish were to be preserved and fostered. All the figure sculpture on the High Crosses was to cease, and the Celtic scroll work of the early illuminated MSS. was to be revived, especially the interlacing pattern, and the epic figures of Celtic literature were to be portrayed to show to the people who looked upon those crosses as they assembled for Mass on Sunday the greatness of Ireland in the days of old, and though the heroes had been pagans, yet their inspiration was none the less in the resurgence of Ireland against foreign invaders. The extraordinary thing about those Munster sculptors is that they discarded the symbolic representation of Christ on the Cross, and represented Him as attached to the Cross, an instrument of atonement. This was a complete break-away from the 10th century Irish sculptural treatment and from continental influence. Moreover, the 10th century portrayal of Christ clad in twisted clothes is discarded and there is a return to the earliest Irish portrayal—8th century—of the robed Christ. Again, it is a break-away from symbolism. The reason for this adoption of realism is not evident.

Before the Art of the Irish Crosses dies out there is,

however, another flutter of continental influence in the 12th century. There are only two survivals of this type, in the extreme west and east of Ireland, at Tuam in the market-square, and at Glendaloch, in the County Wicklow, where the famous monastery of St. Kevin of the 6th century still survived as one of the last of the old Irish foundations. On these two crosses Christ is represented with crown and deep waist-cloth; He is bearded, for the first time, and His head is inclined to the right side. The inclination of the head to the right had an interesting survival in church building, which we shall see later.

So far we have confined ourselves chiefly to the consideration of the iconography of Christ as the central subject of the Cross. There is, however, a wealth of carving

on both sides of the crosses, and the shaft and arms are divided into panels for a wide variety of subjects. It will be sufficient here to enumerate the various subjects without entering into details as to the crosses on which they are carved. There are portrayals of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, the Marriage Feast at Cana, the Sellers chased from the Temple, the Multiplica-



Tuam Market Cross.

tion of the Loaves, the Transfiguration, the Entry of Christ on a colt into Jerusalem, etc. Some of these representations are almost identical with those of the Roman Catacombs and of Ravenna. A cross at Clonmacnoise gives special prominence



Broken Cross, Kells—Panel shows Baptism of Christ and River Jordan.

to the scenes of the Passion the Arrest of Christ, the *Eccc Homo*, the Scourging, Christ in the Tomb, and the Soldiers at the Tomb. Here we have a representation of the 4th-5th century subjects of the Roman sarcophagi combined with later Carolingian Art.

Quite an original representation is found on the Broken Cross of Kells in the portrayal of the Baptism of Christ. Two rivers, Jor and Dan, are represented as issuing from two little discs, crossing the panel like a thick cord, and entwining around the legs of St. John the Baptist, Christ and the assistants. According to an Irish geographical tradition, the Jordan was formed of two rivers, Jor and Dan, which took their sources in circular pools. It was all very quaint, and very expressive. Apparent-

ly, the people understood, from the sermons preached by the monks, how to interpret the subjects, and their implications. The Irish High Crosses were, as were the frescoes of the Roman Catacombs, a popular Catechism.

Though the Irish sculptors possessed technical skill, they had no idea of anatomy; hence the figure sculpture never rose above mediocrity. The Irish artists of the illuminated manuscripts show the same inferiority. They were content with a stylistic representation of men, animals and plants. Their

special aptitude was for ornamental patterns in which they excelled beyond all European artists. The Book of Kells alone is sufficient proof.

The Art of the Irish High Crosses came to an end in the 12th century through the decay of the Irish monasteries. The Anglo-Norman religious foundations that succeeded them had no regard for this Irish Art. They introduced an Art of their own. And so, the Irish Art of four centuries, unique in Europe, has been left without a successor or an imitator. It survives especially in the case of the limestone crosses, but the weathering of the granite crosses makes interpretation of the panels difficult. However, through the enthusiastic work of Miss Stokes and others, we have quite a reliable reading of the subjects portrayed. It is a study of absorbing interest, and of supreme importance for the relation of Irish with Continental Art. The Irish Art of the High Crosses put Eire on a pedestal, and it still remains an object-lesson of the culture of the old Irish.

THE LONELINESS OF CHRIST.

THE friends of Christ stood close about the Cross
Yet felt they turned their eyes on Him in vain—
How could their faithful faces comfort Him
Remote upon His pinnacle of pain?

Despite the crowd, the thieves, the Roman guard,
And those dumb few that tearless stood beside,
Who dares to ponder on that loneliness
In which He hung, and met His death, and died?

E.B.

THE HIGH ALTAR CRUCIFIX



BEFORE our gaze in this expansive shrine,
Dwarfed by the columns and the images
And flanked by tall and heavy candlesticks,
Stands this arresting form of crucifix,
Unostentatious, inescapable,
An ivory corpus on an ebon cross,
White body nailed upon a dismal rood
Of ebony as black as this world's sin,
A shining body glorified in death,
The flesh as temple of the great white Light
A figure of The Everlasting Man
Illuminated by converging rays
That focus on the symbol of our faith—
God in the likeness of our broken frame.

Against the darkness of vast time and space,
Against the shadows of this hour and place,
He glows with radiant alabaster sheen,
Pure, spotless, and inviolate,
Commanding that all eyes be turned on Him,
From hidden aisles of this intransient vane,
From dimming corners of this pillared earth.

Leonard Twynham.

AN EASTER HYMN

AT early dawn the women came
With spices to the tomb,
Their Master's body to anoint,
Perplexed and full of gloom,—

For, "Who shall roll away the stone?"
They questioned, in dismay;
When, looking up, lo, they beheld
The stone was rolled away.

But, "Who shall roll away the stone?"
Our hearts ask, full of fear;
It still is in the upward look
That problems disappear,

H. W. Barker.

AT THE PREFACE

"It is truly meet and just . . . AT ALL TIMES . . . to give thanks."

TEACH me, Lord, to live this prayer,
That I may thank Thee every day
For EVERYTHING.
I do at times give thanks for what SEEMS good;
For health, success; for love and gain;
For all that pleases Self.
And yet how thoughtless—blind—
To thank Thee not for what is truly good:
For pain, unkindness, censure, blame;
For every hurt that comes
From person, place or work.

By these keen instruments wouldst Thou,
Divine Physician,
Remove the harmful growths of Self,
To give new life; Thine Own true Life,
And peace—abundantly.
But I am blind—see not Thy loving Hand;
Then, in resisting, suffer more
And spoil Thy work.

Had I accepted all with gratitude
I might long since have been a saint,
And happy
(A grateful heart cannot be otherwise).
Forgive, then, Lord,
My blindness and my squandered life,
And give me grace, this day, to see
Thy chastening Hand in all my hurts
(NOR BLAME THY INSTRUMENTS);
The grace to take each purifying cross,
And then—
Give THANKS with all my heart.

Fr. Denis Mooney, O.F.M.





Community

On January 5th, 1893, a ceremony of Reception took place in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, and three young ladies exchanged their bridal robes for the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Joy filled their hearts, and as many chosen Brides of Christ before and since, they knew, even by reason of their own wondrous happiness, that "the hundred fold" of the Master's promise was theirs in fullest measure.

Year followed year—Sisters Clotilde, Hilary and Clementine were busy in one or other of the Community Missions,—instructing the young, serving the poor and sick or doing any tasks, assigned by obedience, but always cheerfully and generously spending and being spent in God's service. Then, after fifty years—our three brides keep "Golden-tryst" with their Divine Spouse! On January 5th, 1943—they and their sisters, many of whom were not on that January morning of 1893, offered Mass and Holy Communion in thanksgiving for the gift and graces of fifty long years of consecrated service,—for the reality of life's "hundred-fold."

Many were the congratulations, good wishes and gifts received by the happy Jubilarians, and since they are still found in different corners of the Master's vineyard, the event was celebrated for each Sister by her own little Community.

On Monday, January 4th, Rev. F. McGinn sang a High Mass for Sister Hilary at Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill. Members of the Sisters' Choir from the Mother House were on hand and in spite of the worst storm of the winter, other sisters also arrived in time for Mass. Weather conditions to the contrary, the day was "perfect" for Sister Hilary.

At St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Searboro, on the Feast of the Epiphany, High Mass was celebrated for Sister Clementine at 7.30 by Rev. Dr. Markle. Throughout the long day the dear Jubilarian and her twin-sister, Sister Jane, seemed truly to share in the joy of the Wise Men of old.

On January 7th Jubilee bells rang at St. Michael's Hospital for Sister Clotilde. High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrand. Sister had the happiness of having with her for the occasion her sister, Sister M. Irene, Mount St.

Joseph, London, and Mother M. Francis, Sacred Heart Convent, London. Nothing marred the golden day, and in the evening the Jubilarians had a renewed assurance of the good wishes and prayers of their Sisters in the form of a playlet based on the life of St. Bernadette and prepared especially for them.

That St. Bernadette's "Lovely Lady" obtain for them during the years to come and throughout eternity an ever more precious "hundred-fold" is the wish and prayers of their Sisters and friends.

Immediately before the Community Mass on the Feast of the Epiphany, Sister Mary Anne had the happiness of making her Final Profession as a Sister of St. Joseph. Rev. V. Burke, C.S.B., presided as delegate of the Archbishop.

We wish to congratulate two of our literary contributors, Right Reverend Monsignor Henry B. Laudenbach and the Right Reverend Monsignor Luke F. Sharkey, whose merit has been recognized by the Holy See and who were formally invested as Domestic Prelates in the Cathedral at Buffalo, N.Y., by Bishop Duffy, on February 21st.

On Sunday, February 14, Reverend Father Bouwhuis, S.J., Librarian of Canisius College, Buffalo, communicated to the Sisters a witty preamble introductory to a few timely words stressing the necessity of thoughtful and copious reading for an intellectual appreciation of our religion. As religious teachers, we were told, we wield a great influence—another reason for studying and knowing Catholic literature in all its aspects.

Many who had not read their week-end quota of three books before Monday morning are trying to improve, so that Father Bouwhuis' next visit will have even more thrilling surprises in store!

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

Seven hundred men and women residents of the House of Providence were made happy when Toronto C.W.L. entertained them at a Christmas party convened by Mrs. T. E. Regan, Mrs. J. W. O'Neill and Mrs. A. H. Martyn. Directed by Rev. Brother Louis, the St. Clare's Boys' surplice choir led a procession, singing carols through the corridors and wards. In the rear were Santa Claus—Mr. J. J. Taffietti—a

group of entertainers, sisters of the House of Providence, C.W.L. members and their friends.

Santa greeted each resident and presented mystery bags generously filled by the C.W.L. and a number of parish affiliations. In the tea room Mrs. Peter Heenan, president, Church Extension, presided. Conveners were assisted by Mrs. E. Y. Baker, Mrs. W. S. Metzler, Mrs. Marshall Kelly, Mrs. C. L. Burnette, Mrs. E. Henderson and Miss Jean Fielding.

His Excellency, our Revered Archbishop, celebrated Mass in our chapel at nine o'clock on Christmas morning. After Mass His Excellency met each resident, shaking hands and greeting each one with a cheery word and smile.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.

The pupils of St. Joseph's High School celebrated Christmas by staging a playlet entitled "The Legend of the Cup."

The beautiful Christmas carols created an atmosphere of reverence and devotion for the Babe of Bethlehem.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

The Student Nurses participated in the Spiritual Offering given to Our Holy Father at Christmas.

The Uniform dances—Senior and Intermediate—were held on November 12th and 13th; on December ninth the Senior Nurses held a successful Bingo and Concert for the Christmas Boxes sent to Overseas Nurses; in December the Probationers enacted with credit a Christmas Play, "The Children at the Inn."

At the Annual Christmas Tree for children of employees, Miss Josephine Herringer was an energetic and lovable Santa Claus.

From Dec. 17th to 25th the Student Nurses made with fervour their Christmas novena for their parents.

In January the ten Student Nurses who attended the Diocesan Sodality Convention, returned to the Residence most enthusiastic. Miss Willman of St. Louis was speaker.

On December 14th, 38 Senior nurses received their black bands; on Christmas Eve, 53 preliminary students were 'capped,' a month later 26 new students began nursing.

On January 14th, Student Nurses attended the meeting of the Undergraduate Nurses' Association at Convocation Hall. Colonel Smellie was guest speaker.

The Undergraduate Nurses' Association Dance, held Feb. 3rd, at Casa Loma, was convened by Miss Barbara Howarth.

Miss Mary Kilzey, '35 graduate, called on the eve of her wedding day. Her marriage to Corporal Bruce Counter took place at St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Feb. 20th.

While in Toronto on her wedding trip, Mrs. C. W. Hatch (Joan Mosteller '39) called. She was married at the Church of Our Saviour, in Akron, Ohio, on February 20th.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

On December fifteenth the Christmas concert was given by the pupils of the Convent School. Parents and friends spent a few enjoyable hours in the auditorium which was decorated with Christmas colors and lights. "Mother Goose's Christmas Party" was played by the "Little Ones." Instrumental duets, recitations and accordian solos gave variety and showed much talent in embryo.

On December twenty-first at the Christmas Tree and Party, Santa came laden with toys for all. Each gift was artistically wrapped and curiosity was piqued and anticipation of what was inside was nearly as thrilling as the gift itself.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

The Nativity play "The Lost Star," was presented in the Auditorium by the Preliminary Students. Later it was presented for the patients of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital in their spacious Auditorium.

The usual care and thoughtfulness was shown in the making of the Christmas baskets. Many appreciative cards of thanks were received from the grateful families.

* * *

Recent Sodality activities include:

Reception of ten new members on the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

Ten members of the Sodality attended the Sodality Convention held at St. Joseph's Auditorium, Jan. 25, 26 and 27, when Miss Dorothy Willman helped to organize a Union of Sodalities in Toronto.

At the January meeting Rev. Dr. Louis Markle spoke of Lourdes and referred to "The Song of Bernadette," a recent addition to the Library.

* * *

St. Joseph's students attended Interscholar Dance, held at Casa Loma on February 2nd.

On Feb. 1st, ten probationers registered. Among them are Rose Marie Miceli and Helen Woods, both well known

at St. Joseph's. Later in the week the group were entertained in the Residence by the Juniors.

The graduates of 1943 were guests of the Intermediate Class at their annual "uniform stripe" dance held in the Residence.

Many new stripe uniforms and black bands made their appearance this February.

* * *

The 1943 Graduating Class includes: Misses A. McKenna, H. Yeo, J. Wheeldon, J. Mooney, M. Peslar, V. Malone, R. Courtney, J. Lynch, J. Yuzwak, B. Burke, F. Birss, K. Lockhart, M. Gaffney, J. Ravellt, B. Beardmore, M. Randle, J. Crampton, J. Moston, M. Snider, M. M. Kennedy, H. Nightingale, I. Headon, R. Ronan, A. Lauphler, A. Seonden, B. Evans, P. Paynter, D. Norman, G. O'Brien, B. Soplet, G. Bonnell, V. Kloskay, E. Longo, and D. Dirbyson.

* * *

On February 18th the ladies of St. Joseph's Auxiliary entertained the Graduating Class at the Supper Dance in the Imperial room of the Royal York Hotel.

The following are appointments of our graduate nurses in Military Service: Miss Margaret Vale, Class of '41, R.C.A.F., Trenton, Ontario; Miss Frances Lawlor, Class of '32, R.C.A.M.C., Christie St., Toronto; Miss Kathleen Robinson, Class of '39, R.C.N., Fleet Mail Arm, Halifax, N.S.; Miss Kathleen McCorkindale, Class of '39, R.C.N., Fleet Mail Arm, Halifax, N.S.; Miss Rosina Gammon, Class of '39, R.C.N., Esquimalt, B.C.; Miss Joan Ward, Class of '40, R.C.A.M.C., Chorley Park, Toronto; Miss Winnifred Roddy, Class of '34, R.C.N., St. John's, Newfoundland; Miss Mary Pogson, Class of '34, R.C.N., Esquimalt, B.C.; Miss Louise Cariveau, Class of '32, R.C.N., Fleet Mail Arm, Halifax, N.S.; Miss Jessie Sangster, Class of '29, R.C.A.M.C., Overseas.

SCARBORO, ONTARIO.

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE.

On the evening of December 4th a large audience enjoyed the Christmas Concert. The plays of Juniors and Seniors portrayed the true spirit of Christmas. Much talent and practice were displayed throughout the evening performance. The closing scene of the Nativity with its artistic grouping made an impressive tableau.

What does closing day at Christmas mean at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake? Reading of Marks, Distribution of Prizes, and a "Christmas Tree." A beautifully decorated tree loaded with gifts, was stripped of its varied parcels. "Oh how lovely," "Just what I wanted," and other such remarks floated through the classrooms. After a big "Thank You" and a "Merry Christmas," all left happy.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

On January fourteenth the children of St. Joseph's Academy had a skating party. The costumes were original and practical for a frolic on the ice. Each child tried a novelty trick on the ice, thus adding much to the fun. Hot soup and crackers and a photo taken ended the day.

* * *

On the evening of December fourteenth an artistic Christmas Tableau and a delightful Christmas Cantata were given by the pupils of the Academy. Joan and Jean LaChappelle, and Annabelle Gooch distinguished themselves in the musical number between the tableau and the play. The essays from the school tell of the future "actors" and "actresses."

ST. JOHN'S.

* * *

January twenty-fifth was a Gala day. At 1.30 a large sleigh drawn by a spanking team of grays—stopped at our Russell St. entrance. Boys and girls, garbed in every colour and of all shapes and sizes piled in. Above the jingle of sleigh bells, happy voices echoed through the frosty air, for three hours through snow banked country roads. How delicious the hot soup and crackers, served in the school tasted!

At the announcement of "No Home-work" a rousing cheer resounded through the school.

* * *

Many pleasant hours have been spent on our rink, which the boys declare is "the best-of-its-kind in St. Catharines."

* * *

Practice for Air Raids is a Science. Our school can be evacuated in three minutes, including pulling on snow suits and overshoes and all winter extras.

OSHAWA, ONTARIO.

ST. GREGORY'S SCHOOL.

The school hockey team have had some interesting games with the Holy Cross team. On February 20th the game was most exciting, ending with a score 10-10. The heavy snow and the continued cold weather allowed several skating parties and sleigh-rides.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. St. Thomas.

After a lingering illness, Sister M. St. Thomas, died at St. Joseph's Hospital on December 22nd.

Formerly Nora Irene Travers, daughter of Mr. Thomas Travers and the late Mrs. Travers, the deceased Sister was born in Sudbury, Ontario, and there received her early education. For her high school course she joined her sister Aveline at St. Joseph's Convent, and shortly after graduation returned to enter the Novitiate. For the greater part of her religious life, she was engaged in teaching music at the Mother House, in St. Catharines, Penetanguishine and Oshawa. When ill health required that her duties be lightened, she spent the last two years at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital as organist. Throughout the long and tedious period of suffering and partial inactivity, she was always cheerful, and keenly eager to make use of the opportunity her sickness offered, of perfect resignation to God's Holy Will.

To those who were closely associated with her it was apparent that God blessed her heroic effort—she was never heard to complain. Confined to bed for the past few months, her patience, her gratitude to those in attendance, and her desire to avoid giving trouble to anyone were most edifying.

The Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel on December 24, by Reverend V. Burke, C.S.B., with Reverend E. Pappert, C.S.B., and Reverend R. McDonald, C.S.B., as deacon and subdeacon. Reverend J. E. McHenry was present in the Sanctuary. Interment was made in Mount Hope Cemetery, Reverend J. Brennan officiating at the grave.

Of the immediate family of the deceased Sister there survive only her father, who resides in Sudbury, and two sisters, Aveline and Mary.

Sister M. Bernardine Lynch.

February 19, Sister M. Bernadine went to her eternal reward.

The deceased Sister, formerly Margaret Lynch, was born in County Clare, Ireland, the daughter of the late James Lynch and Ann Egan. She and her sister Mary, Sister Leonia, came to Canada to visit their uncle, the late Very Rev. Dean J. J. Egan of Barrie, and shortly afterwards, in January 1886, they entered St. Joseph's Convent. Five years later, two younger sisters joined them, Anne, Sister M. Hilda, and Ellen, Sister M. Casimir. God called two of these loved Sisters to Himself before taking Sister Bernardine—Sister Leonia in 1930 and Sister Casimir in 1935.

After completing her Novitiate, Sister Bernardine was stationed for short periods at different houses of the Community, but the greater part of her long Religious life of fifty-seven years was spent at the House of Providence. There she had charge of the Dispensary for almost thirty years. Her treatment of the sick and homeless was marked by an unflinching kindness and she was ever animated by the faith which saw Christ Himself in the person of His poor. She loved her Community and a characteristic uprightness and sincerity made her Superiors and Sisters value her opinion and advice, while her spirit of prayer was a silent urge to all who talked with her.

The few months spent at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake were filled with suffering, her final preparation for the Heaven, so long and ardently an object of every desire and prayer. In spite of extreme weakness, she assisted at daily Mass until a few days before her death.

Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel at 9.30 on February 22, by Rev. R. J. Egan, assisted by Rev. P. Gallery, C.Ss.R., and Rev. E. Lacey as Deacon and Sub-deacon. Present in the Sanctuary were Right Rev. Msgr. McCann, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cline, Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrand, Rev. W. Roach, C.S.B. Rev. E. T. Keane, Rev. W. Egan, Rev. P. J. Flanagan and Rev. L. McKenna. Interment was made in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rev. R. Egan and Rev. J. Brennan officiating at the grave.

Of the immediate family of Sister Bernardine there survive four sisters—Sister M. Hilda, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Mrs. T. McMahon, Mrs. P. O. Riordan and Miss Norah Lynch, Ireland. Rev. R. Egan is a cousin, and the late Bishop Barry, St. Augustine's, Florida, and the late Archbishop Cluny of Perth, West Australia, were also cousins.



**ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1943**

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The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

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Historian

Miss Margaret Kelman

A puppet show provided quite a novel form of entertainment at the Alumnae meeting on Sunday, February 28. Two short plays, "Sleeping Beauty" and "The Decapitation of Anne Boleyn," were enacted on a miniature stage by a complete cast of puppets. The character dolls were cleverly constructed and capably operated by pupils of the College School, some of them daughters of our Alumnae members. Anne Boleyn, after her decapitation, had quite a time taking care of a head cold which she contracted while carrying her head about under her arm.

Sr. M. Josephine.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

Is it too early to wish us all from one another a very holy Easter? And may it be joyous too with high hopes of an early peace! It is getting closer, that peacetime.

When I sit down to write news of interest to our old girls I realize how meagre my news really is. Why, every day in every list of achievements, big or small, wartime or civilian, among men and women, boys and girls, I see so many names that surely represent the families of our alumnae that I think I could best record them by adding "St. Joseph Lilies please copy." That includes the weddings and births, too.

However, I have clipped quite a few and I hope they will remind our readers to send in many more. These are always of real interest to the Sisters and the Alumnae. Please, readers, drop Sister a few memos.

Among the boys graduating from Officers' Training Centres at Three Rivers and Brockville were Arthur Wallis (son of Teresa Corcoran), W. Cassidy (son of Mary Cleary), L. O. Thompson (my son), and Paul Thompson (also my son), with many more whose mothers I feel were of S.J.C.A.

Helen Wallis (Arthur's sister) is in Fredericton, N.B., doing physio-therapy.

Helen Monkhouse (daughter of Marie Kennedy) is in England. She is with the Royal Canadian Army Corps. Lieutenant Monkhouse is in charge of a residence—looking after the social welfare of eighty nurses.

N. S. Lillian Van Order, stationed at Halifax, visited for a few days with Dr. and Mrs. C. Sullivan (Marie Barry), who are now living in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter (Clotilde Prunty) have moved to Schumacher, Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrington (Doris Prunty) have moved to Renfrew, Ont.

Irene Forestell writes from Fort Erie, N.Y., that Kitty (Mrs. E. E. Noonan) lives at 5 DuMaurier Blvd. and gives news of May Crowley Gillard, who lives in St. Catharines and is still her own happy, gay self.

We hear occasionally from Mollie Bourke. She and her husband and Katrine and Mary live in Timmins. Her daughter Margaret (Mrs. Geo. Pocock) lives at Larder Lake. Mary is with "The Press" in Timmins, but she and Katrine expects to join the Navy.

Ella McDonnell (Mrs. Wm. Cronin) who is now a widow, has returned to her profession of nursing and is at present taking a special course at Columbia University. She has one daughter.

Mrs. John Meehan (Helen Broderick) lives in Wallingford, Conn. Her boys have the grandest Irish names—Sean (John) and James Kevin.

I see Betty Anne Fisher's name quite often in the Music News. She is such a sweet, unspoiled little lady with all her wonderful talent! She played in New York in January with great acclaim.

I have a clipping here about Father Duffy of the famous old "Fighting 69th Regiment of New York." You remember with what pride Sister Petronilla used to remind us that she had taught him as a very small boy, and that he came to see her every time he passed through Toronto. In view of that fact I think we might reprint the whole article which I attach hereto.

"Father Duffy of the famous old "Fighting 69th Regiment of New York!" We have all heard or read about this beloved chaplain and hero. Yes in 1917, he fell in step with the American boys, and marched with them to the training camp, sailed with them to France, moved up with them to the Front, where he was ever ready to sacrifice himself on the field of battle, fathering, not firing; blessing, not bayoneting. Well, New York honors the memory of this soldier of Christ by a statue of him erected in Duffy Square in the heart of the Great White Way.

As he inspiringly stands in uniform against the background of a Celtic cross, looking on the great human streams composed of actors, actresses, authors, entertainers, clerks, shop girls, taxi drivers, tourists, policemen, paupers and peddlars, he seems to be still beholding that raging crimson sea of men in France. In the ever-flowing Broadway human streams, he seems to be ever reviewing those endless columns of boys, who seem to have given their lives in vain "over there" in 1918.

Observing this memorial, I recall reading an incident of that crimson catalysm: Battlefields were aflame. Father Duffy rushed to the aid of a dying soldier. Taking the broken, bleeding body in his arms, he strove to palliate the bloody agony with all possible aid and spiritual consolation. As the boy opened his agonizing eyes, he uttered: "Father, I do not belong to your Church."

Answered Father Duffy: "I know, my lad, but you belong to my God."

It is good to read in Father Delany's letter that The Lilies are so welcome an addition to their reading table. Father Bernard Delany, O.P., of whom I speak, was formerly editor

of "Blackfriars," Oxford, and Provincial of the English Dominicans. He writes from St. Dominic's Priory, Southampton Road, London. I liked this reference to the war's end, "Won't it be splendid when it's ended," didn't you? He and Father Bede Jarrett of holy memory were great friends, succeeding each other as editor and then as Provincial. I have not read Father Bede's "Abiding City" yet. The Priory is a well known centre for literary people,—Belloc, Chesterton, Fr. Vincent McNab, Fr. Bede Jarrett and many others spent many congenial hours there.

And another delightful letter is one from Blanche Jennings Thompson, well-known writer for *Commonweal*, *Ave Maria* and other periodicals, and author of 'Silver Pennies,' 'More Silver Pennies' for Juniors, 'With Harp and Lute,' 'All Day With God' and others. She mentions the fact that you had sent her a *Life of Merry del Val*, adding, "this seems to be my year for Cardinals." Kate Seredy has illustrated several of Miss Thompson's books, among them 'With Harp and Lute' and 'The Children's Mass.' Miss Thompson tells us that Kate Seredy is a niece of Justinian, Cardinal Seredi. Kate Seredy also did the drawings for 'The Oldest Story,' a complete shortened Bible, for young people, which will appear shortly.

So you see, Sister, how greatly do I appreciate her kind reference to this letter, so disconnected and rambling, of which she says, "I always enjoy it, even though I do not know a person mentioned. She has a style of her own." I note the "always." And indeed I admit the style is my own, for never have I known any so queer! But were I to make any pretense of writing well, I fear there would never be this letter, for I am the provincial Jill of all trades, wife, mother, sister, aunt, neighbour and grandmother, and the greatest of these is grandmother. There I shine, with all the joy and none of the responsibilities of the dearest little boy in the world!

In St. Michael's Hospital recently I met several of St. Joseph's girls, Margaret Koch looking the essence of efficiency and charming as always; Kay Moffat, busy as a bee; Margaret Pape—doing laboratory work—Jean Wittmann, Nancy Kelly, Mary German, Mary Thompson, Ruth Watson, Betty O'Neill, and oh! it seemed that it must be a department of St. Joseph's College School! And if I could bump into that many in so few days, what a list Sister Nativity could provide! I wasn't a patient myself. My husband had a cataract removed and I was visiting him. The very week that he

returned home, the "New World" magazine published a pictorial 'play-by-play' story of the operation for cataracts. It is gruesome but more than wonderful.

Here's news of the Kane sisters. Anne is in Montreal, Gerry and Louise in Quebec City, Margaret in charge of a First Aid station in Levis.

Mrs. C. Milne writes that she is thoroughly enjoying the beauties of Florida—St. Petersburg. Her son, Tristram, came to Toronto to join the Air Force. He called at St. Joseph's one day with a chum.

Miss Julia O'Connor is in charge of St. Michael's Unit of the Red Cross, which meets every week and is doing grand work.

Congratulations to the pupils of St. Patrick's school, Vancouver, for the good work they are doing for the Catholic Press. They have sent us some excellent material in the past, as also has Prince Rupert. Keep it up, girls!

I had intended to give you a little account of a lovely hobby of one of my young neighbors. Your clipping re miniatures of Early or Periodic American homes has somehow become lost in my papers. I had read of it in the American Home some time ago, and was very interested. But I fear this letter is overlong already, so I shall keep this hobby for another day.

Happy Easter, everyone!

Gertrude Thompson.

February 1, 1943.

Dear Alma Mater and the Girls-at-Home:

This is my first "appearance" in some months, and I thank all the correspondents who helped fill in for me when my office work took priority over The Lilies. To Mrs. Thompson, our faithful and tireless reporter, I think we should be particularly grateful. Gertrude O'Connor Thompson has a heavy load to carry, and in spite of this, is always most responsive to our pages' needs. No matter how short her time, or how pressing matters of her home and loved ones, she always has time—or I should say "makes time" to send her interesting letter to The Lilies. We ask God's blessing on her work and on her loved ones, that they have the health and happiness they desire.

We have had another marriage in our family. But this time not at home. My youngest brother, who is in charge of a

Knights of Columbus Army Hut in Newfoundland, was married on January 11th to Miss Jeanne Turcotte of Peterborough. She, the adventurous type, and of undaunted spirit, boarded a plane at Malton on January 7th and ten flying hours later was on "Newfie" soil. For any seasoned traveller it would be quite a trip, but for a lass of 22 years who had done little travelling and who had never been in a plane before, the 2,200 miles must have seemed like riding to the sun. Among the details of their marriage, the matter of flowers seems to me to be a point of interest which I, for one, will not forget. With all the love of a normal girl for a beautiful corsage, imagine her dismay when she found that in a fair-sized city nothing in the shape of a bloom could be found—but—two pale pink geraniums, blooming in the window of a home where nine lively children romped. Their mother formed these blossoms into a little group with some fern leaves, and Jeanne pinned them on her lovely Ontario clothes and marched up the aisle! Still the most interesting news of Alumnae is their work—and so many more have joined the war service groups since last issue that they make good "fodder" for this page. However, there are so many more of whom we would like to hear—if only you readers would send our Editor news of their whereabouts.

I'm afraid I am behind in Adele McGuane's route march, for by now she will no longer be in the U.S. Naval Training Station at Stillwater, Oklahoma. Adele enlisted about the end of September and was called for duty less than two weeks later. She says girls are badly needed in the Naval Service and seeing this need compensates so much for what you have given up. However, Oklahoma is still a long way from California, and Adele has given up plenty for her country.

Rita and Margaret McKenna, both graduates of St. Michael's Hospital, are also with the United States forces—the Army. I have no news as to where they are stationed. Monica Reynolds, dietitian with the 15th Canadian Field Hospital, has just spent her third Christmas overseas.

Many of our alumnae probably have now read Franz Werfel's "Song of Bernadette," which has enlivened once more our interest in Lourdes, the miracle town. I have not come to this book yet, as I am still on "The Robe" (Lloyd C. Douglas), but Catholic critics say it is one of the best things ever done on the little French town and its strange story. "The Robe," of course, carries us back to the first century and tells in just a little different way the story of the Man who walked the hills of Galilee from Capharnaum to Jerusalem,

followed by increasing crowds and who was violently put to death by the "garrison from Minoa." It is the detailed story of the soldier who tossed his dice on Calvary for Christ's robe, and who won. It is a most authentic work, as to details of history, government, and custom, and I am sure its readers will not be disappointed.

We must offer our congratulations to Dr. J. E. Ronan, who among his many duties at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, has organized the Glee Club of the Catholic Youth Organization. Of their November recital in Eaton Auditorium, Hector Charlesworth says: "Dr. Ronan is one of the ablest of Canadian Choral directors and the choir he has created improves with each fresh hearing. It numbers about 80 women and 60 men, and considering wartime conditions, is a surprisingly well-balanced chorus . . ." No doubt many of our own girls who once sang in the chapel and in the auditorium (poor Signor Carboni!) are now in this Glee Club. I would certainly love to have heard them.

Mary Catherine Fox's wedding in St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel of Newman Club on January 18th was such a pretty affair. 2nd-Lieut. A. F. McCoubrey is the lucky boy. Dympna McConvey was among those who entertained—luncheon at the Royal York.

The December meeting of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae took the form of an open meeting, and members of their Study Club welcomed Rev. R. E. Dillon and Rev. James Fullerton, both chaplains to women's war services. Other guest speakers included officers from the women's sections of the R.C.A.F. and Naval service. Mrs. H. T. Roesler is honorary chairman of the C.F.C.A. hospitality committee to women of the forces, and Frances Grimes is also on the committee.

Father Thomas F. Battle celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood last November, and also his 50th birthday. Although quite informal, his "party" for close friends and relatives was very delightful, we hear. The public reception held in his honour was attended by people of every walk of life.

Mr. Herbert Conlin has just announced the engagement of his second daughter, Margaret, to Mr. Edward Francis Crawford, Jr., of Williamsport, Penn. Margaret, who is a physiotherapist, has been in Hamilton, I believe, and of course, is one of the eight Conlin sisters, all of whom are Alumnae. Our best wishes to you, Margaret.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Noll (Mary Walsh), whose daughter was born on December 28th.

Nora (Welsh) Owens is back in Toronto this year after an extended stay in Halifax—I am sure she is glad to be among her friends again, but chiefly to be out of Halifax!

Catherine Corkery is wearing such a beautiful engagement ring—June is the time, and Mr. Carl Duffus, son of Senator and Mrs. J. J. Duffus, is the very lucky boy. Mary Gallagher was visiting Catherine last week-end. I believe Viola Barry is also engaged—John Boyle of Toronto and Winnipeg.

We must leave some room in this issue for our Advertisers—bless them! So it is time for this correspondent to close the books until another issue.

A Happy Easter will be the wish in the air shortly after the March issue comes out—and that is what I wish for all of you—my friends, whom I have not seen for so long, and other readers whom I have not even met, but who are so encouraging with their good wishes.

Sincerely,

Hilda Sullivan.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1943.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

... What changes in the College School. I don't suppose we old girls would recognize the school or rather the daily routine—That later rising in the morning appeals to me and no study in the morning. Do you remember how faithful Sister Magdalen was in that study hall! And on May 19th of this year Sister is to celebrate her Diamond Jubilee!

Mary Nichols is engaged, plans on being married in March—the lad is an Englishman.

Do you remember Rose Burke—she was a cousin of the Shannons—she is married and living down here, and last month adopted a baby. (Don't say I never give you news)!

I've put my car in dead storage—as I ran out of gas coupons—from all reports—it's up for the duration.

Bill is in the hospital! Never a dull moment in our house—he developed a severe pain in his shoulder—so they decided it should be X-rayed and treated, etc., etc.! The rest of the household is fine—Kay (Bill's wife) I mean—Marge (Mrs. O'Donohue) is just the same—comes down to our place every day.

I had a letter from Marg. McGahan to-day. I haven't seen her boy Keenan in ages—but he was a darling child. He attends the Boys' School at Mount St. Joseph, Buffalo. Marg. has lost a lot of weight.

Cath (Sheehan) is working on the 7th floor at St. Mike's. I think she loves it all. She has two brothers in the Navy, one in Ottawa and the other in Halifax—they both have commissions, so that family is fast taking on a smaller size.

The weather has been very cold down here of late. Shopping for food is quite a problem here. The time has come when we will be eating things we don't like—or else!

But I must away to the dentist!

Evelyne Krausmann.

No. 2 C.C.S., September 26, 1942.

I am here for two months at the 15th General Hospital, and, of course, see Marg. Hunt. We have an exchange now, two nurses from a General Hospital go to Casualty Clearing Station and visa versa. At present I am in the operating room. We have had a great many operations on the boys from Dieppe, who are all making remarkable recoveries, though a number have had extensive skin grafts. This hospital did marvellous work after the raid. We did our small share at the C.C.S. Our surgical team came over here, and Lily, Bea and I held the fort in our O.R. for most of the day. We only had the walking wounded.

Marie, Flora and Kay Zeagman were over at our station one day this summer. We will have to have a St. Mike's get-together some day in London, which is about the easiest place to meet. Six of the girls from here are going over to Brooklawn to-morrow afternoon, where Marion Bell is buried. Marg. says they go each year on the anniversary of her death . . .

Connie Bond.

15th General Hospital, Sept. 29, 1942.

The Captain came over on Sunday—we weren't off until late—we went down to "The old Cottage." where we get those good egg and bacon suppers. We had a lovely supper—then sat talking at the lounge until quite late. Peggy and I were on our bikes—our escort on his motor bike. Going—it's all down-hill but going home naturally its uphill—I waited in the house talking to the old man there while the captain pulled Peggy up the hill—then he came back for me—it is a good way to travel—you just sail along.

Guess what I'm drinking now? Pepsi Cola! We can get it at the small canteen in our Mess—and it is just as good as Canadian Pepsi C. I'm drinking out of a pottery beer mug—we each bought one at Greyshot.

... I stopped at the garage on Saturday to get air in my tires—I was on my way to Confession at Grayshot. A Canadian Corporal was there too. We started talking—the garage was closed—for the tea-hour. He was from No. 3 C.A.R.U.. That's where Alban Larkin used to be. I asked him if he knew him—and he was his batman—for four months. He told me Alban is out somewhere on a Gun Site of the Anti-Aircraft—he didn't know just where.

I see Marg. Hunt all the time; she is as jolly as ever. On Sundays—when Johnny Bernard, the dispenser, is there to play the organ, Marg. leads the choir. I haven't seen her in action yet because every Sunday so far—either Johnny or Marg. haven't been there, or I haven't been there myself.

Did I tell you that we have had corn on the cob—just as good as Canadian too. The girls here all have lovely gardens; so have the officers, and the unit has a big garden. They all have planted all kinds of lovely flowers in front of their huts, then they grow lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, radishes, and they all have corn patches. Last week they had a party in the hut. They had two big pots of steaming hot corn—butter was passed around in little gauze bags. We had rolls and olives, apples, nuts and coffee. The party was for Miss Charlton, the assistant matron. She has gone to No. 1 Neurological now. We all gathered in one big room and sat around on the bed, chair, trunk or the floor. That's an English Corn Roast for you!

Connie Bond.

... In June I was over to No. 1 Neurological for a day of lectures. They were interesting and helpful on cases—medical and surgical. They have these meetings at various hospitals in turn, and some sisters go from each unit. I saw Flora Brohman, Kay Zeagman, Connie Bond and Marie Pilon.

My last leave was in July, and I went to North Wales and stayed at Port Meirion Hotel (there's where I have trouble), at Penrbyndendreth—I hope the spelling is correct. It is a beautiful spot, quiet and has good swimming in fine weather. This was my first experience of tide and of swimming in salt water. The hotel is on a long peninsula and at low tide there are miles of sand in front of the hotel. When

tide is in, it flows along swiftly until all the sand is covered. While it is nice to have four 7-day leaves a year, seven days is too short; I just begin to enjoy myself when back to duty I must return . . .

Margaret Hunt.

No. 8 Can. General Hospital.

. . . We are at a hospital built in 1840, which the Canadians took over from the British. It is two storeys high, and has several wings. At the back there is a series of buildings inter-connected which are new and have steam heating.

I was thrilled with London, though the blitz damage left me in a cold fury. I saw a great deal in two days, but it will take months and months to see everything, though many things one will never see now. Fleet Street, the newsman's Valhalla, was badly hit; Oxford Street, the great shopping centre, took a terrific pounding. In the two days I saw five churches gutted, but the dome of St. Paul's stands out triumphant and defiant. I walked all through St. Paul's, but a great deal of it is roped off due to damage, though the main part is intact. No. 10 Downing Street in a little lane is dwarfed by all the high buildings surrounding it. I saw Buckingham Palace in the distance, and visited Canada House.

I had my seven days' leave and went to Scotland. It is no wonder that everyone you meet in the army here mentions Scotland, for it is more beautiful than even I remembered. On the run up from Aberdeen from the border you are within sight of the North Sea nearly all the way, and can look down some distance below at the sea crashing against craggy rocks. It is a thrill to cross the Forth Bridge and to see Edinburgh, which is so beautiful with Arthur's Seat and the Castle dominating the whole city. Wooden fences are almost unknown. One sees stone dykes everywhere, and the tiniest cottages and barns are also of stone, giving a clean appearance. Houses built hundreds of years ago in Aberdeen have a look of having been built only a short time.

Last week-end we splurged and stayed at the Savoy in London. The rooms are lovely and the service excellent. Visited Madame Tussaud's, where one has an uncomfortable impulse to speak to dummy attendants who are posted all around. London teems with interest. Saw the play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and afterwards strolled around Piccadilly, up Leicester Square and the Strand, and walked all the way home. The next day we did the Abbey thoroughly. It is a beautiful old place, and I don't think I left a line un-

read of all the floor stones and wall plaques. I found a stone on the floor laid by the Royal Academy of Surgeons in memory of John Hunter, the father of modern Surgery. A lot of the Abbey's treasures have been taken to safety, and much of it is roped off, but the main part is intact . . .

Barbara Grant.

Best Wishes to Newly-Weds:

- Mr. and Mrs. Ross McDonald (Irene Richard).
 - Lt. and Mrs. J. R. White (Monita Macdonnell), in Toronto.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Crawford (Margaret Conlin), Toronto.
 - Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wm. Hatch (Joan West Mosteller),
 - Lt. (J. G.) U.S.N.R.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bradley (Geraldine Hector), in Toronto. Living now in Sudbury.
-

Congratulations to:

- Mr. and Mrs. Gilles Morin (Muriel Greene 35), on arrival of Alyce Yvonne in May.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Finegan (Celia O'Donnell, '32), on arrival of Ave Maria in July last.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Rosar (Helen Sheedy), on arrival of a daughter in November.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Noll (Mary Walsh), a daughter, in December.
 - Mr. and Mrs. John Harding (Rosella Lee), a son, Edward Francis.
-

Our Sincere Sympathy to the Families of:

- Mr. Arthur Arless Flint, father of Olive and Beatrice.
 - Mrs. Moore, mother of Callista, Kathleen and Clare.
 - Mr. Sheerin of Norfolk, Va., father of Madeleine.
 - Mr. George Lindsay, husband of Carmel Sullivan.
 - Mr. George McRae, husband of Queenie Murphy.
 - Mr. Norman H. S. Ruthven, father of Norma (Mrs. Ingram).
 - Mr. Peter Keenan, father of Bernard and Marie, in Chicago.
-

Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends, Rev. L. Hodgins, Rev. F. Coffey, Rev. Father Hanlon, Rev. Mother Celestine (Hamilton) Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Delaney, Mr. Goodwin,

Mr. Blake, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Comeau, Mr. P. Keenan, Mr. P. Greenwood, Mr. N. McEachern, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. McDonnell, Mr. J. Kennedy, Mr. W. Vallon, Mrs. M. O'Connor, Mr. J. Eckhard, Mr. Miles, Mr. J. McKenna, Mr. Sherrin, Mr. J. McManus, Mr. J. Sheehan, Mr. S. Murphy, Dr. L. Sebert, Mrs. Grant, Mr. F. Loftus, Mr. Fitzgibbons, Mrs. Cleary, Miss M. Beale, Mrs. McDonald Mr. Weir, Mr. E. Frezell, Mrs. O'Donnell, Mr. C. McCurdy, Mr. E. Wimpenny, Mr. T. Nolan, Mrs. H. Ellard, Mr. J. Armstrong, Mr. T. Walsh, Mr. Fee.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace!

O! break my heart; but break it as a field
Is by the plough upbroken for the corn;
O! break it as the buds, by green leaf sealed,
Are to unloose the golden blossoms torn;
Love would I offer unto love's great Master,
Set free the odour, break the alabaster.

Thomas Toke Lynch.





OUR GUEST ARTISTS. Our guests at tea on Sunday, January 31st, were two friends from the Conservatory of Music—Betsy Dodge and Marion Hogg. After the pleasant tea hour, we were entertained by these accomplished young artists. The informal recital was high-lighted by such favourites as “On M'appelle Mimi” from “La Bohemi” and a light-hearted Victor Herbert song, both by Miss Dodge, accompanied at the piano by Miss Hogg. Then the latter rendered several numbers by renowned composers, among them the ever-popular “Clair de Lune” of Debussy.

FATHER O'TOOLE. With the departure of the Reverend W. B. O'Toole, C.S.B., the Classics department of St. Michael's College has suffered a great loss. But what is a loss to the College is a gain for the U.S. Army. And Lieutenant the Reverend O'Toole is now stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he's sure to do as fine a job handing Uncle Sam's boys as he did with Horace and Virgil, and all the Trojans and the Greeks and the Romans! Full of enthusiasm at his appointment to a mechanized camp in the sunny South, Father O'Toole was looking forward to riding around in jeeps and tanks. Though we miss our little man of the mighty wit, all we can say is, “Good luck, Father!” And we trust the U.S.A. to look after him for us!

M. Mogan, '43.

PERSONALITY. This issue we give you a description of our St. Joseph's Glamour Gal.

Glamour gals these days are a dime a dozen, but the one we have in mind does not belong to this common board, for the term glamour implies sophistication, looks, and not much of anything else. But this special specimen has both the above qualities plus that vital spark that makes us click—PERSONALITY.

When she walks into the Oak Room the “Lounge Lizards”

seem electrified; when she walks up the stairs the boys forget which way the cloak room is; when she treks down into the pool room the sharks with the rolled-up sleeves give way to the woman who knows what she's doing with the 8-ball; and as for ping pong, it's the g.g. who's still the undefeated feminine champion.

She's not one of those week-end Newmanites but a steady visitor of the student's "Home away from Home."

Black sparkling eyes, a "Pepsodent" grin, and a chuckle that seems to come from her toes, and you have . . . You Guess! Newman.

RETREAT. When this issue of The Lilies blossoms we shall be making our annual retreat, March 11-14. This year the retreat will be conducted by Dom David King, our College Chaplain. As we mentioned in the December number, Father David is a monk of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., and is studying at the Mediaeval Institute here. We are looking forward to these days of prayer and recollection, and above all, to Father's conferences. Let us hope the world in general and the staff in particular—not to say anything of our confreres—will find a marked improvement in us when Retreat is over.

THE DANCE. On the evening of Friday, January the twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and forty-three, Brennan Hall was the scene of one of the year's outstanding activities on the social calendar of St. Michael's. This year, for the first time, the St. Michael's College Ball was under joint auspices, for, in compliance with President Cody's wish that war-time social functions be confined to the campus as much as possible, St. Joseph's and Loretto joined with St. Michael's to make the affair a great success. Prior to the dance, the girls of St. Joseph's and Loretto entertained at coffee parties at their respective colleges, which, in addition to fulfilling their greatest expectations, were the means of making many new acquaintances. To add to our pleasure, Father McLaughlin, Father McHenry, Doctor Mueller and other distinguished personages honoured us with their presence.

The upper floor of Brennan Hall was transformed into a veritable fairyland, where Morgan Thomas and his orchestra played modern selections, both classical and popular. Blue and amber lights cast various hues on the many beautiful

gowns. Also, in keeping with the college atmosphere, the various college crests occupied places of honour while other decorations completed the theme of "the Double Blue." At the door "warsages" of violets were sold to the guests, the proceeds of which formed a part of the students' contribution to the "Aid to Russia Fund."

Shortly after mid-night, the guests descended to the lower Common Room, where a delicious buffet lunch was served. Afterwards, dancing was resumed until two o'clock, when the strains of "God Save the King" brought to a close a most enjoyable evening and an occasion long to be remembered. The co-operation of the three co-conveners and the various committees was entirely responsible for making our dance a great success.

Mary Melady, '45.

ST. MICHAEL'S DRAMA NIGHT. On Feb. 11, the St. Michael's College Players held their Drama Night, which consisted of three one-act plays.

Loretto College presented "Pater Noster," a drama which takes place at the time when the Commune ruled in France. Ann Gilchrist and Joseph Armesto, playing the feature roles, both gave outstanding performances. Although the play was very serious, a touch of humour was added when George Wiches, dressed as a runaway rebel, happened upon the scene. The play was directed by Mother St. Margaret, assisted by Maureen Murphy.

The next play was presented by our own College; a comedy entitled "Right About Face." The play takes place a thousand years from now, when everything is in reverse. John Corkery, Alice Wysoglad and Charles Speidel played the leading roles. Thanks to an appreciative audience, the play was a grand success, and from the general comments, it seems that it was the best liked of the evening. This play was directed by "Mike" Mahaney.

The third play of the evening was also a comedy, which was put on by St. Michael's College and directed by our President, William J. O'Connor. Even though Mary Taylor's part wasn't the starring role, it was exceptionally well done. Chas. O'Connell, the romantic young lover, was the hero of the play. The melodious gum chewing of the bell-hop (Bill O'Connor) added much to the amusement of "Trial by Moonlight."

So it seems that the drama nights are becoming more

and more successful and we only hope that all our male actors won't be drafted by next year.

Claire Mahaney, '46.

ANN MATHESON.

There goes that bell and we can tell—

That Matha's on patrol . . .

A knock on the door, and then we're on the floor.

"We're not getting up this morning, Matha!"

To the tune of "Deep in the Heart of Texas," a dozen freshies sing their praises of Ann Matheson at the Graduation Banquet, 1942.

Ann came down from Sudbury High School in pursuit of higher education and wore a lab coat for three long years, —taking mostly science courses. However, far be it from "Matha," as she was affectionately called, to bury herself in her books for such a length of time. Ever ready for mischief, she left her mark in many a practical joke . . . and poor little freshies were not quick to detect the twinkle in her eyes as she said severely, "Freshies must answer the phone at all times!" Everyone of us went through that initial period of awe and fear, until we got to know her kind and generous nature.

During her senior year, as a member of the House Committee, Matha rang the bell for morning Mass. Well can we remember her rather literal interpretation of "Catholic Action" as we were more or less ejected from our beds at 7 a.m., and how many teas might have been failures were it not for Ann's unselfish offers to lend an expert hand in the kitchen.

Since graduation, Matha has worked in the Pharmacy Dept. of St. Michael's Hospital.

Friday night, Feb. 2nd, rigid quiet hour rules were relaxed as we all assembled for a party in honour of one of our girls who had found her real vocation and was entering St. Joseph's Convent on Feb. 10th.

Of course a tribute in verse was offered, this time by all:

Here's to Matha,
She's our girl,
Before she enters
We'll give her a whirl.

Here's to Matha,
Who rang the bell,
She's going to enter
To stay out of Hell.

Here's to Matha,
She's true blue,
If she enters the Convent,
WE ALL WILL TOO!

After the party, according to tradition, Ann tossed her "flowers" from the starway, and the bouquet was caught by none other than Bette Mondo. Who ever would have thought it?

Talla Luciani.

DID YOU KNOW Muriel and Geraldine Arthur are dazzling us with bright red and green outfits?

Mary Melady gets many appreciative glances in chemistry lab?

Catharine Thompson has a pair of silver wings?

Barbara Hood missed a final exam, when she had bronchitis?

Eileen Slyne was missing from our hallowed halls owing to a very bad cold? Eileen, stop sniffing!

Mary Leona Flynn is very active in student affairs?

Verna Oag will have to learn to run the fifty-yard dash?

Evelyn Critelli looked very stunning in her black Spanish Mantilla at the St. Michael's At-Home?

Rosemary Sullivan of Caldwell, N.J., was a house guest of Room 4? It seems like old times.

Colleen Sadler has crossed the street from the convent to us and loves it?

Sheila Kirby has deserted the pool table?

Mary Heffer has two lovely posters in her room, reminiscent of the dance? Artist known or unknown?

Elsa Escallon looks stunning with her hair upswept?

Lorraine Woodcock finds our variable weather annoying?

Alicia Balzac loves the Sunday afternoon teas, mainly because of the lovely recitals that follow?

Bette Mondo prefers the company of two orchids to that of anyone—anyone handy, that is?

"Mike" Mahaney is now devoting her talents to directing? Don't forget to patronize the play!

Elizabeth Condon has left her Alma Mater to become a poor little working girl? We miss Betty's sleepy blue eyes.

Maureen Keenaghan is now a pledgee in the Alpha Gamma?

Olga Zerebko, our 6th year Medical, is interning by day at St. Michael's Hospital and externing by night with some charming members of the staff?

HAVE YOU HEARD the big conspiracy going on between "Mike" Mahaney and Lucille Legris?

Peggy Wismer's latest exclamation, "Oh, my shattered nerves?"

Martha Gravel's remark about Kay Thompson's very stunning black formal outfit at the St. Mick's At-Home, "You look like a devil?" How the French girls phrase their compliments!

The reason given by two boarders to their escorts as to the cause of their early departure from the Arts Ball? One boarder was from Goderich, the other from Elmira.

The ease with which Evelyn Critelli now leaves? I wonder why!

Barbara Hood's voice since she lost it?

Mary Taylor's and Isabel Rooney's delightful rendition of "I've got those mad about him, sad about him, how can I be glad without him blues?"

The Dean's ever-popular, ever-growing collection of classical records?

The big coincidence? Maureen Keenaghan and a certain little "Mouse" are in the same play?

Why Elsa Escallon is doing so much skiing of late?

The trouble Aileen McDonagh had with the Swimming meet?

About the mess I'm going to be in when this month's Lilies is published.

Rose Marie Cunningham, '45.

SKIING. Did you ever go to the Laurentian for skiing? There we find the most beautiful hills, twice, even three times as high as the hills around Toronto, and the snow is very abundant. Of course, those hills are rather steep and dangerous, but it's more exciting and more pleasant.

Down in Quebec, skiing is the favorite winter sport. We are taught how to ski when we are about six years old, and then, every season, we ski till we become too old.

Lake Beauport, situated about twelve miles from the city of Quebec, is the great centre where all the skiers, young and old, do their favorite sport. Mount St. Castin is one of the highest hills there. We also have a skito to climb the hills; this consists of a big cable which is moved by electricity and in less than three minutes we are at the top. The only thing we have to do is to hold the cable!

Skiing is the most attractive sport. It is quite easy and we can cover miles and miles on our skis. After a big storm, where the rest of the transportation service is stopped, we still have them, which are very useful. Nothing is more exciting than to see a professional man going to his office on his skis, on those days.

Skis are even necessary for this war; what would the Russian soldiers do without their skis?

I have been to Thornhill and Rosedale and I must tell you that I was very surprised to find such hills: rather high and gently sloping. I had a lovely time exploring all the trails, trying the jumps even if I fell several times!!

But no place is more worth while than Quebec. Please hurry up and learn and then we will all go to Quebec together.

Marthe Gravel.

N.B.—This is Marthe's second contribution to *The Lilies*. Her English is improving, *N'est ce pas?*

THE Mass. Our Chaplain, Dom David King, is giving us a series of conferences on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In them he is stressing the fact that we are not only present at the Sacrifice but we actively participate in offering the sacrifice with the priest. Before we can properly offer the sacrifice we must be Christians, therefore we must be baptized. In the supernatural adoption due to Baptism we are made partakers of the Divine Nature. The Grace of Baptism unites us to Christ; through Baptism we are incorporated into Him and we become not only sons of God but heirs, priests and victims.

The Mass is a renewal or representation of Christ's sacrifice on the Cross for us. Each time Mass is offered, the sacrifice is renewed, and so is the grace received from it. At the Offertory of the Mass, bread is offered to God the Father by the priest representing not only Christ but all the faithful to the Church.

The significance of Baptism was once more recalled to us in the third conference. Baptism elevates our nature to bear

trials and sufferings. To unregenerate men, suffering only inspired horror and dread but the real Christians should rejoice at the fact of suffering, because suffering only makes us more Christ-like. We must suffer in union with Christ before we can expect to rejoice in Him. We look forward each month to this conference of Dom David's and we consider that we are specially favored in having him.

Alicia Balzac, 4T6.

We offer our sincere sympathy to our chaplain, Dom David King, in the death of his father, on January 25, at Grafton, North Dakota, and to Mary Sebert, '44, in the death of her father, Dr. L. Sebert, Toronto.

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Morissette of Haileybury (Irene's and Irma's father), who so kindly loaned us his projector and films, taken in the south; to Marguerite Legris, who has been so generous in allowing us the use of her albums of musical records; and to Dr. and Mrs. Cauley (Corinne's parents), who made possible our purchase of a recording attachment for the radio; to Signora Balzar (Alicia's mother) for the exquisite hand-made linens for the altar.

LEON BLOY AND THE MARITAINS.

Leon Bloy, an ardent convert from Agnosticism to Catholicism in youth, devoted the greater part of his life to writing "for God alone" in the city of Paris. He lived in a state of misery for his works were almost completely ignored during his life time. "My books will live though they have not enabled me to live," he once wrote. And it is true that today Bloy is widely read in France, England and in Germany.

Bloy has been called a prophet and also one of the greatest Catholic writers of all time. Maritain describes him as a "Christian of the second century strayed in the Third Republic." The mediocrity of the world tormented him. For him life was nothing or God. His violence is one of the characteristics of his writings; it arose from his singleness of spirit and intention. He never kept to himself his criticisms of a society that he saw to be in every way contrary to the spirit of Christ. He describes himself as a "pilgrim of the absolute." Henry de Groux, his friend, wrote: "Bloy has but one line in his life and this line is a circle: the circle of the

Absolute. The Absolute in thought, the Absolute in word, the Absolute in deed. When he spits on a contemporary it is precisely as if he were singing the glory of God. That is why the glory of the world is refused him."

Leon Bloy, as Raissa Maritain describes him, seems to have lived in a deep and constant melancholy. She often mentions the fact that he wept when contemplating on God and Truth. The reason for this seems that Bloy had been very close to God and it is the saints that suffer from a state of aridity. Bloy had not a saint's philosophy and wisdom to support him in those depressing years. Yet he was near to sanctity to know that the only true tragedy was the inability to attain it.

His writings were profoundly Christian, for he lived continually in the mystical body of Christ. They were also sincere, for he had a burning zeal for justice. They had great influence on his readers. Jacques Maritain and Raissa Maritain were both saved from a state of depression and melancholy by this great French apostle. God permitted them to have him for an adviser and close friend. Leon Bloy, there, made his protégé the greatest philosopher of our day—a fact which alone would have made Bloy famous.

The reading of his "La Pauvre" was the first step for the Maritains in the direction of Christianity, Truth and Liberty. Raissa being a Russian Jewess, was deeply moved when she read: "Le Salut par les Juifs," for in this, Leon Bloy speaks with the voice of a prophet: "Thus the Lord speaks: I shall give you my Spirit and you shall live and I will give you peace in your land."

Then Bloy presented the young couple who had great trust in him, with three of Schmoeger's volumes concerning the life and visions of Anne Catherine Emmerick. These gave them a vivid, pathetic and familiar picture of Catholicism. It made them realize that holiness unites all the members of the Church in one invisible body, the mystical body, whose head is Christ and whose soul is the Holy Ghost.

Georges Rouault and Gustave Moreau were two artists who frequented Leon Bloy's humble little home. The latter wrote in his diary: "We are artists talking together about art." Leon Bloy also found a great friend in Pierre Termier, a mining engineer who most likely helped him out in finances. Bloy was always very grateful to donators. He wrote them simple and friendly little letters, disguising neither his gratitude nor his utter poverty.

The Abbe Tardif de Moidrey had a considerable influence

on Leon Bloy for he taught him the story of the apparition of Our Lady of La Salette and described himself as the "Veronica of the Desperate," an incomparable moral support. It was he who suggested that Bloy visit Salette where Our Lady had appeared to a group of children, weeping over the sins of the world. Then Bloy wrote a magnificent book on "Our Lady of Salette."

When Raissa Maritain fell dangerously ill, the Maritains decided to become Catholics. On the day of their baptism, June the 11th, Leon Bloy, their godfather, invited them over to his home, where they spent a glorious day together. Raissa says that it was like Paradise. Leon Bloy had accomplished God's will and his heart was bursting with joy. Since then his god-children have been spreading his doctrine and are doing an immense amount of work in this sinful world. And to them is given the wondrous power to lead souls in the true channels of thought.

Irene Morissette, '44.

Who walked with Christ the bloody road
And lovingest compassion showed?

Jusalem's good women.

Who solaced Him with word and tear
And wiped His face, so mild and dear?

A gentle woman.

Who stood beneath the Saviour's cross,

One man, two women.

Who watched His grave and mourned His loss?

God's angels and a woman.

Who first proclaimed Christ's victory?

Three holy women.

Who showed unswerving loyalty?

The faithful women.

F.M.L.



Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Our Lady's lovely title to immaculacy is joyously acclaimed each year the Catholic world over. We at St. Joseph's think there is a quiet loveliness in this early December Feast that is as sweet to remember as is Christmas itself. It is the day on which we ask our Lady to receive the newcomers into her Sodality and to welcome once more her old friends. This year the ceremony seemed especially impressive, and when Fr. Burke before giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, spoke a few words of earnest encouragement, his urging found ready echo in our hearts. May our Lady truly be our Model Immaculate always!

Surprise for the Resident Students.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception brought another bit of joy in its train. Each girl found in her room or alcove a picture: Mother Nealis' "Mater Mea"; the little one's dormitory was not forgotten: a lovely new statue of Our Blessed Lady stood to welcome her babies when they returned to the dormitory after breakfast.

Former Students Return.

Miss Helen McKay, a former Three-Dee and Resident pupil, who is now attending University in Buffalo, spent a week-end at St. Joseph's not long ago. The resident students enjoyed her short stay.

Miss Angela Burke, another former Resident Student and a graduate of McGill University, called on her way to Montreal. Miss Margaret Burke, her sister, has a very promising position in Washington.

Gloria Denning, who is now Mrs. Rutherford of London, Ontario, spent a week-end in Toronto recently and visited St. Joseph's one afternoon, with Miss Monica Hickey. Monica has a good position here in Toronto.

The Play's the Thing. But it wasn't the "king's conscience" that was to be caught—it was the imagination and enthusiasm of the Boarders—and after they had practised well and rehearsed so many times and finally "presented" it to us one Monday just before school closed in December, the admiration of the whole school was caught too. Indeed there was in "Peace on Earth" that quality of Christmas spirituality that endeared it to all. The cast was as follows:

Blessed Virgin—Marie O'Donnell.
 St. Joseph—Winnifred O'Mara.
 Angel Gabriel—Pierrette Labbe.
 Innkeeper—Rita Bauer.
 Innkeeper's Daughter—Evelyn Sheehan.
 Shepherds—Mary McLaughlin, Eleanor Dertinger.
 Wisemen—Pat McDermott, Charlotte Fraessler, Helen Vaillancourt.
 Herod—Audrey Schooley.
 High Priest—Frances McLaughlin.
 Scribes—Marion Cockburn, Rita McLaughlin, Regina Frawley, Mercedes Valdez.
 Pages—Marilyn Finley, Catherine Hambly.
 Angels—Joyce Ralston, Bernadette McIsaac, Margaret Schooley, Kathleen O'Keefe, Mary Neeva McKee, Irene Roncetti, Inez Valdez.

Holidays. The Holidays were extra long this year and really we were glad to come back to school. Almost half of the quadrangle was frozen into the finest of rinks; and right here we want to express our admiration of some of the excellent skating; Rita Bauer, Marilyn Finley, the two Hamblys, Eileen Hamilton and Frances McLaughlin were especially worthy of note. Rita's skating seemed almost professional. Anne and Catherine Hambly tell us of a young seven-year-old sister at home in Oshawa who is better even than they! We think if Marilyn and the Hambly sisters are typical of Oshawa skating, the Oshawa Ice Carnival ("Ice-Capades," they call it) would be worth attending. Ottawa's too! and St. Catharines!

Sodality. Miss Dorothy Willman of St. Louis seemed the embodiment of Catholic Action as she stood so firm and straight in our auditorium and delivered her vitalizing message to Sodality leaders. Miss Willman's work is surely

a vocation in itself—it is that of organizing and giving direction and zeal to Sodalties all over the Continent. Many of our girls joined their older sisters and came to hear her three lectures (January 25, 26, 27). The Executive of St. Joseph's Resident Students' Sodality was present. Many of our former girls took an active part in the work of election of an Executive for an Archdiocesan Sodality Union. Indeed the President elected was Winnifred Flannagan, a former pupil; and the Vice-President and Recording Secretary were Veronica Malone and Margaret Kerr respectively, and the Treasurer, Mary Kenny—all of them St. Joseph's girls.

FATHER LORD'S VISIT.

A hush pervaded the usually clamorous atmosphere of our auditorium. At the entrance of a tall, jovial-faced man, three hundred girls stood as one, and raised their youthful voices in accompaniment to the exhilarating martial strains of the Catholic Action hymn.

Completely ignoring the formality of being introduced, Father Lord began speaking straight from the shoulder to the young moderns, in their own language. The narration and application of the generations-old story of Darby McGill's dogged neutrality in the heavenly conflict gained colour and interest from his fluent, Irish-tipped tongue.

When he had gone, we began seriously considering our own neutral zone half-way between God and the devil, and comparing our own lax faith to the fanatical self-sacrificing beliefs of the Nazis, Communists and Socialists who give their all to their creed and their cause.

Katherine Frankish, V-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

INITIATION.

For weeks the words heard most often in the boarding-school, on the flat and in the dormitory, were, "Wait until initiation comes along!" Now, at last, it had come.

This particular week-end only the old girls could anticipate these two hours of free time. As the new girls hurried upstairs at three o'clock they were met with the words, "My bed isn't made yet," "Iron my blouse next," "Will you shine my shoes?" and other similar remarks. They were all good sports and by a quarter to six felt as if she had completed a good day's work. Instead of wearing their coloured dresses on Saturday, the initiats spent the day in their tunics and blouses.

The finale came Sunday evening. Immediately after supper everyone dashed upstairs and in half an hour the new girls were ready to come downstairs. What a picture they were, some representing day and night, others in braids or ringlets, and all looking very peculiar in their queer outfits! Each girl carried her

own chair into the auditorium and took her place on the stage. A musical quizz followed and the girls were led to the gymnasium for the consequences. When the old boarders were satisfied that the new ones were sufficiently initiated, they took them to the cafeteria. The old boarders served the lunch and, to show their appreciation for their sportsmanship, straightened up afterwards while the new girls went to bed.

Now initiation is over and there are no longer any new girls. We are all old!

Lois Garner, V-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

A VISIT TO MATHEMATICS LAND.

Somehow I flopped down into the centre of a circular park with pathways labelled Radius St., Diameter Ave., Area Rd., running in every direction. The queerest assortment of houses with round domes, V-shaped windows, straight lines and innumerable three-sided affairs, glared at me.

Quite shaken and a little dazed in mind but still able to move, I staggered around a section resembling a rectilinear figure. I passed a number of collinear points but met no one who might be living in these strange-looking houses. A cord stretched from two posts pounded into the circumference blocked the way as I stumbled toward it. A deep pit yawned in utter darkness before me. I pitched forward into oblivion.

"Jane, get up. Jane, get up. Jane, do you want to . . ." shouted Father Lord as he startled me back into an appearance of attention. That Geometry test was coming in a very short time and Father Lord was the only man who at that time was able to divert my chaotic mind from the approaching test.

Clare Keogh, XII-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

CAUGHT.

The blackout two weeks ago caught me in an awkward predicament. I had just got into the bathtub when I heard the shrill, eerie sound of the siren. I waited for a few minutes, wondering what I would do, "Bang, Bang," my young brother was pounding on the door, yelling his head off for me to put out the light, because the warden was at the door! What could I do but get up and put it out? I decided that I would have my bath in the dark. I put one foot very carefully again in the bathtub; the soap happened to be right there and I fell in. Disgusted, I made up my mind that I wouldn't have a bath, so I managed to get out of the tub and bathroom safely and was going downstairs. I put my foot on the first step when I felt myself slowly (or was it quickly) rolling downstairs. My brother had left a truck on the step. I decided then there was only one place for me—my bed, and unbelievably as it may seem, I managed to get into it without further mishap.

Mary Gilmore, XI-C,
S.J.C.S.

NEW CLOTHES FOR OLD.

In the time of Alladin the cry was "New lamps for old." The theme has now changed to "New clothes for old." In wartime, rationing of anything and everything is imminent and under that may come limitations of clothing and cloth. Then the girl with the needle will be in the limelight, for nimble fingers can change old clothes into new and fashionable models. Since the last war styles have greatly changed although in pre-war 1938 the trend was again turning towards the long-waisted dresses of 1914, with full, sweeping skirts for evening, and large hats. All that is now curtailed by limitation of material, and simple classic dresses with very little fullness in the skirt are at present in style. From one evening dress containing eight yards of material two up-to-date models can be made. Be patriotic, save your money in war bonds, do not spend it on clothes but make old clothes into new.

On a rainy day go to the big trunk in the attic (if you have a big trunk and an attic) and rummage among mother's or grandmother's discarded costumes. A stunning ensemble could be made from any number of odds and ends if you are handy with a sewing machine. Big fur muffs were an important item of anybody's dress in 1909. If you can find one of these make a new fur hat and trim your purse to finish off a coat. An old lace evening dress could be converted into a new blouse to complete a suit. What a host of possibilities are open to an enterprising girl during 1943 war days! "Nova et vetera"—and the new for the old!

Jean Wharton, IV-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

THREE WISHES.

My childhood sympathies used to be touched every time I read the fairy tale about the couple who were given three wishes and who so misused them that the poor old man had to go through life enriched only by the long sausage which he wore on the end of his nose. I used to wonder, too, if I would have been wiser. It is a magic theme—and safe enough for me, for no "genie" is at hand to grant my behests, be they fair or foul.

My first wish would be to gain the grace to live a good life, to be a good influence, to help spread the faith and to merit eternal happiness.

To make my first wish complete and to make my life a happy one, peace to the world and freedom for all would be necessary.

To have a happy life one must be independent; and I am shutting my eyes now and seeing in imagination a few acres in the country where I could manage a ski lodge in the Winter; the same place could be a riding academy in the Spring, Fall and Summer. A lake nearby would serve for bathing in Summer days or skating on winter evenings. The situation of this resort would not be too far from the city. Perhaps I would give the profit to some charity . . . but enough! As Browning would say, "So much for idle dreaming . . . to business now!"

Arleen Brady, XI-C,
S.J.C.S.

ON GETTING UP.

For approximately two thousand, three hundred and seventy-nine days, I have been (or rather supposed to have been) getting up at 7.30 every morning. Perhaps I shouldn't say getting up—that suggests too much of the vim and vigour idea. Dragging myself out of bed would be more suitable. With all this experience one would be apt to think that I should be very skilled in the art. On the contrary, of the numerous methods that have been tried, none yet has actually succeeded.

The first and most obvious is the alarm. In spite of the encouraging claims made in advertisements, it doesn't work. When the alarm goes off, my hand gropes about, knocking over everything within range, including the clock. A reverberating crash tells me that my purpose has been achieved, the horrible clang stops, and I turn over and go off to sleep.

This plan having failed, my mother tried calling me, feeling, no doubt, that her lung power would be more effective, with the added advantage that she could not be knocked over or shut off. This, too, was useless. After a week, I was able to reply automatically to her calls without even waking myself.

With the typical determination of mothers, she wasn't daunted. She tried throwing back the covers, exposing my tender self to the cold. But with the equally typical dauntlessness of daughters, I merely pulled them back. Upon repeating this several times and finding that I was as much asleep as ever, she gave up.

You may well suppose from this account that I arrive at school about noon every day—or don't arrive at all. But I do manage to get there somehow. And why worry? If I am late, I can blame it these days on the street cars.

Mary Joan Brazill, IV-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

LAST YEAR'S HAT.

It was a drab old thing, my last year's spring hat; a dull blue and a sagging brim, completely out of style. Still, I was determined to make something out of it, so I set to work.

The brim was beyond hope, but the crown of the hat seemed fairly stable. So I commenced to snip off the brim. Then I dyed the crown a pretty beige colour and settled down to finish a book while it dried. It didn't take long and it turned out beautifully—just the shade of my new spring suit, which was beige and pale blue. So I made a sort of pill-box hat out of the crown and with a strip of blue from the brim, sewed a roll around the edge. It was really beginning to look smart. But it needed something; that extra touch. Of course—a feather and a pom-pom would be just the thing. I dashed down town, bought them, came home and, five minutes later, paraded triumphantly before my family in my new suit and the sweetest little hat with a beige feather and blue pom-pom perched on the side. The price—25c. Everyone said it looked like new!

Helen Pratt, XI-C,
S.J.C.S.

LAST MINUTE SHOPPERS.

The confusion and disorder last minute Christmas shoppers cause is an unforgiveable crime. Take, for instance, Mrs. Know-nothing. She comes into the store without the least idea of what she wishes to buy. After having the saleslady show her numerous articles and make suggestions, she will finally purchase; however, it is more than likely that she will go home and return it the next day.

A worse specimen is Mrs. Know-it-all. After pushing and shoving her way through the store and up to the counter, she loudly demands service. Immediately she is waited on while the meeker souls stand by. It is not what she wants. Fifteen minutes or more will elapse while one article after another is produced. Nothing pleases her. When the saleslady has nearly exhausted her stock, Mrs. Know-it-all will finally decide on the first article shown her.

Then there is Mrs. Can't-make-up-mind. She wanders through the store, slowly, looking here and looking there. At last moving to one particular counter, she asks to be shown certain pieces of clothing. The clerk, eager to fulfil her request, produces the required articles. Now there is the problem of deciding which one she likes the best. She will mentally ponder on some questions—will the blue dress look better than the red? Do the small pockets or the big pockets look the better? Not being able to decide, she will finally give the excuse that she is going to look around a little and see if there is anything she likes better. If not, she will return; but she rarely ever does.

Rita Bauer, XII-C,
S.J.C.S.

TO OUR LADY.

I was thinking of you yesterday-even
Before the stars went down.
Of you, dear Blessed Mother,
And your heavenly crown.

You were dressed in pearly whiteness,
And your face was good and true.
But your eyes, dear Blessed Mother,
Were of the sweetest heavenly blue.

Your cheeks were pink as roses,
And your skin was pearly hue.
And you looked so truly lovely,
As you called your child to you.

You looked upon me, Mother,
As you whispered soft and low,
"Come to me, my little child,
Love me—I love you so."

Lorraine Whibbs, I-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Last year I spent my Christmas in the country, visiting my aunt and uncle in their big, rambling house. For Christmas a big party was planned, a family gathering, cousins, aunts, uncles came from all over; some I had never seen before.

The day before Christmas the old house was fairly buzzing. Everyone bustling about. Mother, Aunt Mary and old Nancy were busy in the kitchen, Dad and uncle hunting for a tree big enough for the living room; relatives arriving; my cousins and myself digging out Christmas tree decorations; wrapping up presents and hanging the mistletoe. From the kitchen, delicious aromas greeted us.

That evening we decorated the tree, gathered around the piano and sang carols. After Midnight Mass we gathered in the dining-room for lunch.

Awakened early by the gleeful shouts of the children over the presents, everyone got up. About one o'clock we were hustled out to the sleighs to visit the neighbours. Such fun that ride was, laughing, singing, and wishing passers-by a Merry Christmas.

After visiting was over, everyone's tree seen, we returned home for Christmas dinner. Long before the dinner was over the wintry daylight had faded.

Everyone was happy and that night we thanked God for the loveliest Christmas we had ever had.

Catherine Parker, III-C.

MILESTONES.*

Knit one, purl two, slip one knit . . . You are sitting by the blazing fire with your knitting and your apple, but suddenly (maybe you are sleepy) the flames take odd shapes and your thoughts take odder ones and you know you are off on a memory-tour.

It is September third, 1933. What an exciting day—your first at school. Your mother had taken you in the morning to register; and in the afternoon another thrill; your first visit to the Canadian National Exhibition. This was the year in which you had made friendships which lasted all through your grade school life—why some of them will be life-long friendships, you are sure. You try to think and find that your memories of this first year are rather vague. Slowly they come back to you. The Baby Class was dismissed at 11.30 and you remember how you and Patsy, with whom you always played and often fought, would bring your lunch and eat it together in the school grounds, pretending all the while that you were cowboys. This was also the year that you made your First Holy Communion, one of the most joyful days of your life; you remember it happily!

Before you know it, your thoughts shift to your second year of school. You will always remember the day you won the medal

* We apologize to Miss V. M. Treacy, who wrote "Burnished Chalices" for borrowing her style.

for reading at the Peel Musical Festival. You smile as you think of another day when Miss D—— told you that you could not carry a tune; you thought it was something to be proud of and went home and told all your relations. They still tease you about it!

You remember the first time you received the strap—you had deserved it many times before. This time it was skipping in the basement that brought about the dreaded punishment. It was around this time that you managed to get into the school choir, in spite of Miss D——'s poor opinion of your ability to carry a tune. Perhaps taking piano lessons had bettered your ear for music. At any rate you have happy memories of your first piano duet at the Festival. You connected it with whooping cough which seized you soon after. You were just barely over it in time to be confirmed.

There was a man teacher who came to your school to teach sometime before you left. You have one painful but funny memory of his class. You and another girl were sitting in the back seat together. The room was very quiet when suddenly there was a terrific crash and the whole class turned around to see you and Margaret sitting on the floor. The screws had been out of the seat and you had fallen over backwards. Everybody had laughed but Mr. M——. He had been rather angry! You were in Entrance Class the next year and you remember how, as the end of the term came closer, you realized that you soon would be leaving that dear old school where you had so much fun. The time did come at last and you lined up for the last time and were dismissed. You had given the room a last aching look. You had received many a lecture there but there had been lots of good times too.

You sit up with a start and look at the clock. You have been sitting idle there for nearly half an hour. You take a fresh start on both apple and knitting.

Knit one, purl two, slip one . . ."

Mary Gilmore, XI-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

A True Story.

John Woods had spent his life in the service of the merchant marine, and now his sixty years would not permit him to go into active service. Ever since the war broke out Mr. Woods had been working in the laboratory, trying to find some device that would help locate the men, forced overboard, in the dark, from their torpedoed ships.

He boarded the six o'clock bus, in the darkness of London's blackout, and as the bus pulled away, Woods noticed the busman pick up a small shaded light and clamp it into his coat lapel. This enabled him to see to make correct change.

John Woods could not sleep that night. The busman had given him an idea. In the morning he demanded from his technicians a small watt bulb with a cut-off switch, run by a tiny battery, guaranteed to give light for twenty hours, the whole to be waterproof. In a short time the gadget was produced. Soon

the crew of many merchant ships were outfitted with these little electric lights.

The first men who owed their lives to it were the men of a Norwegian merchant ship. Torpedoed at the darkest hour of a black night, a ship that sped to their assistance was able to locate every man and now a rescue ship coming to the scene of a disaster, finds the sea flowering as a poppy field in Flanders, with numerous red spots.

In some of the most recent lists John Woods was honoured by his king, but both he and the navy are still searching for the unknown busman whose little lapel light was the seed of the big idea.

If he sees this, will he please communicate with the Minister of Marine.

Donna MacKenzie, XI-C,
S.J.C.S.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

(Being the reflections of a school-girl-sales-lady).

During a day's work in a chain store, many different types of people are served. There are not many customers until about nine-thirty in the morning. The customer who walks up to the counter at this hour generally is a lady who eyes the display critically. Knowing what is about to follow, you march up, forcing a smile and offering your services.

Verna: May I help you, Madam?

Lady: What is the price of your oranges to-day?

Verna: 25c, 29c, 35c, and 41c.

Lady: Don't tell me so quickly; now say it slowly.

Verna: 25—29—3—5—4—1.

Lady: Don't tell me they're still that expensive. Soon we won't even be able to live any longer if this keeps up.

Verna (hopefully): We have some lovely heads of lettuce that have just arrived. Would you care to look at it?

Lady: I'll have one good fresh—do you understand fresh head of lettuce.

Verna (picking up one): Will this do?

Lady: No, it will not do—not at all. (Picks another one). Here, wrap this one.

Verna: Thank you, madam; that will be ten cents, please.

Good-day, Madam. (And then to the lady who stands behind her) May I help you, Madam?

And so it begins all over again—a long, monotonous repetition of the same conversation. There are, however, a few people to break the monotony of the usual type. Some are satisfied with the clerks' choice—and incidentally, the clerk is just as eager to give the customer the "best" as the customer is herself. The ideal customer is the person who brings a list, gives it to the clerk, stands aside and lets her (or him) prepare the order, without any advice or interference. Confidentially this is the customer that gets the best and promptest service and goods.

Verna Ursina, XI-C,
S.J.C.S.

THE FATE OF THE FISHING FLEET.

All the peaceful, happy-go-lucky villagers were down at the busy wharf to wish their dear ones a "bon voyage." We were there, too, for our brother and father were sailing that night.

The water was calm, the setting sun cast a radiant glow over the peaceful sea.

As we trudged homewards to our little cabin after the departure of the fishing fleet, our thoughts were with the men at sea; a prayer for their safety was in our hearts.

About midnight a fierce wind began to howl 'round our little home; it rose to hurricane force. The trees bent under the momentum of the driving wind.

Thunder growled, growing louder and still louder; lightning tore the blackness asunder. The raging, unleashed billows surged through the sky and crashed seaward in a deafening roar.

How worried we were; no ship could survive such a gale! As the storm reached its terrific peak, we huddled together for comfort and prayed aloud in stumbling, halting voices for the safety of our fishing fleet.

As suddenly as the storm had begun, it subsided. The stars came out, one by one, and a silvery moon appeared. It cast its mellow glow on a tragic, heart-rending scene.

Mangled bodies and the wreckage of battered ships strewed the sands; the once happy village was filled with grief and lamenting. Some were bitter, some resigned, but we could be neither. No information had come from our father's little fishing schooner.

At first we clung to a tiny shred of hope—perhaps they had somehow come out alive; but as the days slowly passed into a year, and still no word had come, we despaired.

We dragged through our daily routine automatically, sometimes a little bitterly. The only brightness in our now dull existence was the arrival and departure of the fishing fleet.

One bright day in June we donned our cloaks, and strolled down to the wharf with the other villagers. A strange ship had been sighted through the binoculars.

A bearded man and a wan young lad in tattered clothing walked slowly off the fishing schooner. Suddenly I gave a joyous cry of recognition and sprang into their outstretched arms. Our faltering hopes had come true! It was our long lost brother and father!

Jean Spicer, II-C.

(Inspired by Msgr. Dollard's "Connaught Shore").

THE CHOW CHOW.

I will describe Chow dogs as I see them.

They are black or brown in colour, stand about eighteen or twenty inches high, and have long hair which stands out straight from their bodies. I have heard it said that one day a Chow looked at itself in the mirror and was so frightened by what it saw that its hair stood on end.

The chow chow's tail seems to be bent back over his back. The hair sticks up too so that you can't tell the difference between the tail and back. Of course, the chow chow is saved from a lot

of tail-pulling for this reason but for this reason also, I am sure, they can have no fun chasing their tails.

I could put up with a chow dog, I think, if it weren't for its tongue. Most dogs have pink or red tongues, but the chow seems to have chosen purple as its colour. If it matched its coat or was the popular colour for tongues, it would be understandable, but as it is "sickening" is the only word to describe it.

When a pup, the chow resembles a little bear. The similarity is carried out in that we find it has painfully sharp, little claws. After it has grown up we find that there is no likeness at all because bears only attack when hungry. I have known people to cross the street to avoid passing a chow.

All unpleasant creatures usually have one redeeming feature, and the chow is no exception. I have come to the conclusion that all they are good for is to keep pedlars and tramps away from the door. They themselves must be proud of the fact and overdo it somewhat, because everybody from the mailman to the man of the house is accosted by the vigilant watchman.

If you are one of the queer people who can tolerate these animals—I wouldn't call them pets—I trust I have not disillusioned you with my sentiments.

Joan Pape, II-C.

St. Joseph's College School.

THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE" . . . A TRIBUTE.

"Kindred spirits" all over the world were grieved indeed last April to read of the death of L. M. Montgomery, that well-loved Canadian author and woman of letters. Assuredly her life had been spent in giving pleasure to others through her loveable story books and her own powerful example.

Lucy Maud Montgomery was born at Clifton, Prince Edward Island, on November 30th, 1874, but when her mother died less than a year later, she went to live with her grandmother, at Cavendish, P.E.I. Cavendish was the "Avonlea" of the Anne books. It was here that Miss Montgomery grew up, loving that old-fashioned secluded spot, which she once described as being "twelve miles from a railroad station, twenty-four miles from the nearest town, but only one-half mile from the sea." Life at Cavendish was simple and strict, but to the little girl who wandered through its woods and valleys and dreamt by its ocean-swept shore, it was the happiest life there could be.

During her girlhood she wrote many novels, poems and stories. Her first success was the immortal "Anne of Green Gables." Mark Twain has described it as "the sweetest creation of child life yet written," and hundreds of loving readers have echoed his words. Nevertheless, "Anne" was rejected three times before being finally accepted. But it brought fame and recognition to its author eventually, and her later books were eagerly accepted. "Anne" remained her greatest success; it was adapted twice to the screen and translated into many languages, including Braille.

At Cavendish, L. M. Montgomery met and married Reverend Ewan Macdonald. Later Mr. Macdonald accepted the charge of a church at Leaskdale, Ontario, and Mrs. Macdonald sorrowfully left her loved Island. In Ontario, in spite of the many duties of the

wife of a minister and the mother of two sons, L. M. Montgomery still found time to give the world more of those beautiful, human books full of home joys and nobly borne sorrows. In 1935 she was made an officer of the Order of the British Empire and became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and a member also of the Artists' Institute of France, the Canadian Authors' Association and the Canadian Women's Press Club.

L. M. Montgomery died last April—the month she loved most—in her home here in Toronto. She was buried in her beloved Island soil. The old farm at Cavendish is now a part of the National Park of P. E. Island, and spots made famous in her writings have been preserved as they were described in the Anne books. Truly we Canadians have a right to be proud of her—a deeply loved authoress, a truly Christian woman and an exemplary leader in Canadian society . . . one who must have followed always her girlhood ideal and aspiration: “the little things of life, sweet and excellent in their place, must not be the things lived for; the highest must be sought and followed; the life of heaven must be begun here on earth.”

Helen Boehler, X-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

Life on the farm is interesting. Last summer we went cherry-picking at Clarkson, Ontario, just about seventeen miles away from Toronto.

We rose at 6.30. Although we were a little drowsy when we awoke we had to dress hurriedly and wash in the cool spring water pumped from the well behind our cabin. We then made our beds and cleaned up our cabins and hurried off to breakfast—a breakfast fit for a king! Toast and bacon and eggs were set before us, and then jam and coffee. By the time we finished the clock hands would be nearly touching 7.30. Almost time to go to work!

We were given our ladders, baskets and tickets and went scurrying until we found a cherry tree with maroon, juicy cherries. We each found that it took about forty-five minutes to pick a basket; and each basket meant 13½ cents to the picker. When we had picked a full basket we would wheel it down to the barn, have our ticket punched and hurry back to our tree. Lunch at twelve was a welcome “pause in the day's occupation,” but the full-stop did not come until 6, when we turned in for the day.

The afternoons were usually hot and sticky, but the shade of the cherry trees kept up our morale. The cool spring water was so refreshing to our often thirsty throats that we went to get a drink about every half-hour. The six o'clock whistle was a signal to drop our ladders (the boys who worked there picked them up) and run to the barn office for our pay. Then recreation! We sometimes drove the car into the little town a mile away, had our dinner and patronized the town movie-house. By ten we were back at the cabin ready for bed when the lights were dimmed. Another day was done.

Catherine Greenhill, X-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

MUMMY'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

One rainy day I was looking through a pile of books when I came across an old one which bore the title—"Autographs." As I turned the pages, familiar signatures were to be seen. The name on the inside flap was one which interested me greatly. It was Mummy's girlish signature and this was the autograph book she had when a girl at St. Joseph's Convent.

Then I began asking questions. "Mummy, who is Edna Mulqueen?"

"Oh, that is Margaret Anne Warde's mother. Margaret Anne is in your room at school, is she not?"

"Yes, she is, and this signature is her mother's as a girl. What an interesting book! Who was Dorothy Chalue?"

"She is Mary Lou Hodgins' mother. Mary Lou takes music from the same teacher you do."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Mummy, is Cecilia Keogh, Sister Marius, who is out in Vancouver? She is a Sister of St. Joseph now?"

"Yes, dear, that's right."

"Who is this Kathleen Grey? Is she, by any chance, Sally Wright's mother?"

"Yes, how did you guess?"

"Oh, look, here is a whole page of names—Mathilde Masson, Kathleen Halford, Monita McDonell, Elmro Collins, Isobel Meagher, Loretta Mackle, and Geraldine Huggard. Who were they?"

"Oh, they were a Sewing and Knitting Club we had who met every Saturday. Madame Masson taught us. It was during the last war. There were some others, I think, but I cannot remember their names."

"My, there are a lot of other names in this book. I think, Mummy, though, I am going out to play now. You see it has stopped raining."

Carol Kelly, I-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

Ed. Note—"Mummy" is Aileen McDonagh Kelly. Carol has two sisters in St. Joseph's College School.

SPRING FEVER.

The warmer sun shines in the blue,
The birds come back from southern shores,
The sleepy bear breathes air anew
And slowly tries a step outdoors.

The heavy winter snows are gone
The daffodils are flaunting gold,
A carpet green is on the lawn,
All the glories of Spring unfold!

The sparrows mate about the trees,
Buds open, tiny leaves appear,
Violets whisper to the breeze
And hide themselves when someone's near.

Arlette Wunsch, IX-A.
S.J.C.S.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

She would sit by the window
 That faces the lane,
 In her faithful old rocking chair,
 And her tired old eyes
 Would gaze through the pane
 As the dying sun silvered her hair.
 In silence she'd knit
 As stately she'd sit,
 Through her long, long life,
 In white cap and shawl,
 And slowly she'd rock
 To the tick of the clock,
 The grandfather's clock,
 That stood in the hall.

They say the old chair
 Still faithfully stands,
 By the window that faces the lane,
 Awaiting the touch
 Of her little old hand,
 But of course it is waiting in vain.
 For the old lady has gone,
 Still the old clock ticks on,
 Just it and sweet memories remain.
 I will cherish that chair,
 Which will always stand there,
 By the window that faces the lane.

M. Donovan, I-B,
 St. Joseph's College School.

SPRING FEVER.

(Nonsense Verse)

As I walked across the mountain sky,
 Tripped on a star and said, "Oh, my!"
 I saw some funny moonbeam girls,
 With laughing eyes and sparkling curls.

They said to me, "How don't you do,
 With eyes of pink and cheeks so blue,
 Pray tell me, sire, how is the day?
 Is it March, or Monday, Friday, or May?"

They tiptoed off upon their heads, .
 Unravelling then their cloudy beds,
 Singing,

"Good night, sleep tight,
 Don't let the planets fight."

Mary Bricco, IX-A,
 S.J.C.S.

THE COUNTER ATTACK.

Samuel Johnson in one of his frequent sallies into the realms of sarcastic philosophy, once made a rather rash statement.

"Oats are used as food for men in Scotland but as a provender for horses in England," was the substance of his remarks.

He often made recourse to this expression when joking with his English friends. In the Boar's Head at London, a favourite gathering place of the day, he chanced to repeat this phrase. In one corner of the spacious room sat an old Scotsman, dry of humour and quick of wit. Smiling wryly, he hit back:

"That is why Scotland is noted for its men and England for its horses."

Johnson turned sharply and laughed quietly.

"Yes," he countered, "but England's horses are better than Scotland's men."

Joan Dimma, I-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE DAFFODIL'S RETURN.

The country side is green again,
The grassy nooks are seen again,
The brooks are bubbling cool again
Between the wild fern;
The buttercups are gold again
And Spring-time's here, we're told again,
And by the laughing pool again
The Daffodils return!

The sky above is blue again,
The wild rose blooms anew again,
The robin red is here again
Upon the Grecian urn,
The clouds above are white again,
The sun shines down his light again,
And when the lake is clear again
The Daffodils return!

Anne McGinn, IX-D,
S.J.C.S.

OUR TRIP TO THE NORTH COUNTRY.

Some years ago, Mother and Dad thought that it would be fun to take my sister and myself for a winter holiday in the north country.

One cold, clear day we piled the car with skis, skates, and toboggan and set off for L.L., set deep in the forest about fifteen miles from Huntsville. The roads were in good shape for winter time and we arrived at the Lodge just at sunset.

It was a magnificent scene. The fleecy, white snow was piled against the Lodge almost to the eaves. We were taken to a cosy log cabin nestled in among the snow-covered trees. Inside, a

blazing fire greeted us. Here we were to stay, going to the main Lodge for meals.

After a good night's sleep we were all set for our holiday. Cold, clear days we went skiing in the hills, which were drenched with sunshine, and what fun it was! Other days when the snow was soft, we would spend our time building forts.

The nicest thing of all was the day we went for a sleigh-ride. It was fun to hear the snow crunching beneath the runners. We had scarves around our faces because Jack Frost had come along too.

We were sorry indeed when the day came to say good-bye to the north country. There was a "thank You too" in our hearts, to the Someone Who had made such a lovely snow world for us.

Margaret Anne Warde, I-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY OLD HIKING SHOES.

I gazed across the dusty attic room to the corner where my hiking shoes hung. Scenes from my childhood came rushing to my mind. But yesterday it seemed I had scrambled over hill and dale in the old hiking shoes that hung there. Memories of the school hike to Catfish pond, when I tore my sport jacket scaling a fence. And the old haunted barn in whose windows we peeked, hoping to see a ghost, but running wildly away at our own shadows. I reached for the old shoes, coated with dust. There on the inner sole "Size 4" remained clear. I must have been not more than ten. They were part of me and giving them away was like giving away part of my self.

Annabelle Hayes,
St. Joseph's High School.

INCREDULOUS.

It was a peaceful morning on the islands of Panoi. An old tale about an ancient treasure sunk with an old galleon off this coast thrills them.

One morning as I slid into the cool depths I remembered smilingly the old tale. Rowing my frail boat out beyond my depth, I dove in. Something caught my eye. Tugging frantically at it, I uncovered a corner and then the top of a box. Coming up for air and going down again, I scraped away the mud, and I saw the words "Philip of Spain." Returning to the island for help, I told the natives, and in half an hour the chest was up. We opened it. There, filled with coins hundreds of years old, was the treasure chest I had heard of so many times.

To-day I am wealthy as the result of an afternoon swim in the Lagoon of Panoi.

Mary How,
St. Joseph's High School.

SPRING CALLING.

Mauve and yellow, green and gold,
 Springtime colours these, we're told,
 Winds a-blowing, bluebirds humming,
 Can't you hear?—the Spring is coming.
 What do the winds thus blowing say?
 "Hearken, children, at your play,
 We and the birds and the clouds and bees
 Honour God's Springtime mysteries."

Mary Claire LaBine, VIII,
 S.J.C.S.

GOD'S WILL.

As a child I love to follow Him
 And as a girl I always will,
 And if I falter, please, God, give me
 The grace again to do it still.

Mary Claire LaBine, VIII,
 S.J.C.S.

A LIMERICK.

There was an old maid of Lagou,
 Who dreamed she was eating her shoe,
 She woke with a start,
 By the beating of her heart,
 And found it was terribly true.

B. Trevor, VIII,
 S.J.C.S.

MY DOG.

My little dog, a German Shepherd, is four months old. His name is Rex. He is black, with brown legs and other brown spots. He likes to play with two balls and a bone and an old shoe. He gives you his paw; he begs for his food and also carries things home from the store. He can jump four feet in the air.

Patricia Hamilton, VIII,
 St. Catherine's, St. Catharines, Ont.

FIRE DRILL.

In our school the fire signal is a bell on the first floor. When it rings we stand, leave all belongings behind, and get out quickly. We wait in front of the school until further orders are given.

If there are any crippled children in the school two pupils make a seat with their hands and carry them down. In case of emergency we would have to jump out of a window into a net. The time required to clear all our school is 30 seconds.

Madeline Fitzpatrick, VIII,
 St. Catherine's, St. Catharines.

OUR SKATING PARTY.

The girls and boys in St. Joseph's Academy had a skating party on the rink in the school yard. Some wore skating outfits and Jack Thurman and Paul LaPointe were tramps. Janet Clinton, Rose Marie Morrison, Anne Brennan, and Anne Kowalski had skating skirts; the others had their own clothes on.

We had races and some children played in the snow. Then we had soup and crackers; then we had our picture taken.

Anne Brennan,
St. Joseph's Academy, St. Catharines.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

We had a Christmas Tableau and a play called "Trouble in Toyland."

In the Tableau the Blessed Virgin was Rose Morrison, St. Joseph was Joseph Gallant. Billy Sims, Joseph Gallant and Paul LaPointe were kings. Bobby Edgar, Yvon Gaboury and Larry Sheehan were shepherds. Catharine Wright, Wendy MacDonald, Donna Aitkin, Ann Kowalski, Theresa Collins, Catharine Tiffney, Anne Brennan, and Janet Clinton were angels.

In "Trouble in Toyland" there were clowns, Chinamen, a jack-in-the-box, Indians, Dutch girls, a rubber doll, soldiers and many other kinds of different dolls. Santa Claus and the elves gave out the presents at the end.

Janet Clinton,
St. Joseph's Academy, St. Catharines.

THE PLAY.

Our Play at Christmas was "Trouble in Toyland." Trouble was Janet Clinton;; Clown, Larry Sheehan; Jack-in-the-box, Bobby Edgar; French Doll, Anne Brennan; Japanese Dolls, Gwen Siford and Minah Joseph Bucher; Rose Marie Morrison was a Chinese doll. Billy Sims and Nancy Odiardi were Indian dolls. All the rest were dolls. We all got presents from the Christmas tree and sang "O Christmas Tree," and at the end we sang "Little King."

Anne Brennan,
St. Joseph's Academy, St. Catharines.

THE FIRST DAY.

The morning that school started I was happy.

My mother took me to the school. The teacher asked for my age, and my mother told her I was six. Miss Crotch, the teacher, showed me my seat and my mother left.

Miss Crotch printed on the black board the letter A, and told us to fill our page with A's. I finished first. The teacher asked to see my book, and she put a big red C on the page. I showed my mother the page and after that I tried to get C's on every page.

Catherine Schenck,
St. Catherine's, St. Catharines.

MY LUCK.

One sunny day as my brother and I were walking through the woods. I fell into a deep hole. I screamed, "Oh, look what I have found." Finding a loose vine, he pulled me up. He asked me what I had in my hand, and I said, "A box full of pennies!"

Just as we were entering the candy shop I felt a poke on my arm and heard, "Joan, get up or you'll be late for school."

Joan Sullivan, VII,
St. Catherine's, St. Catharines.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

The carrier pigeons used for long distance messages are large birds with long wings and a circle of naked skin around the eyes. They travel about 30 miles an hour and were first employed by the Sultan. The message may be fastened to the wing or tail and it must be light, so that it will not interfere with the bird's flight.

Mary Vendromin,
Holy Rosary, Thorold.

PENNSLYVANIA.

Pennsylvania supplies most of the fuel for our furnaces.

Due to a famine many Dutch and Germans came to "New France" under the leadership of William Pen. They settled in a forest-covered mountainous country known to them as Penn-woodland, but it was later changed to Pennsylvania, which has the same meaning.

It is in the eastern United States and is famed for anthracite coal mines. In Williamsport, Pennsylvania, there is a factory which trains disabled miners and pays them a good income.

Helen Alexander,
Holy Rosary, Thorold.

WRITE A LETTER.

In Holy Rosary School, Grade Eight have written to several of their alumni overseas. Two boys overseas are in the army and one is in the navy. One boy overseas wrote and told us that he just had been promoted to Lance Corporal. The boys say it is swell to be in the army and navy and get such cheery letters.

M. Zoccok,
Holy Rosary School, Thorold.

A NEW BICYCLE.

When a bicycle is ten years old it is an expense. As it grows older you begin to buy new parts. First tires, then the brakes, next fenders. Finally you buy a new seat. If you keep on buying you're ten-year-old bicycle will be a new bicycle.

Ruth Constant,
Holy Rosary, Thorold.

WHITE SKATES.

White skates are just as good as black ones. I like white skates because white shows up when skating at night. The black pair does not require constant polishing. White ones get dirty more quickly, and white skates never loosen up while the black ones do after each round of skating, thus spoiling the pleasure.

Evelyn Olivia, VIII,

Holy Rosary, Thorold.

A VISITOR.

Santa Claus came to the Convent School for our party. He skipped into the room with ringing bells and a pack of toys on his back. We sang songs and Santa gave a nice present to every boy and girl. He told us to be good and went on his way.

We played games and had lots of nice things to eat.

John Donnelly Paterson, 6 years,
St. Mary's Academy, Toronto.

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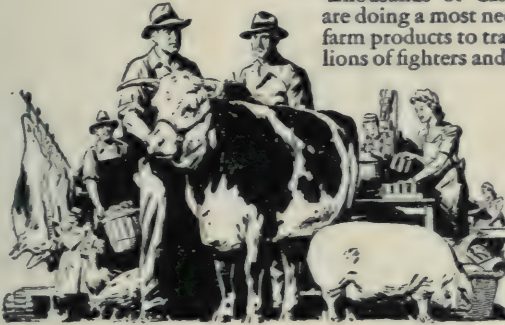
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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

Published June, September, December and March

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Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXXII.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1943

No. 2

EDITORIAL

OUR ARCHBISHOP

WE extend our congratulations to the Most Reverend James C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto on the occasion of his silver jubilee in the priesthood. We regret that His Excellency did not spend the first seventeen years of his priestly career with us, for we know only of his great work since he came to Toronto as archbishop, a little more than eight years ago. It is no secret that when he came to the archdiocese of Toronto, he faced almost insurmountable difficulties. The years of prosperity so quickly followed by the years of depression left the archdiocese with a huge debt, which would have discouraged a less zealous and courageous leader. Through his splendid leadership along with the co-operation of the clergy and people, the financial condition of the archdiocese is no longer critical. We know of his intense personal interest in the children of the archdiocese and his zeal for their spiritual welfare. We know of his re-organization of the Holy Name Society and the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. These are only some of his accomplishments since he has been our leader. We are happy that God has given us such an inspiring leader at this time. The problems of the archdiocese of Toronto are not all settled. The war and the post-war period bring added problems. On the occasion of his silver jubilee we especially pray that God will spare him and leave him with us as our spiritual leader and loving shepherd.

EDUCATION AND GRACE

DURING the middle part of the year 1943 many graduates will go forth from thousands of schools. They will have completed a part of their education. All will take at least a small part in the present day problems of a nation at war, and the future problems of reconstruction after the war. Wise statesmen are already planning for the post-war period and education must enter into those plans. The Catholic Church has always taken a definite stand on education. The Catholic Church does not have to defend her traditional stand on education, but the "why" of that stand is explained in the fact that from revelation she knows that man is a possible recipient of divine grace. Secular education does not consider this factor. True education must consider all factors.

The word education comes from the Latin "educere" which means to draw out, to develop. Man who is a composite of body and soul has within himself many potentialities. Education in its literal meaning is to develop those potentialities into actualities. The traditional classification of these potentialities is into physical, mental and moral. The development of the physical powers to the exclusion of the others make the athlete. The development of the mental powers to the exclusion of the others makes the shrewd and often dishonest business man or the calculating criminal. The development of the moral powers to the exclusion of the others makes the fanatic. The development of all three powers makes a good man according to his nature but not a truly educated man. The literal meaning of the word education as development, and the classification of the potentialities into physical, mental and moral is not complete. Man still has the possibility of receiving Divine grace.

We like the complete definition of Pope Pius XI. He states, "Education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be, and what he must do in this life, in order to attain the end for which he was created." The first part of the defini-

tion refers to the development of the physical, mental and moral powers. But this education has meaning and purpose only in view of the end for which man was created.

God created man, not for a natural end like the animals but for heaven. In the beginning, besides all the natural gifts that go with life, God gave to Adam certain supernatural gifts which raised him above his own nature. These gifts did not pertain to the essence of human nature because they were supernatural, yet Adam would have retained them if he had not sinned. Because of sin God deprived him of these gifts. He lost not only sanctifying grace but also that bodily perfection, so that the body became subject to sickness, pain and death. Reason no longer held the senses in perfect control, the intellect was darkened, the will was weakened and he became more inclined to evil than to good. This unfortunate situation which disturbed the order of his physical, mental and moral life and which is called original sin, comes to all of us.

The only specific remedy that will restore the disorders of original sin is Divine grace. The preparations that man makes are in view of his final end. God willed that all should attain their final end. He sent the second person of the Trinity to become man to appease the offended majesty of God. The merits gained from the life and death of Jesus Christ are offered to us as grace. By grace we mean any gift bestowed on us by God in view of the merits of Christ for the purpose of enabling us to attain our final end. It is a teaching of the Catholic Church that God gives to every man sufficient grace to attain his last end. The grace of God is mysterious, but we know it counteracts the effects of original sin; it enlightens the mind that was darkened; it strengthens the will that was weakened and gives power to overcome the tendencies to evil.

The purpose of education is that man may attain his final end. It is a teaching of the Catholic Church that he cannot take one step towards the attainment of that end without grace. "I am the vine; you are the branches: he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for without Me you can do nothing."—John XV-5. Because the end of man is super-

natural, the means to that end must be supernatural. The nature of man, although weakened by original sin can reach a state of natural goodness. But this natural goodness will not sustain him when assailed by violent passions or temptations. No supernatural work of any kind can be accomplished by the unaided forces of human nature. The grace of God will strengthen our weakness and give us power to act. St. Paul states, "We are not sufficient to think anything of ourselves: but our sufficiency is from God."—II Cor. III-5. How the apostles, ignorant fishermen and men of weak character could go forth and convert the world from a deeply ingrained paganism to Christianity is inexplicable except for the graces they received.

The Catholic Church is the great storehouse of grace. If grace is so essential for a truly educated man, if grace is so necessary to enable man to attain his final end, we can understand why the Catholic Church must be insistent and uncompromising in her stand on education.

O faithful Shepherd, may God always be
Near thee to guide and bless thy every deed.
May He console us with thy presence through
The years to come, Archbishop well beloved.

WE KNEW HIM WHEN . . .

By REV. J. C. FORAN.

THE Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, has celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his priestly ordination. Within the confines of his own diocese the occasion was celebrated with fitting solemnity. His devoted clergy, the religious of the diocese and its faithful laity manifested their joy and expressed their felicitations in appropriate terms.

Consequently, my bursting into print in one of the diocesan periodicals may appear as a bit of an intrusion into fields already well explored. In reality, however, anything I have to add to the occasion—and it will be little enough—is prompted by another motive, a genuine affection for a lovable and worthy Prelate who, in times past, proved a friend when a friend was needed.

His Grace's Silver Jubilee is a matter of interest outside the borders of the Archdiocese of Toronto. Out here in the West we had a prior claim upon him. He was widely known and widely loved both in Alberta and in Saskatchewan long before he made his gracious entry into the Catholic life of Ontario's Capital.

Now, Toronto is his home. It has first claim upon his loyalty, his affections and his great talents. Nevertheless, I feel he still has a very warm spot in his heart for the Diocese of Edmonton in which he spent most of his years as a priest as well as for the Diocese of Regina, his first episcopal charge.

A lot of water has flowed under a great many bridges since the day in nineteen hundred and twenty when the then Dr. McGuigan first saw Edmonton. He was still a very young priest, not yet three years ordained, when he accompanied the late Archbishop Henry Joseph O'Leary on the latter's invasion of the West.

"Invasion" is the only proper word to describe the advent

of the late Archbishop of Edmonton into the public and religious life of the province of Alberta. Everything Archbishop O'Leary did, he did in a big way. Moreover, he had what was needed to do things with a flourish.

We have had a lot of optimists here in Alberta at one time and another but Archbishop O'Leary was the greatest of all. Even in later years he allowed no clouds to darken his horizon, but, in nineteen hundred and twenty, while yet the vigour and bloom of youth pertained to him, he was a veritable dynamo in action, radiating an amazing vitality, generating terrific energy, and inspiring all who came in contact with him with his own unquenchable optimism.

When Archbishop O'Leary and Dr. McGuigan came to Edmonton the diocese was destitute of the services of English-speaking secular priests. With the coming of the Archbishop, began that marvellous program of expansion which is without parallel in the history of the Church in Canada.

No other diocese experienced so rapid a development in so short a period of time. This development was rendered possible, partly because of the great needs of the diocese, and partly because of the all-consuming energy and undaunted optimism of the late Henry Joseph O'Leary, second Archbishop of Edmonton.

Not everything that was done was done wisely, but, at least, we can say it was done for the best. It is commonly conceded that Archbishop O'Leary's first thought was of the welfare and progress of the Catholic Church. All his actions were directed to that one end. If, on rare occasions, over-optimism coloured his judgment, it must again be conceded that he only made a mistake often made by men of action.

No small man was Henry Joseph O'Leary. When the history of the Catholic Church in Western Canada is written he must be accorded his proper place and it will be a prominent one. He had a code of his own and sometimes adopted methods that were peculiarly his own. His code was not universally accepted nor were his methods always approved. But, for all that, he occupies a unique place in the story of the Church's growth in Western Canada.

At first sight, some may be inclined to wonder why so much space is devoted to the late Archbishop O'Leary in an article which treats of the present Archbishop of Toronto. The reason is evident enough. It is impossible to appraise Archbishop McGuigan's work in the archdiocese of Edmonton at its proper worth unless one have some understanding of the character of Archbishop O'Leary with whom he was so closely associated and under whose influence he lived for a period of twelve years.

From the day Archbishop O'Leary took up residence in "The Box," the name applied by the clergy to the old Archbishop's Residence which later became St. Mary's Home for Boys, until the time of his nomination to the See of Regina, Dr. McGuigan was the Archbishop's right hand man.

In turn, he filled every position of trust a priest can fill in the service of his Bishop. In the early days at "The Box" and later in the new Residence at St. Anthony's, he was the Archbishop's secretary, and, for a time, Chancellor of the Archdiocese.

When the new St. Joseph's Cathedral was erected on the North Side, Father McGuigan became its first Rector. There he exercised for the first time in his priestly career pastoral care over souls.

His ministry made a lasting impression. Out here in Edmonton we are inclined to speak of St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish in superlative terms. Its record of accomplishment over the years qualifies it for more than an ordinary degree of praise.

The parish had its beginning and the devotion of its parishioners flowered under the guidance of the present Archbishop of Toronto. It is almost sixteen years now since he severed his connection with the Cathedral Parish in Edmonton, but still the people speak of him to recall his hearty laugh, his genial smile, his unfailing kindness.

For some years he had been Vicar General of the Archdiocese as well as Rector of the Cathedral, but, in nineteen hundred and twenty-six, Archbishop O'Leary called upon him to assume a new post entailing added responsibility. He became first secular Superior of St. Joseph's Major Seminary.

In many ways it was a post much to his liking for it called him back again to habits of study which, indeed, he had never forsaken, but which are bound to suffer because of the many demands made upon the time of any priest actively engaged in parish work. Here, too, he had to exercise another phase of the ministry for which he was eminently suited—the spiritual direction of young men preparing for the priesthood.

This, indeed, was the work closest to his heart. He saw in these young men the hope of the Church in the future. He strove with might and main to prepare them, spiritually and academically, for the work they are now carrying on.

He may well be proud of his handiwork. I feel I could pay no tribute to Archbishop McGuigan without uttering a word of praise for my priestly confreres in the Archdiocese of Edmonton. I do not refer to myself or to others like myself who have fallen heir to the easier tasks.

Rather have I in mind the priests of this archdiocese, who, in its earlier days—and even today—invaded the hinterlands of this vast province to establish parishes and missions, and to serve them in season and out of season with a devotion nearly always inspiring.

They have given their youth, some have given their health, and a few have given their lives to the task of spreading God's Kingdom in the Province of Alberta. When all is said and done they are the real heroes of this diocese.

Now and again, their theology may have been a little uncertain. They may, betimes, have taken the odd little liberty with the liturgy and rubrics, but, almost always, they have been in there "pitching," working, at times, under terrific handicaps, experiencing few spiritual consolations and even fewer material ones. The clergy of the Archdiocese of Edmonton will suffer little by comparison with any other body in Canada.

"Every High Priest taken from among men is ordained for men in the things that pertain to God, that he may offer gifts and sacrifices for sin." The priest belongs to the people. He is one of them. He is ordained for them. He finds the highest

fulfilment of his priesthood in the service he is able to give them.

The world in which a priest labours today is infinitely more complicated and confused than that which confronted the priest of an earlier generation. But the problems he has to solve are the age-old problems of human nature. And Christ, the Eternal Priest, has provided him with all the necessary means to meet every conceivable human situation. It is up to the priest to apply the remedies at his disposal with piety and wisdom.

These were lessons often impressed upon the students of St. Joseph's Major Seminary in Edmonton by the present Archbishop of Toronto. It will be a consolation for him to know that they were lessons well learned by the vast majority coming under his influence.

In nineteen hundred and twenty-seven Dr. McGuigan's services to the Church and to his Archbishop were recognized by the Holy See when he was named a Prothonotary Apostolic. Coming events were beginning to cast their shadows before. His investiture took place in St. Joseph's Cathedral in October of that year.

During his years in Edmonton he was counsellor, guide and friend to all and sundry, but, more particularly, to the young priests of the Archdiocese who always found him at their disposal and full of sympathetic understanding of their problems.

Complete responsibility for the administration of the diocese fell upon his shoulders when, on several different occasions, Archbishop O'Leary was absent in Rome or on protracted business trips to the East. Moreover, these were occasions upon which decisions had to be made and they were days when diocesan administration was complicated by problems which have pretty well disappeared now.

Monsignor McGuigan's apprenticeship in Edmonton fitted him admirably to shoulder the greater responsibilities which ultimately came his way. Among his confreres it was generally agreed that he would in time be called upon to enter the ranks of the Canadian Episcopate.

In January, 1930, this call came. He was nominated to the

See of Regina, made vacant by the death of Archbishop Mathieu. His election to the episcopacy occurred much earlier than is usually the case, and, at the time of his consecration which took place in St. Joseph's Cathedral in May, 1930, he became the youngest archbishop in the world.

In Regina his ingenuity was taxed to the limit to meet a staggering debt problem. The experience of the past served him in good stead, and, in the course of several years, skilful manipulation of available finances helped materially to ease a situation which has improved steadily in recent years.

With the death of the late Archbishop Neil McNeil in 1934 the Archdiocese of Toronto was left without an official head. At such a time there is likely to be much speculation in clerical ranks as to the person upon whom the choice of the Holy See will fall to fill the vacant Bishopric.

The vacancy in Toronto was no exception to the general rule, but, in December, 1934, all speculation ceased when the transfer of the Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan from Regina to Toronto was announced in Rome.

Certain magnetic qualities are written large in the story of his priestly life. There is no mistaking the richness of his natural endowments or the deep spiritual tone he has brought to play in the service of the King of Kings.

Even while exercising all his charm and radiating the unbounded good humour that is his, he has always remained captain of his own soul. Loyal and devoted to his friends, he has been patient and even a little long-suffering in dealing with his critics. Big enough in character to rejoice at the success of all, he is to be thought of only as a big man in whom littleness of any description finds no place.



POOR GOD

By RIGHT REV. WM. C. McGRATH, S.F.M.

HOW does it happen that so many good people entertain a concept of God that would make a Chinese bandit or an Iroquois Indian merciful by comparison? How has it come to pass that God gets all the blame for life's miseries and disasters and so little of the credit for its happiness and joys? What have they gone and done to the gentle Babe of Bethlehem and the lonely Christ who died of a broken heart?

Difficult questions, assuredly. But questions that seem to call for an answer, when we consider the growing number of persons who are pained, discouraged and bewildered by the unrelenting harshness of certain systems of spirituality. Down the ages the *Dies Irae* has played the dominant note in too many a spiritual theme. Isn't it high time that we laid a little more stress on the fact that a glorious *Benedicite* has also been sung? Wouldn't it be well to admit that man is the author of many of life's tragedies for which Poor God gets the blame, that, in stark and literal truth it is "*man's inhumanity to man*" that makes so many countless thousands mourn?

The natural result of the concept of God as a stern taskmaster rather than a loving Father is the emergence of the fear motive to such a degree that in all too many lives it has completely usurped the place of love. Even in our own day and age you will still find religious teachers who so play up the fear of God and things eternal that they are in very grave danger of putting second things first, of overlooking or at least underestimating the all important and *only adequate* motive of love as a means of winning youthful minds and hearts to God. For what is left if love be banished from heart and soul? If love be unknown, how can anybody take even the first tottering steps along the difficult road to perfection?

There are case histories galore. You must have met them in your own experience, those tortured souls who know no peace

because they know not how to relax in the merciful arms of their loving Father. In their early and impressionable years they were given a false start along the road because their teachers stressed dangers and pitfalls and punishments almost to the exclusion of every other consideration. Not so long ago an anxious mother came to me in great distress. She was greatly worried about her boy of ten, who was not sleeping at nights and was fast becoming nervous and distraught. A highly strung, highly impressionable, intelligent child, he was obviously the victim of some strange sort of phobia and, for a long time, was reluctant to let her know the cause of his anxiety. Finally he confessed. He was worrying himself sick about the great fiery snakes that abounded in Hell. If he were a bad boy, and went to that unhappy region, he would be completely at their mercy. The teacher had said so. And, as we go to press, that teacher has not yet been shot at dawn.

You see, some of the old timers knew far more than the Church has ever taught or sanctioned regarding the nature of the fire of Hell. It was a fire reeking with the smell of brimstone and, besides the great fiery snakes, there were hordes of leering devils, with red hot pitch forks, running all over the place to toast their unhappy victims over roaring flames. Besides, you should always remember that it was God who sent you to Hell. And who could hope to escape from God? Escape from God? There's the tragedy and the treason. The painting of a picture of God as a Being from whom His own children should try to devise a means of escape. It most assuredly is not our purpose to attempt to mitigate the awfulness of Hell or the eternal despair of those who have walked out on God into the eternal night. The terrible injustice lies in the manner of portraying a God of love, in making of Him a Person capable of exasperation almost to the point of human vindictiveness. This God of their morbid imagination would even be made to take a special delight in holding poor sinners aloft for a fleeting moment before hurling them, bodily, over a great precipice into seething flames below. Poor God! They would not even do Him the justice of admitting that it is the sinner who *sends himself*

to Hell. They did not say, presumably they themselves did not realize, that God wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth, but there are still those who freely walk out of the radiance of His loving presence into that dark night of eternal frustration and despair. The dispositions of the immutable God do not change, like those of humans, with every provocation. They are not affected by every caprice and infidelity of fallen man. God wills not the death of the sinner but that he be converted and live. God's love for us is as eternal and unvarying as Himself. No, it isn't God who *sends* us to Hell. It is mortal man who makes the awful choice. It is we who walk out on Him.

All too "logical" is the transition from this dreary concept of a God of love to that of a Being who exults in the sorrows and heartbreaks of pitiful humans here below. All too easy the ensuing notion of God the grim avenger who, even in this life, exacts a merciless tribute in human misery and despair. And small wonder that scruples wreak such havoc in the lives of affrighted souls, whose maladjustment to the way of love harks back to the walls of that Little Red Schoolhouse. Fear has usurped the domain of love in many a devoted heart. An imposter is on the throne, where love should reign supreme. An inevitable disorder is rampant in the spiritual lives of many people, with the result that religious mania is by no means unknown and, of all mental ills, remains one of the most hopeless and incurable. Such fear-crazed souls have been more sinned against than sinning. Love has been excluded and life has failed. Their "religion," Heaven help them, is founded on a policy of wild-eyed appeasement of an angry God.

What a ghastly concept of a God Who so loved His friends that He laid down His life that they might live forever! What an insult to His loving mercy that life's daily tragedies should be laid to His charge and labelled "God's Holy Will." What about man's *unholy* will? Has it no part, no place, no blame? It is not Christian resignation but spiritual sadism to glory in the dismal thought that God wants people to die before their time; that God and God alone is responsible for the death of the man who jumps from the Suspension Bridge or throws himself in the

path of the fast-moving train. We have no time here fully to explore the theology of the supremacy of the Divine Will and the freedom of the will of man. Both are facts but we must always remember that the will of man is free; that God who *ex parte ante* wills the salvation of all men knows that some of them will *freely* reject His inspirations and graces and their own chance of salvation. To leave man's volition out of the picture of human events and to say in every case that tragedies occur only because it is God's Holy Will is to put an end to human responsibility. It makes of God a Being who abhors fulfilment, glories only in frustration, revels in picking immature buds but cannot abide the sight of a flower in full bloom. Yet, when He was with us here on earth, He gave nobody reason to regard Him as that sort of Person. He went about doing good, *undoing* the tragic consequences of human perversity and human misfortune. He gave back a son to a heart-broken mother and a daughter to her sorrowing father. Lazarus, the brother of Mary the penitent, he also raised from the dead and he manifested the tender humanness of His loving Sacred Heart by the tears of anguish he shed beside his tomb.

There is a case in which God's Holy Will has been very much invoked and it concerns me personally. It is the case of the death in China of one of the best friends I have ever known, a young Canadian missionary whom we shall call Father Tom. In such a death of a young soldier of Christ on the firing line, there is ample subject matter for melodrama, ample opportunity for many good souls back home to discover yet another outstanding example of God's Holy Will in action. But, believe it or not, the case of Father Tom does not strike me that way at all. My own conviction is simply that Father Tom should not be dead and it doesn't help one little bit when people tell me that God took him away *just because we needed him so badly*. There it is again. Just because we needed him so badly. There you have the fire-and-brimstone-and-snakes-and-frustration mentality in its dismal glory.

Father Tom was one of the most valuable and necessary men in our young Society. Yes, I say necessary before you beat me to the draw with that hoary old bromide that "nobody is ever

necessary" and that things will go on "just the same." That simply is *not true*. Plenty of people are necessary if things are even to approximate normality in their immediate circle and if they are taken away suddenly things simply do not go on *just the same*. They just go on—somehow. They must. The sun will shine and the world will keep rotating but there are people whose place in life simply cannot ever be filled by another. Maybe that is true of more people than you might suspect. It might even be true to say of any of us that God has given us a specific work to do and that if we fail, *nobody* else can ever do it for us. But in Father Tom's case I mean more than just that. I mean that he was necessary if our organization in its present state of development was to function at its best. Nobody is necessary, you say? And things go on just the same? What about the young husband who is stricken down when he is the only support of a wife and little family? The loss of many a man who "isn't necessary" just means that nothing will ever be quite the same again. That is what the loss of Father Tom has meant to us. Nothing has ever been quite the same. I am not now slithering into morbid sentimentality, I am being strictly factual. He is missed as greatly today as he was on that day in distant Chekiang when . . . But we are ahead of our story.

Father Tom was an inveterate worker. To begin with, he had a touch of heart condition even before he ever saw China. His was that highly-strung, brilliant-minded, thoroughbred nervous temperament that needs periodic rest and relaxation as the very price of survival, and it was God who made Him that way. Well, in due course he set foot on the shores of China, a place that is hard enough on even the most rugged and phlegmatic of temperaments for the first year or so, but doubly hard on one of his sensitive nature. For in China the Clydesdale is likely to outlive the thoroughbred. In China you must learn not to think too much, not to react too violently, not to expect that you will ever fully know the answer to the Chinese puzzle or do very much in one lifetime about the four hundred million. In my own brief nine years over there I have seen other valuable men rendered *hors de combat* because they literally did not know

when they were licked. But licked they were. And others are now *trying* to do their jobs.

Father Tom was a little older than some of the other priests. He had worked and put two brothers through High School before going on for the Priesthood himself. He always used to maintain, in half fun and half earnest, that he had wasted so much time already that he had no more to lose and had to hustle to catch up with the rest of us. He never caught up with us in learning how to take care of himself. After taking the count a few times and spending long months in hospital, we had learned to take things easy during the insufferable heat of a Chinese summer; learned that there was more truth than poetry in the well-known Chinese greeting—*Mah Mah Tseou*—slowly, slowly go, take it easy. We had been greatly helped in this regard by the writings of veterans like Bishop Galvin and Bishop Walsh who, themselves, had long borne the burden and the heat of the day before our arrival in China, and the burden of whose advice to the young missionary was that you could do twelve months work in China in eleven months but not in twelve. For if you just keep alive and free from serious illness during the dog days in Chekiang, you are conferring a benefit upon your Society by conserving your energy for the days to come. There are the insufferably hot, humid days and the more insufferable, sleepless nights. There are the flies and the fleas and the mosquitoes and the epidemics; the boiled water, the hot tea as a beverage when the thermometer touches a hundred and ten, not to speak of the occasional all-night *musicale* of the devil-doctors over the garden wall. Sleep, gentle sleep, beloved from pole to pole, is a luxury in the Celestial Republic from mid-June till mid-September. Rest and relax as you will, be as nonchalant as you may about lying awake inside your mosquito net at night and it is still normal to lose anything up to twelve pounds before the cool autumn breezes make life worth living again. Step softly during a Chinese summer if you would live to travel far.

Now, Father Tom carried no excess baggage. He had no twelve pounds to lose. He needed rest more than any of us yet he

worked as hard and as relentlessly during the dog days as during any other time of the year. In vain did we try to impress upon him the necessity of slowing down. He "hadn't a moment to spare." He bore down on his work with such intensity that his resistance was worn threadbare. Then—he contracted malaria (as so many of the rest of us had done) at a time when he would not have been able to throw off a cold in the head. And so . . . came death.

You see what I mean? Do you think that Father Tom, had he rested and taken things more easily till he became acclimatized, and kept his resistance up to a fairly normal standard (never an easy task in China) might have had a fighting chance against illness? Might he not still be alive? Or was it "in the books" that he had to neglect his health and die? Did the human element play no part in the drama? Is it Poor God who is to blame—again?

But you do not have to go to China. There are cases galore all around us at home. There are plenty of good people in Religious Institutions today, Sisters especially, who are committing slow-motion suicide and there are many who have gone down to untimely graves. Did you ever pay a visit to a little convent cemetery and note the little white crosses, row upon row? Did you ever stop to compute the average age of the Sisters beneath the sod? I did, once or twice and I found that it averaged under forty. I know that there are many cases of "old timers" in Religious Institutions who are famed for their longevity, but to me, that proves exactly nothing about the present-day set-up in Religious life. They are products of another day and age, a time when the pace was normal, when the *tempo* of life was *maestoso* rather than *accelerando*, when there was more of peace, more of green trees and quiet relaxation and far fewer moribund M.A.s and Ph.D.s. The old timers knew how to nurse the engine. They drove under thirty for the first ten thousand miles and the human machine was well worn in before they came smack up against the present sky's-the-limit pace of the academic gone berserk. Hence the singular phenomenon of the survival of the old-timers while the younger and more ener-

getic members of the Community are going down like ripened grain.

Two things are responsible for this state of affairs, the mad pace of the present academic set-up, from which, unhappily, there seems to be no escape and the attitude of false heroics on the part of many Religious. You see, dear Sisters, some of you believe that bodily health really does not matter. What matters is that you get to Heaven and towards Heaven you are certainly headed, *en masse*. But there is such a thing as arriving in Heaven ahead of schedule. There was the case of the zealous old lay Sister in a Community in China who stoutly maintained that the surest way of saving Chinese baby souls was to baptize them and let their parents throw them in the river, rather than take them into the orphanage and let them face the uncertainty of later life in China. Not God's way, exactly. Now I firmly believe, my dear Sisters, that some of you will arrive in Heaven ahead of time. You have discarded the instinct of self-preservation, surely a gift from God on high. You keep going till you are on the verge of collapse and heroically say nothing. But it is false heroics. Save for the fact that you do not mean it that way, it could even amount to a tempting of Providence. Somebody should remind you that a live mouse is better than a dead lion. God has given you a human constitution that, with reasonable care, will last for at least the average allotted span. And if that reasonable care is not forthcoming, God will not ordinarily intervene to atone for human imprudence or neglect in the matter of bodily health. God sets secondary causes in motion and, again *ordinarily*, permits them to take their course. He has given *you* a part to play in the great dignity of causality and that part it is up to you to play—or else. Don't flatter yourself that you are another Little Flower, made perfect in a short time, if you get wet feet and pneumonia and your services are no longer available to the Community. It isn't fair to be forever looking to Heaven for miracles when the same results could have been obtained by staying in out of the wet. Don't attribute early demise to "God's Holy Will" if the fault happens to be your own.

However, that is only one side of the story. The fault is far

from always being your own. To-day you are caught up in the whirligig of a dog-chase-tail public educational system that is revolving around you with bewildering speed but, as Amos would say, really ain't goin' no place. You are on the merry-go-around and you cannot get off, and, as the pace gets madder and madder, more and more of effort and energy is required of teaching Sisters who are already perilously near the last limit of endurance. Am I theorising? Judge from the facts as presented to me by the Superiors of several large Communities whom I have visited recently with a view to getting more Sisters for China when the return of peace will afford us opportunities unparalleled in the history of that country. In effect, they all had the same story to tell.

1. Sisters are breaking down because of overwork.
2. Vocations are fewer, with the result that the Sisters have to work still harder, so hard, in fact, that girls are discouraged from entering. A vicious circle surely.
3. Elderly Sisters are obliged to perform tasks that call for youth and energy no longer theirs. "Sorry Monsignor, but under such conditions, we could not at the moment even consider a foundation in China."

So much for the school year programme. And what when the summer "vacation" rolls round? It's the same old grind, only worse, for the teaching members of the Community. How they could use a few weeks of quiet and peace and relaxation amid green trees on some little home on the range. But perish the thought. The pressure is on and the devil take the hindmost. It's Fordham or Columbia or some place for that M.A. or Ph.D., so essential if they are to stay in the educational race. I am well aware of the treason in the thought but there were Sisters of the Old School, without a blessed letter after their name, who did a pretty fine job of educating the youth of their day, who had time and opportunity to build up character in the young as well as to cram their minds with book facts and who, by and large, were better teachers, Gungha Din, than some of the hard-pressed moderns will ever have a chance to be. I am also aware of the academic merits of the system of educa-

tion that nearly deprived us of the services of Canada's great fighting ace, George Beurling. Unable to gain admission to the air force because he did not measure up to the then-necessary academic standard, George (*he* had a nerve didn't he?) insisted on going over there on a cattle boat or something and knocking twenty-nine German fighters out of the sky. The Beurling incident, episode almost, has convinced the powers-that-be that that standard must be lowered a little if we are to have sufficient fighters in the skies. The standard for nurses has also become a little more accommodating, thus making it possible for those with natural gifts for that great profession to give their services to their country. Will the educational bigwigs ever see the light in other departments of education? Will they ever recognize that leisurely character training is of infinitely greater import than forced-draught cramming? Will they lower the standards at least to the extent of permitting Sisters to live as human beings and permitting some of those without an imposing array of degrees to make use of their natural bent of giving a real education to the young?

For what price our M.A.s and our Ph.D.s and this wild-eyed frenzied effort to adjust ourselves to a bewildered and bewildering educational system! By the time our Religious Communities have been decimated the system will have been tried and found wanting and it will be back once more to the old time discipline.

What price, did I say? Let me tell you. There is one mental hospital today where more than a hundred Sisters are almost incurably insane and, under normal conditions, Sisters are the last people in the world to go that way. There will always be a few who might crack up in any profession because of psychological quirks of character but the proportion these days is entirely undue. The cause is from without and not from within. They have been stacked up against an impossible situation and it is but routine psychology to state that *that way* lies the road to nervous breakdown. Recent experiments with even the most phlegmatic species of animal, the placid and very extroverted pig, have proven that if the animal be placed in a synthetic situation from which instinct can devise no means of escape the

result is often, if not always, a collapse of the entire nervous system. Heaven help us. Not even the divine gift of human reason can find an "out" for many of the doomed battalion of Religious now on their weary way to eventual *dementia*. For the most part they manage to struggle back, still coherent to the convent gate, with a cute, be-ribboned little diploma tucked under their arm, but all too many are immolating health and strength and nerves and sanity in one grand, funereal holocaust upon the altar of the academic. Madly magnificent, if you will, but who would call it war? With hospital Sisters the situation is little better. I have met them, time and time again, cheerful, uncomplaining, but out on their feet, one frail little Sister doing the work of three. "You know, there used to be three of us on duty here, but now we haven't Sisters enough to go round." Were it a question of horses rather than humans, the S.P.C.A. would step in and more power to them. What this country needs is an S.P.C.S. (S—standing for Sisters), with a closed season on institutional slavery before our devoted and self-sacrificing Religious become as extinct as the Dodo.

Yet—praise the Lord and pass the Chinese babies—there are some slap-happy ascetics who again see "*God's Holy Will*" directing this pathetic state of affairs. They will speak, with soul aflame, of the way God is taking to Himself such a golden harvest of young souls "right from the convent to Heaven." But even the most ardent champions of untimely death would—we hope—give themselves pause before crying "*God's Holy Will*" at the heart-rending spectacle of a caricature of the Lord of Creation pounding on the walls of the padded cell.

Poor, dear God! Poor, gentle Christ who would not break the bruised reed or quench the smouldering flax! Can nobody do anything about it? Are there none to make reparation, in sackcloth and ashes, for this gratuitous insult to your loving Mercy? When some of our overburdened Religious Communities are face to face with impending extinction rest assured that You, dear God, will get the "credit," too. Then, as now, there will be good souls who will see Your Holy Will plainly manifest in their untimely passing and will tell us peace, it's wonderful.

FOR WHOM THE POPES WROTE

By REV. JOHN P. BOLAND,

Director Diocesan Labor College, Formerly Chairman, New York
State Labor Relations Board.

Primarily, Leo's *Rerum Novarum* and Pius' *Quadragesimo Anno* are directed to employers as well as to workingmen. Both participants in the adventure of industry, partners in production and consumption, owners and managers on the one hand and labor on the other, are asked to hear the Church's teaching on their "relative rights and mutual duties." The Pontiffs, of set purpose, teach all mankind "new methods of approach to social problems." The reform of morals which they advocate is meant for all men. More than that, the task of reforming is everybody's. All who "under the pastors of the Church" wish to fight this good and peaceful fight for Christ are told that they must strive to play their part in the Christian renewal of human society. There are to be no exceptions. The shocking spiritual evils which follow in the wake of chaotic industry, like the evils of physical poverty to which the neglect of good labor relations gives rise, are a back-breaking burden for all of us investors of capital and day-laborers alike.

But the victims of man's economic inhumanity to man, the great multitude of workingmen who, "oppressed by dire poverty," are struggling to escape their chains, are the Church's chief concern. No apologies need be prepared and made for her interest in these littlest of God's people. Chateaubriand finds her Christian excitement in favor of the lame and the blind and the poor, the basis of all her merit through the centuries that preceded our current age of limitless production and pyramiding profits. When the Marxists came, less than ninety years ago, they recognized the Church's unflinching opposition to injustice in all the relationships between man and man, whether in incipient urban manufac-

turing or on the farms of Europe and the plantations of the East and West Indies or in the seats of the mighty. What they failed to understand was that the rich man's greed and his power to oppress and his struggle for industrial overlordship could not be cured by confiscation which is morally wrong, a dictatorship of the proletariat, which is the kiss of death to personal freedom, and the ditching of religion, which is admittedly impossible. Events that are occurring before our eyes to-day are evidence that force never accomplished anything final, not even force with an alleged benevolent purpose, that might will inevitably be met by greater might and that the things a state takes from its citizens by violence, it cannot honestly keep. There is a better remedy than the Communist dose of the same obnoxious dictatorship which man wishes to unshoulder and that remedy is the subject of the papal encyclicals.

Passages without number can be quoted to show the Pontiffs' discontent with the injustice of two standards of living, one of them luxurious, for the wealthy and the other base, for their employees. Pius, reviewing the years that preceded Leo's intervention in 1891, tells us that "human society appeared more and more divided into two classes." He describes these two groups, one of which enjoyed practically all the comforts of life and the other made up of forgotten but not forgetting workingmen. He says that this state of things was quite satisfactory to the wealthy, while the worker became more and more unwilling to bear the galling yoke. Indeed, some of them went so far as to plan the break-up of the old social order. They are still bent on its destruction and they are more numerous than ever. Leo assumed the task of bettering the conditions of labor in spite of the criticism of hard-hearted employers, we are told. He founded his teachings and conclusions on the unchanging principles of right reason and divine law. The Church, through him, hoped to end the conflict between the two partners in production or at least to render it less bitter by education and by preceptive direction.

Pius relates that these efforts, multiplied by the zeal of priests and laymen, everywhere, in making them known through conferences and congresses, did much to arouse in the minds of workingmen a sense of their true dignity while at the same time impressing them with the value of their rights and duties. At the very source of his constructive program of Vocational Groups in industry you will find this insistence on every man's worthwhile contribution to the proper functioning of his community. He may sweep a city's streets or burn his back under a hot sun cultivating the soil or blister his fingers at a blast furnace door or mix sand and liquid to make optical glass or rule his community as his fellow-citizens' elected candidate. Whatever his work, it is necessary work, the dignified task of a man whose soul and body have been clothed with dignity. Among their rights is that of forming free associations among themselves, always provided that justice and the common good be their constant motivation. This same liberty, of course, is extended to their employers, preferably, as in the case of workers, in the same industry, for purposes connected with their common occupation. Good order requires this binding of men together according to the diverse functions which they exercise in society. He calls these groups, in further explanation of his program, the natural development of community living, if not altogether essential to its continued existence.

If you tell me, at this point, that the Church's program seems to need the co-operation of employers, individual or corporate, I will remind you that its whole aim is to lift the old burdens from the backs of the workers by dividing and sharing them with all who earn their livelihood, profits or wages, by means of industrial pursuits. The closest form of harmonious relationship between the ranks of society is indeed required. But that harmony is best demonstrated by a more equitable division of the fruits of the toil of both those who employ and those who are employed. Let the wage be sufficient to meet adequately domestic, that is, family needs. Better still, when it is possible, let the wage-earners be made

“sharers,” in some sort, in the ownership or the management or the profits of their business enterprise. Be it noted that he condemns raising wages unduly just as he condemns lowering them for private profit, if the common good suffers thereby, if the scale of wages ultimately creates inflation and unemployment.

All through his encyclical, Pius maintains the thesis that there must be a right distribution of property. It is his answer to Socialism and Communism. By spreading wider the base of sane ownership, he insists, we are insuring ourselves against the curse of compulsory collectivism. No more democratic method of making ownership universal can be discovered than his, the payment of a reasonable family wage to the man whose labor has social as well as individual values, whose labor is a community function as well as a fountain spring of individual and family happiness.

He praises those associations of workingmen which are interested in the Christian Social Order, implying that they are acquainting themselves with the moral code laid down by Leo, that the laboring man carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements freely made, that he offer no injury to capital nor outrage the person of his employer nor employ violence in representing his own cause, nor engage in riot or disorder nor have anything to do with men of evil principles. He is also implying that employers' obligations are becoming better known to workingmen as well as to employers themselves, that they respect the dignity of every man, that they give their employees time for duties of piety and that they pay a just wage. Very appropriately, he offers his congratulations to those leaders of labor unions who “strive with prudence to bring their just demands into harmony with the prosperity of their entire vocational group or industry” and do not, by any obstacle or misgiving, permit themselves to be deterred from this noble task.

It is true, then, that the Encyclicals condemn, with notable frankness, the injustice and the lack of charity of all those who in the past have been guilty of dispossessing the

laboring masses. They condemn with equal frankness their modern imitators. It is true that they were written to defend and protect working people from their exploiters. But it is just as true that, by pointing out the responsibilities of both employers and their employees, they spell out an era of industrial harmony and by suggesting the system of Vocational groups, they present a lasting plan for democratic industrialism that will save both partners in industry from collectivistic extinction.

TIME.

THERE is a thing that far transcends in pow'r
The winds and waters. Hurrying TIME its name.
No mighty rival, pitying human shame,
Can halt the march that all things doth devour!
Youth fades, and Beauty withers like a flow'r
Before TIME'S breath. Its weaponed years can tame
The fiercest spirit. Victory and Fame,
Defeat and Death:—these its impartial dower!

The towers of Nineveh, the moles of Tyre;
Vast Karnak's pylons, Babylon's grim wall;
Sad Zion's Temple flashing golden fire;
Athena's mournful columns, blanched and tall!
Even these, O Time, thy piteous trophies be,
Vaunting o'er Man thy joyless victory!

James B. Dollard, Litt.D.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN

By REV. THOMAS F. BATTLE

TIM SULLIVAN was a priest not a prizefighter. He was contemporary with the famous John L., his Boston namesake. But Father Tim's iron physique and pugnacity were directed for a full lifetime against Sin and Satan.

He was one of those nineteenth century sheet anchors that made the period the golden century of the Church. Writers stress the great popes, prelates, priests and people who marched our religion through the age of robots and rationalists. Few men since St. Paul ever fought a more virile fight against the powers of evil as Tim did. He left Ireland for America at the age of 2 and America for Heaven when he had turned 82. The home life of the Sullivans and Seminary life at Niagara could produce nothing less than Tim. He was ordained in '68, placed in a lonely parish whence he asked removal (few will believe this); and when sent to the parish of Thorold in the Niagara District of Ontario the devil got mad.

THE FIGHT BEGINS

It was providential he grew lonesome. He was needed elsewhere. The Welland Canal had to be built. A lot of alcohol would be around before the water came. Besides the great Church and contingent properties would probably never have graced the mountain town. He needed a field of action for fifty golden years.

HIS ENERGY

The Sullivans were a holy but hardy lot. Tradition was that an axe was powerless to kill any of them. These descendants of horse thieves (jokingly they thus accounted for the elision of the prefix O') made grace and nature get them places. Tim came to town in 1871 with a rugged frame and a scowl on his face. He was looking for the devil. He was in ringside

form. He was about 30 years of age and a teetotaller, a crusader against whiskey and nicotine and that new invention of the devil—the Waltz. For years he gave exhibitions of his virility by kicking a football with the boys in the schoolyard and on Caffrey's Commons. He was a sparse eater, an early to bed and early to rise type, and a tireless tramper of his parish.

NO TIME FOR SIN

He was strong of body. Stronger still was he in mind and soul. It is doubtful if he loved grace and virtue more than he hated sin. Not only his program had no time for sin. He actually hated its breath and shadow. The talk of his being a saint or a near one is no guess work. Modern biographies do not attest extreme sanctity in a man merely because of a Roman collar. To-day we do not dehumanize holy people. But Tim Sullivan was sinless. Certainly is it true of that evil that exiles grace. How to account for his anger (he was angry at least three times a week for fifty years) may be a problem. His contemporaries compared it to the Master's anger as He drove the money-changers from the Temple. Twice every Sunday and once or twice weekly Tim Sullivan trounced his congregations and his school.

HIS PULPITEERING

A stranger to his church would feel the jig was up. His preaching made him think it was Geneva. Calvin himself could not have portrayed a God of hotter righteousness. When a stranger left the Church he felt the gates of heaven were a myth. There was but a narrow door where only men like John the Baptist might squeeze through.

The people of his parish did not despair. Circumstances unknown to visitors altered hometown outlook. In the pastor's weaker moments they had known him to soften on salvation. While Christmas-tide and New Year's Day were not immune to scolding diatribes, yet on Christmas Day itself and at other times they heard him tell of how God loves mankind and His will that all men be saved. After the preaching of Hyde they

had known a Dr. Jekyll. The famous bunfeeds in school and parish hall were not staged for people shut out of the Kingdom of Heaven. Had not the good man spoken to them of the glories of the Sacred Heart and His Mother Mary? Had he not established the League of the Sacred Heart in his parish and dedicated his church to Our Lady? In the Leonine pontificate which ran so concurrently with his pastorate Encyclicals stressed devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Holy Rosary. Tim fell in line with such pronouncements. He was extremely docile to superior direction.

BEHIND THE CURTAINS

His parish knew their chances of salvation in other ways. Behind the curtains of the confessional they found a matchless friend. Even children, in bygone days said he was a lion in the pulpit but a lamb in the box. Young and old, no matter what their misdemeanors or public chastisements chose him as their confessor and director. In fact people have been known to go to no one else; and when he died they thought that the Sacrament of Penance died too. No man in the story of Christianity was ever kindlier or more sympathetic as a doctor and comforter of souls.

MONEY MATTERS

To his people often the pulpit was a matter of entertainment. On days when the fire and brimstone were backstage often he proved comedian and actor. Money matters were a favorite theme. They knew there was nothing personal in this. They knew he never spent ten cents in ten years on his personal comforts. They knew he had been euchred out of his modest salary almost every second year. They knew the rectory to be as luxurious and as comfortable as the town morgue, or the bleachers at the ball park. But some were mighty slow on the give and they were told so every Sabbath. With aladdin magic he gave them a glorious church, a rectory, a convent, a club, and a fine school. He had shouldered a debt they were tardily retiring and that was not consonant with his ways, or the Lord's

ways. The Church was the House of God and the Gate of Heaven. People who could should pay at the gate.

A NICKEL FOR THE LORD

Parish folklore has kept his sayings green. He told a story about a man who had little regard for the Church's fifth precept. He was one of those dandies at large in the gay nineties. The parsimonious worshipper was suddenly startled in Church when the collection plate passed under his face. He struggled through a large roll of bills, placed them back in his pocket and finally came up with a large nickel. On his way home this dandy purchased a box of bon bons and treated his friends at a whiskey bar before arriving at his domicile. After minutely extending this story, the pastor oratorically perorated by saying; "45c. for the bon bons, 50c. for the drinks and a nickel to the Lord," and he left his congregation to ponder over the moral of that story.

HE FALLS FROM THE PLATFORM

When Tim Sullivan waxed mad, he waxed eloquent. No pulpit orator of the century could beat him when he was in that frame of mind. Needless to say his sermons were generally eloquent, because generally he was mad in the pulpit, or on the platform. Platform is used here, because in later years he backed his pulpit to a corner of the Church, and had a platform built. There he could prance up and down with a better leverage and vantage to wallop his people. It is within the memory of men and women still living how one day in a rage he walked up and down the rostrum hurling diatribes at his people. The anathemas came fast and furious that day, so much so, that he forgot the dimensions of the platform and tumbled off it. It was edifying to see the people whom he had been lashing immediately leave their seats as one person and rush to rescue him. But he recovered his stance under his own power. He got back on the platform and treated them to Round Two.

There were times, many times, when he was without a curate. It was his custom to import priests from across the border from

Niagara University, his Alma Mater, to assist him over the weekends. These men were great speakers. Some of them were greater than others. Those of missionary experience and long standing oratory came to visit his church. Their eloquence was sublime. But the ageing pastor could beat them all when he was in shape. When he had no assistant he said two Masses every Sunday and preached at both. The people of the first Mass would advise the congregation of the second that a real drubbing was in store for them. His sermons were duplicated like his Masses. It was his custom at the second Mass to defer the sermon until all was over. He would order his ushers to lock the doors (nowadays against law), and he would retire to the Vestry where he broke his fast on a biscuit and black coffee. It was all he needed for an hour of solid oratory. The evil-doers of his congregation received a full pelting before the doors were unlocked and they went home.

WHEN THE FASHIONS CAME

Indeed his talks were often a serio-comic kind. His description of the new type of women's dress or make-up is remembered. On one occasion, he said: "The way women dress today you know not whether they are 16 or 60. They cover their faces with a preparation like Kalsomine." Turning from the pulpit to the bench, he addressed his curate: "Father—I forbid you to take the census in homes of people who answer the door with their faces smeared with that . . ." And here his memory failed him when he tried to think of the word he had used; and he continued, "if their faces are covered with that horrible paris green." When such amusing references appeared in his sermons, there were people in the congregation that were known to laugh aloud. There was a tear and a smile in the oratory of Holy Rosary Church for a period of fifty years.

THE FAMOUS CLUB

He told his people that he was especially interested in the welfare of young men. Well they knew it. They said that the young men could commit murder and get away with it as far as

he was concerned. But he was one of the pioneers on this continent of club life and recreational centres for young men, and he finally opened the doors of the club to the young women and to the public generally. He started his club on a shoe string. He rented a tumble down shack on a street corner and equipped it with a punching bag, a pair of boxing gloves, two tables and eight chairs and two decks of cards. These were the simple beginnings of a large structure that he afterwards purchased and turned into a three decker club and gymnasium that perhaps sent him to an earlier grave. His heart and soul were in that venture. It survived his tenure of office only by the personal sacrifice and devotion that he gave it. But it gave him many a heart-scald. People did not respond as he would have them. The grand reality of this life dream took place in 1905 and lasted as a parish club and centre until a few years ago. He planned and supervised every alteration and equipment. He had billiards and bowling, a dance hall, even though the bane of his life had been the diabolic invention, the waltz. It seems he would allow his people to dance anything but the waltz. If he caught, as many a time he did, an offending couple in such an embrace he broke up the entire dance meet by his own cane and verbal barrage. Many a time he cleared the dance hall and locked the door behind the patronage. As a paradox to his ethics on dancing, it seems that in later years he hired a dancing instructor to teach the people new-fangled steps that outshone the old time waltz in naughtiness, but probably he never saw the difference. He was obsessed by the word "waltz." At one time he recommended a book to be read by his people: It was titled: "From The Ball Room to Hell."

SEVEN DAY PRIEST

Reverend T. J. Sullivan was a priest seven days of every week. That was a tribute paid him by one who knew him for a lifetime. Very little more need be said about the character of the man. His daily schedule was well crowded. He attended to everything himself. He was treasurer of every fund from his meagre personal account to the building funds or the club

account or any other account. Believe it or not, the parish, which was not an immense one, owned thirteen bank accounts. He carried these thirteen bank books in his pocket on Monday morning when he visited the banks. In any case he knew where he stood as regards parish finances; and he knew where the money was going and whether bills were paid or unpaid.

To follow him a single day would put many a man in his grave. He visited his schools with regularity. He visited them again when he was summoned to curb the unruly. His black-thorn cane was the policeman's stick of the parish. Morning, noon and night he went into his club building to make sure that it was still there, or not smouldering in ruins, or infested with poker players or people who might otherwise be breaking the laws of God or the land. The sick saw him coming to their bedside daily, and the back sliders heard him rapping at their front door as he enquired about their whereabouts on Sunday morning.

HE SWINGS A BY-LAW

The man of God was often ill at ease. The town had no waterworks system, and the fire brigade might have difficulty in saving the house of God. When the by-law for a system was subjected to a plebiscite there was grave doubt about its issue. A reactionary and tax-frightened public opinion was looming large. The Sunday prior to the vote the veteran campaigner for Christ dabbled in municipal politics. He used every legitimate argument to swing the electorate of St. Patrick's ward. He told them about the filthy homes that sometimes received his pastoral visits. He reminded them that water spelt cleanliness which was next to godliness. He told them of his own sleepless nights lest the daybreak would find his Cathedral a smouldering ruin. He preached that day not about grace or baptism or hell fire but about the saving powers of natural water and a Thorold fire that insurance could not compensate. The by-law carried.

SILVER JUBILEE

In 1893 Father Sullivan reached the silver cycle. To his flock he seemed an ancient and one whose past labors had already satisfied heaven. From then on he was spoken of as an old priest who was going to his grave. But he was just getting his second wind for another wallop at the powers of darkness. In the last quarter he had built all over the place. He had staged prodigious bazaars and organized and managed all parochial activities almost single-handed. He had married, baptized and buried a generation of people and he would do the same in the next twenty-five years. For the coming years he would run more bazaars, picnics and garden parties. He was an old hand at the game. The receipts of a very early bazaar were scandalously large. He had circularized the North American Continent with requests and tickets. The magnificent marble altar in his church still stands to-day a testimony to the generosity of American and Canadian benefactors. The cornerstone of his elegant and graceful church was laid in 1878, the first year of Leo XIII's pontificate. It was immediately consecrated upon completion. Few churches in Ontario were consecrated then. A consecrated church must be debt free. He placed all debt on every other stick of property the parish owned.

By no means was he through. His future sermons would be longer and louder. Tightwads would still be flayed alive. Patrons of alcohol would be pilloried as of yore and vicious visitors to the bordertown vestibule of hell (he called it) would be excoriated. The parish debt still hung on his neck like an incubus and it would be sixteen years before the mortgage papers would go up in smoke. He would be there to set off the fireworks. He did this at a gala gathering of town and parish in 1909.

THE GOLDEN ONE

The people grew tired of calling him old and they quit digging his grave. He married, baptized and buried another generation of them. The Catholic Religion and Tim Sullivan were now synonymous in the town of Thorold. It was said of him that

he had not lead his people into the promised land. He had shoved them in. All through the years he had been a Moses with the tables of the law. And he had never permitted his people to forget the thunders of Sinai or his own.

In August of 1918, prelates, priests and people learned that the pastor of Thorold was now fifty years a priest. They flocked from far and wide to honor him as they did back in 1893. On that fine summer day of his anniversary in the now busy and growing town, the Archbishop of the diocese pronounced him elevated to the purple by Pope Benedict XV. He was now a domestic prelate, a member of the papal household. Father T. J. Sullivan was now the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Sullivan. If any man ever deserved the honor it was he. And those that knew it and appreciated it were his flock. To Daddy Dan, Canon Sheehan's famous character, it was the dream of half a lifetime. Not so with Father Tim. The dream of his life had been the building of the great Holy Rosary Church, the parish Club and the mortgage burning of 1909. Above all, his dream was the one he had privately as well as publicly visioned on the day of ordination,—to build the Kingdom of God in the hearts of earth's people. He told the gathering at the Golden Jubilee that he kept the twin intention quite clear when he started out: The Glory of God and the Salvation of Souls. He saw that eminently carried out in the mountain town—the place that knew his best and longest years.

ANOTHER JUBILEE

Three years later they jubileed him again. Of late the old man had been caught in a continuous round of celebrations. He was growing old gracefully. His face was radiant and mellow with 82 years of sanctity and good health and hard work. As in 1918 the town fathers shared in the celebration and on this occasion they changed the name of the street he lived on for half a century from Mill Street to Sullivan Avenue. This Jubilee was his fifty years at Thorold.

RESIGNATION

He said he would resign. When people heard this they didn't believe him. Back in 1908, when in a rage with them, he stood on the altar steps one January Sunday and publicly resigned his pastoral office. It took a month to talk him out of it; and they felt it would take less time in 1921. His talk along these lines persisted and both priests of the Archdiocese and the people of Thorold begged him not to give up. Bishop, priests and people offered every help possible to arrange his hold on the helm, with sparse duties and all the comforts of an old and honored age. The sincerity and generosity accorded him at this time was a magnificent and heart-touching sample of man's humanity to man. But Father Tim was a Sullivan and he meant what he said. After the new pastor came he tarried around the old homestead and battle ground for nearly a year. What his thoughts and feelings were God alone knows. He finally said Good-bye and went to St. Augustine's Seminary where he occupied a small suite of rooms. He was to be the Spiritual Director of the candidates for the Holy Priesthood. He was still in the vineyard of the Lord. But it was all so different. He had made one great mistake in his long lifetime and he knew it. He had never sinned, he had never faltered in the path of duty. He had never given up the fight for God. But he *had* resigned. For men of his age and action it generally proves fatal. In two months they brought the warrior back home to Thorold—Dead..

“Life passes away leaving nothing but our love of Christ and of souls.”

Pere Didon.

POSSIBLE?

By JORDAYNE CRAIG.

THE last known Christian had been put to death. He had been found living in a lower level of an abandoned mine in South Africa. He was ferreted out and brought to trial. He had professed Christ. There was no tumult or clamor. He had been locked in a lethal chamber. The gas was admitted. In a few minutes he was dead. He was found lying forward on his face where he had fallen from his knees.

The International Government of the World announced the capture and execution. "The work of a thousand years is now at an end," it declared in its exultant bulletin. The day of the announcement was a day of great rejoicing all over the earth. The IGW—as the International Government of the World was known—declared a half-holiday for all workers. Great effigies of Christ on the Cross were burned at all the sub-capitals of the world. While the crosses burned the multitude paraded and sang. It was the first time in a century that singing had been allowed. The work of extermination was over.

It was a strange world that witnessed this day of jubilation. The peoples of the whole earth had become slaves of a few masters. They had been herded into vast industrial centres, great mountains of stone and steel, bending the round earth like mountain chains, rising like huge wens on the face of the globe. But these men and women were not ordinary slaves. They were creatures of the machinery of a mechanical life, inferiors of the machines they operated, subsidiary attachments to the monsters of a new age. The fantasy of the philosopher had come true: machines had become superior to men. Men were not mere automatons; they were minor automatons, servants of a mechanical state.

The masters of the IGW were the sons of the masters who had established the state. Their sires had done their work

with brutal and consummate efficiency. All rebellious races had been exterminated. All people unsuited for slavery, primarily Latins and Celts, were segregated and slain. Only the stolid, unimaginative, automatic races, dominantly Nordic, were preserved.

The days of the ecstatic, passionate, beauty-loving, liberty-seeking peoples had, as was early predicted, come to a close. The sluggish, frigid races had survived.

The founders of the world state had prepared carefully for centuries. It was a long, difficult work to concentrate control of all fuel, food, arms and transportation into the hands of six men. It was a chemist who, by a master stroke of strategy, finally perfected the consolidation. All agriculture and horticulture on earth were destroyed by a gas that obliterated a thousand square miles of forest expanses in an hour. All fields, farmlands, gardens, woodlands, from the great wheat areas of Russia to the forest expanses of South America were turned into a fine powder that lay like mist along the earth for days and then disappeared. When the work was complete the earth was as bare almost as it had been when the primeval glaciers withdrew their icy crust and first left the earth bare and bald beneath the sun. No fruit or flower or grain or vegetable showed itself. And none was allowed to show itself. The cultivation of any food growth was punishable by life imprisonment in the mines in the bowels of the earth. The cultivation of any decorative growth, flower or tree or vines, was punishable by death.

The few thousand inhabitants of the world who had not been corralled into the huge black industrial fortresses came across the dusty levels and valleys seeking admittance. They were counted, given numbers, and assigned residential vaults. At first, people stared at these sun-browned slaves from the fields. They ill-matched the white faces of the vault-dwellers. But soon they lost their sunlight and became white as their fellows and as characterless as the numbers on their backs. No one had names. Individuals were known by numbers, and numbers only. There were no families. When children were

born they were taken to be bred by the IGW in central vaults maintained for the purpose. If a child showed imagination or fire or spirit or brilliancy or any non-Nordic trait, he was destroyed. The multitudes, everybody except the masters and their large families and directing engineers, lived in steel chambers in enormous cabinets that were on the average a thousand feet high. These cabinets were like filing cases. Each chamber was the same size as each other, was fitted with the same steel furniture, had the same bare walls. The chambers differed only in number.

No one wanted revolt. The lives the slaves lived were mechanical almost to unconsciousness. It was an existence that suited their racial type. But had some freak appeared, some heroic soul with a love of liberty, he would have been helpless. The master stroke of the chemist had made revolt unachievable. It was the perfect servile state; no one wanted revolt, and if anyone had wanted revolt, it would have been impossible.

Perfect slavery was assured in this manner: the only food obtainable was liquid, which was furnished through pipes, as was water, from a central reservoir. This liquid was of two kinds: a dark fluid which had lubricating qualities, and a lighter fluid which had sustaining and fueling qualities. The formulae for these two fluids were guarded with a secrecy that precluded even an attempt at discovery. The chemist who evolved the formulae was killed immediately after final tests had proved their efficacy for the common weal. (A huge statue was forthwith erected to his memory). The king of kings, that is the master of Masters, alone knew the formulae. Anyone who made the least query regarding them was slain. The IGW forbade curiosity with the same rigor that it forbade laughter. There was little need for prohibition in either case.

When No. 862,337, say, arose at dawn he went to a metal sink riveted to the wall. Over the sink were three pipes. One was water, one was the dark fluid, one was the light fluid. Before washing he took a glass of the dark fluid; after

washing, he took a glass of the light fluid. These two glasses were sufficient to provide him with sustenance until noon. At noon, he took two more glasses. At night, two more glasses. And so on, day and night, until he died. The slaves, I imagine, considered it a well-balanced diet.

The two fluids were very much like the oil and gasoline that were once used in automobiles. The airplanes which furnished the only transportation for the IGW used these two liquids for lubrication and fuel. When a driver left in the morning he took the same food he gave his engine. They both worked in pretty much the same way. Each industrial centre was provided with a towering tank which served as a filling station. Each early morning would find a flock of airplanes buzzing around the top of the tank like flies over a dead fish.

If any section of the IGW empire ever became the least stubborn, not to say rebellious, these antiquated and Christian weaknesses could be quickly cured by shutting off the liquid food supply from the central reservoir. The slaves would immediately be without fuel or lubricant. It was a simple system.

Even this kingdom of the Anti-Christ, perfect as it was, had a weak point. And so like all things mundane, it came to an end.

The great capital of the IGW was SC. No. 1, in what was once known as New York. The weak point in the IGW was a small, thin-faced, wiry man who lived in a vault in New York. His number was 2,757,311. We will call him White, for Christian reasons. White was one of the last of the sun-browned country dwellers to come in after all vegetative life on the earth had been destroyed. He had come with a strange group of people from one of the outer-most places. The examiners at the gate had hesitated to let him enter. He had a light in his eyes and it was well known that no genuine IGW slaves had light in their eyes. They thought at first that he might have been a throw-back to some destroyed race, but he had the proper credentials. They watched him

carefully. In a few months he began to look like his fellow-slaves, he kept step. He walked with head bowed. He made no human noise that might soften the metallic din of the centre. Winter came and went. White was beyond suspicion. But with the coming of spring he cast surreptitious glances sunward. At night he would look out of the ventilator at the stars. On Restday afternoon he would go over to the hills across the western river. His fellow-slaves could not understand his trips. "Why should he go over there," they would say to themselves, "when he could sit all day in the dark in his vault and stare at the floor?" But that was the extent of their inquiry. Thought was too much of an effort for them. Their sluggish minds would return with their eyes to the floor.

White had a purpose in the hills. He liked the open and the sunlight, though none of his fellows would believe it. But he had his eyes out for something. One warm afternoon he found it in a distant valley miles from men: a small patch of brown, moist earth. He knelt down reverently by it, and made a sign of the cross on himself, touching his forehead and breast and shoulders with the first two fingers of his right hand. After a long while on his knees, he arose and made a sign of a cross in the air over the plot, murmuring as he did so. Then, with a glance at the airplanes that hummed by high over head, he took a little sack quickly from his breast and sprinkled its contents over the moist earth.

"I shall bring God back to earth," White told the silences beyond the western river. Then, he returned to Vault No. 2,757,311.

Spring grew into summer over the heaps of metal and flesh that were known as cities, over the bare rock and soil that was known as earth.

The people in New York noticed that the air had become warmer, and that was all. Some of them scarcely noticed that. But White knew and noticed. And now and then he returned from his visits across the river with a light on his face that was increasingly hard to conceal.

Autumn came. The patch of moist, brown earth was now white with wheat that rippled like water to the slightest wind. It was a small patch; no one had seen it on land; no one could see it from the air.

One Restday White visited his plot early. When he returned at dusk he carried with him a small package of thin white wafers. He had cut down his wheat, beaten some of it into flower, and mixed the flour with water, rolled the paste into flat strips, and had baked them quickly over a fire made out of the remaining wheat. White was jubilant that night.

He spent most of his sleeping hours on his knees. But the next day was a solemn day for him. It was the day on which the IGW announced the capture and execution of the last known Christian.

White spent the half holiday on his knees in his vault. All afternoon he could see in the streets far below him the steady stream of black-garbed slaves, marching in slow steps like prisoners, endlessly marching, monotoning their dismal delight of triumph. All afternoon the dark chant, varied only by silence or the endless shuffling of heavy feet, rose to his ears. And all afternoon he stayed on his knees. Now and then, he would look out and up to where above the black metal towers and roofs the sky still shone a lucent, unbesmirched blue.

Night came. White did not go to bed. He unpacked a box he had brought with him from the country. It held clothes, shoes, some tools. In the bottom of it, wrapped in an old coat, was a large case. He went over its contents carefully. There were some robes, shiny cup, two small bottles, a book, a slab of stone, some miscellaneous small boxes and metal pieces. He went over each carefully. He filled one of the bottles with water. The other was already filled with a dark red liquid. Then he packed everything back carefully in the case and waited.

The city was as still as if death had stolen in and possessed it. White sat patiently through the night hours, the sky had a strange pallor, he thought, and there was a strange

weight to the silence of the city. He did not know whether it forbode good or evil.

Two hours before dawn, he took up his case and made his way to the street. The streets were deserted. Always they were deserted at this hour as the slaves slept. But in the deserted dark of this night there was an unaccountable expectancy. The great masses of metal towered blackly upward, massed themselves hugely upward, as if threatening the stars. White walked quickly, a solitary speck of motion along the floors of the caverns of the monstrous city.

He reached the base of one giant structure, that surpassed all others by a thousand feet, a memorial tower to one of the first masters of the IGW. He slipped into the only elevator and went hissing upward to the roof, a half-mile above the earth. He locked the elevator at the roof so that it could not be summoned. Then, he set himself quickly to work. He changed his garments. In a few minutes, despite the dim starlight, he was done.

On top of that black tower of the devil in the kingdom of the Anti-Christ, after all those centuries of extermination, there stood a priest in amice and alb, maniple, chasuble, girdle and stole, heir, in a noble line of Christ's servants, clad in their symbols of chastity, honor and faith. The figure of Christ's cross lay on his back. The anointment of Christ was on his soul. Before him was his altar, his case topped with altar stone and missal and chalice. On it lay the corporal with the wafer he had made from the wheat he had grown. By it stood the two cruets of water and wine. He waited until first there was a streak of light across the east. Then he bowed down before his altar. *In nomine Patris, et Fili, et Spiritus sancti. Amen.* The Mass had begun. He was keeping his promise to bring God back to earth.

Then suddenly he was seen. An early plane spied him as he bent over his altar in the first streaks of light. The warning awakened the city.

Below grows a tumult of multitudes. The clangor of the alarms and rumble of moving people rise to the top of

the tower. But the priest does not hear. His soul is on his Mass. The morbid slaves below awakening from their sluggish sleep, are electrified by cries of priest! a priest!

Millions who would not lift a hand to save a friend or give a sign of affection, these apathetic slaves of the Anti-Christ, are transformed by this discovery of the Mass. The mobs surge about the base of the tower. There is no access to the upper levels save by the lone elevator. The while the priest is reverently at his Mass. The Master of the IGW has summoned the marshal of his soldiers. "Stop the Mass immediately," he commands. The top is too small for a landing. It is a difficult shot. The Master is furious. Bomb the tower. Destroy it. Demolish it. But stop the Mass!

The Master is rageous, his face is black. From his own tower he could see the silhouetted figure bending over his small altar. He tears his flesh in his rage. Two, three, four planes are circling above the tower. One drops a huge shell. It misses and goes hurtling down to the street. It crashes in the heart of the insane mob, annihilating a black square of them, shattering the steel walls, shaking the structures for a mile around. Another bomb falls. Another misses. And again there is slaughter and destruction below.

But now the priest bows low over his altar. *Qui pridie quam pateretur . . .* he begins the words of the consecration, the words that shall change the bread and wine of his altar in the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. He approaches Christ's own words at the Last Supper.

One plane is now low over the roof of the tower, so low that the crew can make out the figure of the cross on the priest's chasuble. A bomb is made ready. And now the priest comes to the words that shall bring Christ to earth again. His head almost touches his altar: "*Hoc est enim corpus meum.*"

The bomb did not drop. There was a moment of awful silence. Then, a burst of light beside which day itself is dusk. Then, a trumpet peal, a single trumpet peal that shook the universe. The stars and planets vanished like sparks. The

earth burst asunder and through this unspeakable luminous new day, through the vault of the sky ribbed with lightning came Christ as He had come after the Resurrection. It was the end of the world.

Father White, who had been known as No. 2,757,311, found himself a hero in heaven.

FRAGMENT.

Butterfly blown on the breeze,
Brown bee robbing the roses,
-Little bird high in the trees,
To me your beauty discloses

More than the head or hand
Hath power to understand,
That only the heart can feel,
But the tongue is vain to reveal.

Little star up in the sky,
Little flower down on the sod,
I love you because you cry
To my listening heart of God.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS

1473 - 1543.

*Discoverer of the Heliocentric System and Father
of the Science of Modern Astronomy.*

By JOHN J. KELLY.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS was born in Torun, situated on the River Vistula, in the ancient Kingdom of Poland in the year 1473, about the time Christopher Columbus came to Portugal to try to win the support of the King of Portugal for his scheme to discover the Far East by sailing westward, in proof that the earth was a sphere. When Columbus set sail from Palos, in Spain, Aug. 3, 1492, Copernicus was studying astronomy and mathematics at the ancient Polish University (Cracow) under the brilliant Polish teacher, Albert Brudzewski.

For nearly fifteen centuries Europe had accepted the Ptolemaic system of astronomy which taught that the earth was fixed in space and that all the heavenly bodies moved around it from east to west, just as they appear to do. Columbus was to die without proving his claim, which came with the Magellan expedition, 1522. But as early as 1510 the famous Jagiellonian Globe was constructed at Krakow on the Copernican theory of the motion of the earth around the sun, and on it the newly-discovered American continent of Columbus was placed with the legend, "*America terra noviter reperta.*"

In 1543, Copernicus' mathematical proofs were finally printed in his book, "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium,*" one of the world's greatest works. It was dedicated by the author to Pope Paul III, the great Pope of reform.

The greatness of Copernicus will be understood when one realizes that, unaided by a telescope or any precision instruments, he worked out this theory of the universe, and for the first time in history placed all the then known planets in their true positions with the sun in the centre, instead of the earth.

as the Ptolemaic geocentric system had taught. Not without reason, then, do we pay homage to a great man upon whose work and observation is built the whole magnificent structure of our scientific astronomy.

CLAUDIUS PTOLEMY

Until the time of Copernicus the system of the stars given by Ptolemy the Greco-Egyptian mathematician and astronomer, was accepted explanation. His writings on astronomy and geography were standard text books until Copernicus and the fifteenth century explorers proved his conclusions untrue in important instances.

The Ptolemaic System represented the earth as a globe stationary in the centre of the universe, with sun, moon, and stars revolving about it in circular orbits and with uniform motion. The heavens were supposed to be a series of immense spheres, the larger enclosing the smaller, in which the various stars were contained. In the sphere nearest the earth was the moon, then came the various planets, with the sun placed in a sphere between Venus and Mars. These spheres were supposed to be composed of some crystalline substance, the nature of which was not disclosed. This, in broad terms was what the world believed until Copernicus laid down the principles of his heliocentric system, which changed the whole natural outlook of man.

QUADRICENTENNIAL OBSERVANCE

The Kosciuszko Foundation New York, the living memorial to General Tadeusz Kosciuszko, Polish national patriot and American Revolutionary hero, initiated the Copernican Quadricentennial celebration which was held May 24, not only to commemorate the death of the renowned astronomer, but also to mark the publication of Copernicus' immortal work (six books). "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium" (concerning the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies), the first printed copy of which was handed to the author on his death bed, May 24, 1543.

The Polish Institute of Arts and Science, in New York, has planned a series of lectures during the coming months on Copernicus and Poland in the Copernican Era (1473-1543) and proposes, also, to publish a symposium on the life and works of Copernicus.

Columbia University Press recently published "Three Copernican Treatises," the first to be printed in English. They are the "Commentariolus," a short treatise on the Copernican system, and an introduction to his larger work without the complicate mathematics; "The Letter Against Werner," an answer to John Werner of Nurenberg, who wrote a treatise entitled, "The Motion of the Eighth Sphere," in support of the Ptolemaic system; and "The Narratio Prime," of George Joachim Rheticus, a disciple of Copernicus, who wrote this book to explain the teaching of his master.

TRANSLATIONS

These three books were translated by Edward Rosen who states in his preface that it is a matter of amazement and regret to persons interested in the history of civilization, that the writings of Copernicus, universally regarded as the founder of modern astronomy, are unavailable in the English language. After four centuries "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium" has yet to be translated into English. There is a historical reason for translating the "Commentariolus" and the "Narratio Prima" as the first of the works, for by these papers the learned world was first apprised of the revolution of the earth and other planets in the conceptual structure of the universe.

An English translation of the Preface by Copernicus to his books on the revolution of the heavenly bodies, dedicated to His Holiness, Pope Paul III, is in the Appendix of "The Gradual Acceptance of the Copernican Theory of the Universe," by Dr. D. Stimson. The dedicatory sentence is: "In order that learned and unlearned may alike see that in no way whatsoever I evade judgment. I prefer to dedicate these my lucubrations to your Holiness rather than to any one else; especially because even in this very remote corner of the earth in which I live, you are

held so very eminent by reason of the dignity of your position and also for your love of all letters and of mathematics that, by your authority and your decision, you can easily suppress the malicious attack of calumniators, even though proverbially there is no remedy against the attacks of sycophants."

It is true that Copernicus had the proofs based upon higher mathematics, but to most of the savants, that branch of learning was a foreign language. The visible proofs came two generations later with the invention of the telescope, when the phases of Venus, which Copernicus predicted, would be visible to the human eye.

An excellent commemorative brochure, "Copernicus 1543-1943," has recently been issued by the Kosciuszko Foundation, written by Dr. Stephen P. Mizwa, with a cover design in color by a refugee Polish artist, Arthur Szyk, perhaps the greatest living miniaturist working in the technique of illuminated medieval manuscripts.

A COINCIDENCE

On the evening of April 8, last, at 11.00 p.m., there occurred the occultation of Aldebaran, brightest star in the constellation Taurus, by the moon, in its first quarter. Aldebaran was seen to disappear behind the darkened part of the moon. On the evening of March 9, 1497, Copernicus, having calculated that the phenomenon would take place at the precise time, witnessed the same occultation we saw some weeks ago. Copernicus proved the fact that the distance between the earth and the moon is the same, more or less, whether the moon is full or in one of its quarters, a teaching contrary to the geocentric system, which held that the reason the light of the moon varied was due to its distance from the earth.

BIOGRAPHY

George J. Rheticus (1514-1576), the friend and disciple of Copernicus, was the only contemporary, who wrote a biography of Copernicus. Unfortunately, this work was lost at an early

date. The earliest extant work on his life appeared in 1654, by Gassendi and was printed in Paris. The most authentic and exhaustive of the works which appeared in the 19th century is by Dr. Leopold Prowe, published in Berlin (1883-84).

After reading a half dozen or more biographical sketches of Copernicus, the following short account of his life is presented:

Nicklas Koppernigk, a merchant, native of Cracow, on the Vistula, moved to Thorn before 1458, where he married Barbara Watzelrode, sister of Lucas Watzelrode, later Prince-Bishop of Ermland (1489). There were four children. Nicholas, the youngest, was born Feb. 19, 1473. When he was 10 years old his father died, and his uncle, Lucas, gave the children a father's care. Nicholas entered the University of Cracow in 1491 and studied classics, mathematics, drawing and perspective. In 1497 he was sent to Bologna, where his uncle had been a student, to study canon law at the University. Here he became a disciple of Novara, professor of astronomy. In 1500 Copernicus himself gave lectures in astronomy, and it was then there was born the idea of reforming the old astronomy to bring it into line with recent discoveries. At Bologna he also studied medicine, and in 1503 he obtained his doctor's degree in canon law.

COURT PHYSICIAN

There is no record of his having graduated in medicine, but he gained renown as court physician of Heilsburg (1506-1512), being sought by bishops and princes in his practice. He is said to have been especially good to the poor, serving them gratis in their medical needs.

Although he was elected canon of the Cathedral Chapter Frauenberg (1497), there is no documentary evidence that he was ever ordained a priest. Father John Hagen, S.J., former head of the Vatican Observatory, thinks it probable that he might have entered the priesthood in later life. His medical practice, being private, would not prevent his being ordained. It is a fact that in 1537, King Sigismund of Poland entered his name a candidate for the vacant episcopal see of Ermland.

When Bishop Lucas died in 1512, Copernicus went to Frauenberg where his capitular duties as Canon of the Cathedral occupied his attention, in addition to being commissary of the diocese of Ermland. In 1522 he wrote an important treatise in economics dealing with the reform of the currency. But all the time Copernicus never lost sight of his early intention to correct the errors in Ptolemaic astronomy. He gave all his spare time to the observation of the heavens, using the towers of Heilsberg, Allenstein, and Frauenberg as observatories.

He had a name in the world of science as early as 1514, for in that year the Lateran Council asked for his advice relative to the revision of the church calendar, which was out about 11 days. He said it was not yet time to attempt a revision since the length of the year and the months, the motion of the sun and the moon were not yet sufficiently known.

In 1533, Pope Clement heard a lecture on the Copernican solar system given by Albert Widmanstadt. Later Cardinal Schonberg, Archbishop of Capua, urged Copernicus to publish his work at the Cardinal's expense but it was not until 1540 that a preliminary account of the Copernican system reached the press, "*Narratio Prima*," written by his friend, Rheticus, who sent to the printers at Nuremberg the complete work written by Copernicus entitled, "*Concerning the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies*" (1543). The first copy reached Frauenberg as Copernicus lay on his deathbed, May 24, that same year.

INTERPOLATION

When he died he was happily unaware of the fact that his masterful Preface, which contained the dedication to Pope Paul III, had been marred by an interpolation, attributed to Andrew Osiander who supervised the printing, along with Rheticus, which was calculated to disarm prejudice by stating that the work was a mere "hypothesis," warning the reader not to expect anything certain from astronomy, nor to accept its hypothesis as true. The dedication to Pope Paul III was retained and the text of the six books remained without change.

The trigonometrical section of the work had been issued as a separate treatise under the care of Rheticus. The original manuscript of this great work was, up to the beginning of the war, in the family library of the Counts Nostitz in Prague.

The genius of Copernicus appears in the fact that he grasped the truth behind the plan of the universe centuries before it could be proved. What is most significant in the character of Copernicus is that while he did not shrink from demolishing a scientific system consecrated by a thousand years' universal acceptance, he set his face against the reformers of religion.

That while the planets circle 'round the sun,
The race of Polish glory is unrun.
Enthroned with Newton in the starry spheres,
Copernicus unfolds to listening ears
The wondrous laws which Nature bared to him;
And but for him to Newton's e'en were dim.
Thus Polish glory bends with God's own Might,
And lives in regions of eternal Light.

ASCENSION

THE day and the night must part with a kiss
Now the day has begun;
The earth and the sky will radiate bliss
In the smile of the sun.

And all who have breath will echo the joy
Of our Father above;
His son has gone Home but has left us His heart
In a chalice of love.

Duncan Burns.

ST. MARY'S OF THE PEOPLE

By MARTIN W. DOHERTY.

Author of "The House on Humility Street."

GEORGE, Cardinal, Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, had just been elevated to the dignity of Prince of the Church by the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. To him was assigned the ancient and beautiful church, Santa Maria del Popolo, Saint

Mary's of the People. He was taking possession of his church and I, a student in the North American College of Rome, was walking in procession with him and my fellow American students.

While the Cardinal was taking possession of his church it happened



Santa Maria Del Popolo, Rome.

that his church took possession of me. It fascinated me, captivated me. I heard the chanting of the monks. I saw the rays of golden light come through the incense clouds within the sanctuary, and saw them fall upon the ancient floor as beams of fragrant radiance. I saw the works of Raphael and Pinturicchio, of Mino da Fiesole and Annibale Carracci . . . and yet it seems I saw none of it, heard not a bit of it.

To me that Church is Rome, Rome is that Church.

It is older by several hundred years than the great new basilica of St. Peter's. One hundred popes have reigned in the See of St. Peter since the church of St. Mary was built there at the Flamminian gate, the entrance from the North to Rome. The Normans were ruling England in those days. Edward the

Confessor and William the Conqueror had died but recently. Henry the Fourth was emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Pope St. Gregory VII, the mighty Hildebrand, had been forced by death to quit the struggle with Henry over lay investiture and only yesterday, Henry, the Hitler of his day, had stood barefoot in the snows of Canossa begging to be absolved from excommunication. The crusaders had just won back Jerusalem from the Saracens. Spain had not yet driven out the Moors. France was still within the embryonic stage.

I felt, as I sat between those old, old walls, that I was part of the structure itself, that my life stretched back to the year 1100. I was identified with the hundred popes, the saints and scholars, the artists, sculptors, architects, the ability and the variety of all those many centuries. Its entire history was present to me. I had somehow or other participated in it all. I lived it over again and again as the Cardinal from new-born Chicago took possession of the church Pope Paschal II built on the site where Nero's body had been buried and all the crowds of Italy used to congregate. Though it was Cardinal Mundelein who took possession, I saw Pope Paschal in his place and I saw the crowds departing as he dedicated a sacred building where the bones of a monster used to lay.

The battle over lay investiture had, by no means, ended when Paschal became Pope. Many other abuses remained to be corrected but Paschal, though he tried with might and main, was not able to eradicate them. One hundred years later Pope Innocent the Third ascended the throne of Peter, the greatest of all reform popes. And during his reign St. Francis and St. Dominic lived and blessed the earth they lived upon, leaving behind them their orders of begging friars who were to aid so mightily in driving abuses from the Church of Christendom.

Another hundred years flitted by and Pietro Morrone, a saintly but unlearned monk, came down from the mountains near Naples to become Celestine the Fifth, Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Christ upon earth. He accepted the office with reluctance and misgivings. His life of solitude had not prepared him for the burdens of the high pontificate. In a short while

he resigned, the first pope in history to have done so. Dante, in his *Inferno*, puts him in hell, but the Church has canonized him. Boniface the Eighth succeeded him. His was a most embarrassing position. Those who did not like him began to claim that Celestine was still the pope and Boniface, a mere usurper. Sciarra Colonna and William of Nogaret came to him at Anagni and struck him in the face. They treated him most shamefully. He died soon after. But Christendom was torn in two. The adherents of Celestine elected another successor in his place. The successors of Boniface lived in Avignon in France for greater safety. Schism and the "Babylonian Captivity!"

Almost another hundred years afterwards the popes returned to Rome. The city was in ruins. Churches had decayed. Monuments had fallen. Ancient buildings had been destroyed. Rienzi had had his day of triumph and his day of sorrow. There had been terrible times in the city during the absence of the popes. In my mind I saw it all as if I had seen it with my eyes. And I saw this church of Saint Mary crumbling away with the other Roman antiquities. It was languishing with the Church Universal in the calamity of the western schism. Though the popes had returned to their diocese in Rome, the French were carrying on the idea of the Papacy in Avignon. More antipopes! More confusion and corruption! More scourging, more thorns for the Mystical Body of Christ!

More reformation needed! Always there are cycles of this kind—centuries of Christian advancement . . . centuries of descent towards chaos. For awhile men pray and work and play together. Soon they are killing each other. The intellect grows in power for a season and gives promise of a world ruled by reason. A sterile period follows and ignorance is again triumphant. The arts flourish like the cedars of Libanus and fade of a sudden into prettiness and ugliness. Handicraft gives way to mechanics and gadgets. The Church is divine. Her children are humans touched with divinity. She will have to go on reforming them, I suppose, till the very end of time.

In the fifteenth century the seeds planted in the thirteenth began to bear fruit. Fra Angelico was painting in Perugia,

Orvieto and Florence, carrying on the work of Cimabue and Giotto. The riotous fourteenth century had delayed the growth somewhat, but now it was ready to burst into the glories of the Renaissance.

And St. Mary's of the People was being restored. In 1480 Bocio Pintelli rebuilt it at the command of Pope Sixtus the Fourth. The painters, the sculptors, the goldsmiths, the mosaic workers, even stained glass window workers came in and turned St. Mary's into the place of miraculous beauty that I was looking at right then. When they had finished, it was much the same as it is now except that it still looked sparkling new . . . and Bernini, the enemy of ancient art, had not yet modernized it.

A century and an age were ending. The Middle Ages were passing out with a blazing splendor such as the world had never known. The schism had ended and Western Christendom was reunited. Great universities covered Europe. Marvellous cathedrals and public buildings were commonplace. The greatest artists in the history of the world were turning out masterpieces in wholesale quantities. An Italian sailor named Christopher Columbus had found a new continent just as the century was ending. The printing press had been invented. Humanism was triumphant.

Just after the new century had started there came to St. Mary's of the People a German priest named Martin Luther, a member of the religious order that has presided there for centuries. He lived in the monastery connected with the church. He offered Mass here on St. Mary's altar. He returned to Germany to carry on the work of his order there and, instead, he started a revolt that destroyed the unity of Western Christendom again.

Now there was more discord than ever among Christians. Wars! Wars! Wars! Class wars! Religious wars! Civil wars! International wars! Robbery was sanctioned. Persecution became the order of the day. More martyrs' names were added to the list, already fifteen centuries long, of the Church's sons and daughters who would rather die than forsake her.

Brutality and ferocity, revolting to the point of nausea, passed for sanctity. Individualism was now the vogue. Wealth increased. So did poverty. New lands were discovered, new lands to be explored and exploited. Native groups were massacred. Their lands and properties were stolen. Slavery had returned to the "civilized" world. The Renaissance was over. The decline had set in. Some real Dark Ages lay ahead.

Another century marched in with martial tread, tramping through the blood that flowed in the streets of a thousand European villages. The divine right of kings was an accepted fact, disputed only by those who did not care what happened to them. Nationalism was the new religion. Kings were popes. Persecution continued. Art was still permissible, but it had to glorify nobility. England, Scotland, Scandinavia and parts of Germany and Switzerland were lost to the Church. The Council of Trent had corrected Humanistic abuses within the Catholic Church. Though its decrees were now being strictly enforced, the Catholic laity did not always follow the example of their clergy. Pretty lords and witty ladies still danced in gay unawareness that they danced on a boiling volcano. And Bernini had modernized St. Mary's of the People.

The eighteenth century of the Christian era limped in, surrounded by pirates, revolutionaries, inventors, warriors, writers, slaves and courtesans. It ended with a Reign of Terror in France and the rise of Napoleon Bonaparte. In America, refuge for the oppressed of Europe, a revolution was successful. I thanked God for that in the Church of St. Mary of the People and I prayed the Lord to number brave George Washington with the highest of the high in heaven.

And then the nineteenth—queerest of them all from most any angle you might be disposed to view it. The mere making of more money has not the power to make one more respectable, yet that seemed to be the chief accomplishment of that century. It was thought to be a very enlightened century and in some respects it was, but it did advance as absolute truths a number of propositions which are now known to be untrue and many which are, at least, quite open to suspicion. It invented and

discovered a number of things which increased the wealth in certain pockets.

Cities became manufacturing centres surrounded on all sides by slums. The cities were filled with wretched people who could not appreciate the enlightenment of their times and their wondrous environment. Slavery was abolished, yet thousands upon thousands were worse off than they would have been if they were born to slavery. Karl Marx assured them that they should lose their chains if only they would sell their souls to the leaders of an atheistic movement. They preferred to toil and save to have lace curtains, gas lights and bath tubs and carpets on their humble parlor floor boards. A shabby, hypocritical century.



Piazza Del Popolo, Rome.

And the twenty-fourth year of the twentieth century found me in Rome, a Roman ecclesiastic, in the church of St. Mary's of the people. Since I had adopted St. Mary's and St. Mary's had adopted me, I had been tracing my own history back to the year 1100—and I wondered that I was still upon this planet in the twentieth century to see the Cardinal from Chicago take possession of St. Mary's of the People. I felt very old just then, but, if I had cared to press my claims still farther, I could, as a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, have traced my origin to an upper room in Jerusalem where Christ and His disciples were taking their last supper—and that in the very first century.

In the *piazza* in front of St. Mary's there is an obelisk that was brought to Rome by the Emperor Augustus and erected to the honor of Apollo in the Circus Maximus. The age of the obelisk makes the church of St. Mary seem younger than

Chicago. It stood in the sandy soil of Egypt thirteen centuries before the birth of Christ. I do not contend that I am that old and I disavow all connections with the obelisk of Rameses the Second of Egypt.

GOD AND THE FLOWERS

O SWEET is the rose
That smiles on me,
And the tulip cups
Are a pleasantry.

The lily charms
With a lady's grace,
And the hyacinth nods
With a gallant face.

And all of the flowers
I pass on the way
Are happy to see You
In Heaven to-day.

But sad is the flower
Of love to me
Who saw Your face
In Gethsemane.

Duncan Burns.

IN THIS CORNER

By PAUL KAY.

DOLLY and Terry were friends. As a matter of fact, Dolly and Terry loved each other. But love, even in its young stages, is not far removed from hate, and so it happened. This is the story.

Dolly was one of that great all embracing class of the nomadic bourgeoisie; Dolly was a Jersey commuter. A boisterous six-thirty alarm started her day. Fifty-five minutes to dress, five minutes to eat, and Dolly was aboard the 7.35 to the big city. From 41st Street to 53rd was a mere shuttle, running at five minute intervals for the convenience of those willing to risk their lives. If the fates had been pulling the strings they could hardly have selected a more appropriate place for this young lady to work; a position so fitting, so typical of the *joie de vivre*, *l'esprit de corps*, and *raison d'être* of Miss D., for her bailiwick of endeavour was a potent periodical known as *Daily Industry*, published as second class mail four times a year, 50 cents a copy. It was there she, practically single-handed, got out this magazine, with the aid of a staff of two or three hundred, who, also, practically single-handed got out this . . . but, to the story.

Terry joined the staff on December the 9th of 1941, two days after Pearl Harbour. Up to that point of existence Terry had spent 19 years and three months, also \$364,501 and 23 cents. Considering the fact that Terry had been left three or four millions on birthday 18, one might with safety term this expenditure a noble effort. *Daily Industry* deemed T. worthy of nineteen pieces of the lowest denomination paper money, U.S. currency, per week. In view of the minimum effort and the even more minimum results accruing from Terry's endeavours, *Daily Industry* had deemed more than generously.

* * *

As in the course of all human events there comes a time, so here there came a time. What a time that was! Dolly and

Terry had been getting along marvellously well. Then that instinct embedded in the hearts of all women, be they commuters or New Yorkers, that instinct which graces itself with the adjective maternal; that instinct began to assert itself in the soul of the erstwhile industrious Miss D. Had it merely asserted a few words, all might have been saved; but a funny thing about instinct is . . . well, it happened on Monday and in this way.

"Terry, if you intend to make something of yourself, you should do some work. From now on I won't take care of your obligations." This from Dolly.

Terry looked up, surprised and very hurt. "I thought you liked me. Anyway, I don't know how to do anything. If you want to teach me, fine; but I'm an awful slow learner."

Dolly reddened. "Everybody is talking about you and I won't have it. Now here, lick these envelopes and seal them."

Terry picked one up, experimentally. A tongue protruded gingerly, ran across a strip of glue, and darted back in. The envelope was sealed. A satisfied face looked up for approval, like a dog waiting for a kind hand.

"See, you can do it. You are really clever. You'll show those smart guys that you can do something else besides writing cheques."

Terry glowed in the light of Dolly's approval. But trouble had begun; a breach had been made, slight at first but ready to grow ever wider, for Terry had found that work was something that even a person with two or three million could do.

Before two weeks had gone by Terry was doing enough work to earn the salary, hitherto bestowed as largess. Terry had even stopped writing cheques. Another stalwart had taken rank in that great army that is daily filling our subway turnstiles, the workers.

Meanwhile, Dolly, unconscious of the river of independence that was flowing between them, beamed lovingly on her own handiwork. This was her Terry, but what a different Terry from that thoughtless spendthrift that had walked into Daily Industry so many months ago. If Dolly had known the whole

difference. But she didn't and that is why it hit her like a . . . well, it was more than a bombshell, almost as bad as a Dodger defeat to a Brooklyn fan. These are strong words, but you must remember that Dolly had taken Terry under the wing.

* * *

Terry was late for work. As a matter of fact, Terry was a whole day late. With the ordinary person this would have been the occasion of a mere shrug of the shoulders and a mental picture of said person sick or tired, or if you prefer, sick and tired. Terry, however, was no ordinary person, for even in the midst of the period of greatest inertia the one and only Terry had faithfully observed the rule of putting in the eight hour appearance at the local workshop. Needless to say Dolly was upset. When both night and no phone call came, Dolly resolved on the stiff-upper lip and stout fellow procedure. If Terry didn't think enough of her to phone or send a message, then Terry could just take the proverbial jump in the nearest and deepest lake. So! So she went home and was miserably sick and sorry for herself all night.

* * *

Terry was on time the next morning. Dolly was arranging proof sheets on her desk when the blow came, swift and stunning.

"Hi ya, Dolly. Guess what. I've joined up." Then with Terry's usual originality, "I'm in the army, now."

Dolly fought for self-control. It escaped her twice in audible and very unfeminine gulps. Finally she stammered weakly. "You mean . . . you mean . . ."

"Yes, that's what I mean. You'll have to shoulder the Daily Industry alone once more . . . I liked the army even when I was small."

Dolly blew her nose.

Terry smiled encouragement. "Brace up—I won't be in there alone. Twenty-three other girls joined the WAACS along with me."

THE HOLY LAND IN AMERICA

By THE REV. KEVIN MOONEY, O.F.M.

UNTIL 1941, when travelling was drastically curtailed by the demands of the war effort, one of the most popular places of pilgrimage in North America was the Franciscan Monastery in the city of Washington, capital of the United States. It is estimated that in recent years "the Monastery" received no fewer than 300,000 visitors annually.

Erected in 1898 by the late Father Godfrey Schilling, O.F.M., the magnificent memorial church of the Holy Land receives its name from the adjoining monastery of the Friars Minor. It stands on a comparatively high point in Brookland, in the north-east section of the city, about half-a-mile from the Catholic University of America. The site was named Mount St. Sepulchre, in honour of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, reproduced as the principal and characteristic shrine in the church. The lofty, yellow-brick building, plainly seen for miles around, is Byzantine in its general outlines, with a suggestion of Italian Renaissance. The plan follows the lines of the five-fold cross—symbolic of the Five Wounds—which



Plan:
Five-
fold
Cross.

formed the coat-of-arms of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem; the large cross constituting the main body of the church, and the small ones the corner chapels. The floor of Venetian mosaic reproduces the emblem across its entire length and breadth.

In the Monastery church and gardens the chief points of interest, which attract so many visitors and make them real pilgrims, are the faithful reproductions of sacred shrines in the Holy Land. Chief of these, as already mentioned, is the Holy Sepulchre, whose original has always been the centre of devotion to Christians all over the world. In front of this, guarded, as it were, by four candlesticks, is

the Stone of Uncction, being a copy of the marble covering which to-day marks the traditional place where our Saviour's Body was prepared for burial. The candlesticks, too, are copies.

The centre altar, dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity, is a four-sided square altar of white marble, placed in the exact centre of the church under the dome. It is surmounted by a canopy supported by four columns, symbolic of the four Evangelists, and from this canopy hang twelve lamps in honor of the twelve Apostles.

The shrines reproduced tell a large part of the Gospel story of our divine Saviour's birth, life and death. There is the Grotto of the Annunciation in Nazareth, where "the Word was made flesh," and where Jesus "advanced in wisdom and age and grace before God and men," and the Grotto of Bethlehem, with the Altar of the Nativity, the Place of the Manger, and the Altar of the Magi. Under the Altar of the Nativity the birthplace of Christ is marked by a silvered star bearing the inscription: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*"—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

The Altar of Calvary, a copy in white marble of the Greek altar that marks the place of the Crucifixion, indicated by a disc under the altar, is reached by ascending twenty-three steps at the west side of the church, opposite the Sepulchre. As a background to the altar is a vivid relief panel of the Crucifixion, with the Blessed Virgin, St. John and the holy women artistically, yet realistically, grouped with the good thief on our Lord's right, and His enemies similarly grouped on the left, by the cross of the unrepentant thief.

Running between the grottoes of Bethlehem and Nazareth, both of which are in the crypt, there is reproduced a section of the Roman Catacombs. In these underground passages or tunnels the Christians of the early centuries buried their dead and conducted divine worship. Several typical chapels of persecution days are shown here in the crypt.

Rivalling in fascination the church and indoor shrines are picturesque gardens, filled with shrubs and roses and

flowers of every kind, together with replicas of several more shrines. In "the Valley," close by the church, is a fine representation of the Grotto of Lourdes, scene of the apparition of Mary Immaculate to Bernadette. There is an outdoor Way of the Cross following the steep rock-garden paths through the Valley, and several more replicas of Holy Land shrines. They are the Grotto of Gethsemane, the House of



Franciscan Monastery, Washington, D.C.

the Holy Family in Egypt, the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin and the Chapel of the Ascension.

This brief description will give but a faint idea of the splendor of "the Monastery" and the inspiration which a visit, or rather a pilgrimage, to it affords. I say pilgrimage, for the particular reason that ten of the shrines have attached to them a Plenary Indulgence, which can be gained by the faithful just as if they were visiting the original shrines in the Holy Land. This valued privilege was accorded by the Holy See on August 16, 1918.

The revered founder, Father Godfrey, had in mind when he built the Franciscan Monastery a purpose which perseveres in the minds and hearts of his confreres and successors. After the honor and glory of God the purpose is to interest the people of America in the Holy Places, in order that the work of the Commissariat of the Holy Land might be more ably carried on. The Commissariat is a branch of the Franciscan

Custody of the Holy Land, with headquarters in Jerusalem; and the work consists of the support of the Holy Places in Palestine and adjoining territory, together with the various missionary activities connected with the Holy Land.

Much of this work is made possible by means of the Crusade for the Holy Land, whose members make a small annual contribution, and in return for their good-will are entitled to numerous spiritual advantages, including a share in all the Masses offered at the original shrines in Palestine.

It is hoped that an early end to the war will soon restore the throngs of visitors and pilgrims who used to visit the Holy Land of America in the happier days of peace.

"THE LETTER 'E.'"

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, and forever in debt. "E" opens (and sometimes closes) our examinations; it is never out of danger, and in hell all the time.

But this scholar has ignored the fortunes of the letter, so we shall call attention to the fact that "e" is never in war, and always in peace.

That letter is the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life, no devils, no editors, no news. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect and without it there would be no heaven.

MARY'S CHOSEN TITLE

By MARTIN E. O'GRADY.
St. Augustine's Seminary.

IT IS a sound philosophical principle that a thing cannot be loved, unless it is known. From the miraculous manner in which the Mother of God made herself known, under the name of Perpetual Help, it is evident that she desired to be loved under this glorious and consoling title. To-day devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help is universal. The sun warms no country where the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is not enshrined. Like a rainbow which spans the horizon, as far as eye can see, just so, has the throne of the Mother of Perpetual Help been arched to cover the whole world.



Interest and miracles everywhere abound with the veneration of the picture and yet, no less *interesting* and *miraculous* is the very history of the picture itself.

It would seem that the picture was first found on Crete, towards the close of the fifteenth century where the Cretans venerated Our Lady who rewarded their devotion by numerous miracles. From this quiet sanctuary a merchant stole it. Whether he did so to spread devotion to Our Lady, or to sell it at a fabulous price, history does not say, but with the picture carefully concealed in his baggage, he boarded a ship for Europe. On arriving in Rome, he was stricken with a severe

illness. An acquaintance tried in vain to nurse him back to health, but God had other designs. The merchant seeing death approaching, acknowledged to his friend the theft of the picture asking him to have the picture hung in a church in the Eternal City where the faithful might venerate it. Startled at the story, his friend promised to carry out his dying wishes, and the Cretan merchant quietly passed away.

Many times has it been posited that the Devil is a woman, and so it was in this case. Ceding to the whimsical wishes of his wife, the Cretan left the picture in his wife's bedroom, where it remained for nine months. Shortly after Our Lady appeared to him directing that the picture be given a more honourable place. In two more appearances Our Lady repeated her request. In a fourth appearance Mary reprimanded him for his want of obedience. Within a few days the man died.

Two men lost their lives over this picture, but Mary knew how many lives this same picture would save, and so the task went on.

In spite of this clear manifestation of Our Lady's wishes the man's widow defiantly retained the picture. Some time later this woman's six year old daughter ran to her Mother breathlessly declaring, "Mamma, I have just seen a very beautiful and shining Lady, who told me to tell you that Holy Mary of Perpetual Help, wishes to be venerated in a church in Rome."

Enter point number two in the thesis, "The Devil is a Woman." This time it was the woman next door, to whom the widow had told the whole story. Perhaps she was the first woman Rationalist. In any case, she scoffed at the idea of the vision and suggested burning the picture. However, the widow still kept the picture. That night her neighbour was taken ill but on invoking Our Lady of Perpetual Help she was instantly cured. The unexpected recovery of the woman and her daughter's message following on the husband's death stirred her to action but she did not know what to do with her precious treasure. In a second appearance of Our Blessed Lady to the little daughter, the Blessed Virgin gave directions that she wished to be venerated in the church between St. Mary

Major's and St. John Lateran's. This was a church dedicated to St. Matthew in charge of the Augustinian Friars who solemnly erected the picture there, and at last Mary was being venerated under the title she chose for herself—Perpetual Help.

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Into that church there crept one sunny afternoon a little boy,—a little boy who was destined to suffer much and to do great things for the Church—Pius IX. But let us not anticipate.

II.

The end of the eighteenth century brought the French Revolution and Napoleon, whose lust for plunder led him to Rome. During these mad days, many churches, their treasures and ancient masterpieces were destroyed and among them St. Matthew's and the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Time marched on and the miraculous picture was forgotten.

The Augustinian Fathers, the keepers of the treasure, foreseeing destruction of St. Matthew's secretly removed the coveted picture to a private chapel in St. Mary in Posterula. Here it lay forgotten for seventy years. Forgotten by all, except one, an aged priest, Father Orsetti. This good Father, who had often said Mass in that chapel, one day called the attention of an altar boy, Michael Marchi to the picture hanging on the wall. He told him of its fame and renown, and of the yearly festival in its honour that used to be held at St. Matthew's. The priest noticed the boy's lack of interest in his story so one day to make him remember it he leaned his hand heavily on the lad's shoulders and when he had his attention he said, "Look at me, Michael. That is the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Mind what I am telling you. Never forget it." This was the *key* to the picture's resurrection. . . .

The scene changes. In the year 1862, one day, in the rectory of the Redemptorist Church of St. Alphonsus which stood on the site of old St. Matthew's, some priests were engaged in conversation. One of them was lamenting the loss of the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. By chance he was overheard by

a Father Marchi—yes, the very same. These two words “Perpetual Help” caused his heart to miss a beat. He tried to remember where he had heard that title before. At last he shouted, “I have it—it’s in the chapel at Posterula. I remember now.” All gathered around to hear his story, and what a story it was. Now we see why Mary insisted on the Church between St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran. St. Matthew’s would not always be,—St. Alphonsus’ would take its place. Mary wanted to be enshrined in that church.

“Festina Lente.” That is just what was done. The Redemptorist Superior was prudent—he was a man of prayer. And pray they did. Three years of prayer for enlightenment and guidance.

Then the Redemptorist superior hastened to the Pope—that little boy—Pius IX. Thrilled at the discovery, the Holy Father immediately told the Augustinians at Posterula, that it was his wish that the picture be returned to St. Alphonsus church, between St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran. The Augustinian Fathers gladly complied and in joyful obedience they surrendered their “pearl of great price.” As a reward they received the first copy of the picture that was ever made.

On April 26, 1866, after a procession through the streets of Rome, the miraculous picture was enthroned above the main altar of St. Alphonsus’, where the Mother of God wished it to be. On June 23, 1867, Pius IX crowned the Mother of Perpetual Help. It was indeed fitting that this devoted son of Mary, who, as a boy had prayed at her Shrine, should now crown his Mother of Perpetual Help. Mary’s “Second Spring” was now complete.

The Glory of Perpetual Help had spanned three centuries. For almost a hundred years it lay unhonoured, and unsung, but not unwept. May its universal veneration never again suffer a reign of obscurity and may Mary be a perpetual help to those *who know, and knowing love, and loving*, venerate Her under that Glorious and Consoling title which she chose for herself . . . “Mother of Perpetual Help” . . . under that title which she has jealously guarded and fostered for centuries.

OUT OF A BLUE SKY

Editor's Note:—Some of the "old girls" will remember Marion Ellard who, after completing her education at St. Joseph's, Toronto, entered the Sisters of St. Joseph in California. Sister Bertille, Marion's aunt, one of our senior Sisters, recently received a letter from her niece enclosing the following letter from a member of her Community in Honolulu. There is no need of further comment as the letter speaks for itself.

Dear Sisters:

Honolulu, T. H., January, 1942.

YOU'VE read how war broke forth on the morning of December 7th just when everyone rested secure in the belief that Kurusu's visit to Washington was going to result in an amicable settlement. Here on the island of Oahu, we witnessed at a perilously close range the Battle of Pearl Harbour, which will always be a highlight of our American History. Someday I hope to relate to you, details which, because of censorship, I omit. Here is my diary . . . in part,

December 18—On Sunday morning, December 7th, Sister F.C., Sister M.M., and I got into our taxi at seven-thirty, and set out for the Schofield Barracks to teach religion. As we neared the Pearl Harbour district we noticed scores of planes flying unusually low. Two planes swooped so close to our machine that we commented about the long red objects fastened beneath them. Our driver remarked, "probably torpedo bombs on our new planes." Suddenly the rat-a-tat-tat of guns! Planes roared on both sides of us, diving and soaring. We drove on thinking that sham manoeuvres were taking place on a grand scale this cloudy Sunday morning. Little did we dream that those agile bombers were even then hurling destructive missiles. Once I glanced up from our Office Book just in time to see a plane diving toward the earth with wings in a vertical position. I didn't see it land, but we began to suspect something.

As we approached Schofield Barracks a cloud of dense, black smoke arose and crawled skyward. We thought a cane field was on fire. A few minutes later, we saw some of the hangars

of Wheeler Field in flames. At the gate of the Barracks our car was stopped by guards.

"Is this real, Officer, or only manoeuvres?" I inquired. The expression on the guard's face was answer enough even before he spoke.

"I'm afraid it's *real*, Sister," he replied. Then, with a nod to the driver he said, "Get going, fast."

We rode past the great hangars from which poured the thick columns of smoke. Machines, army trucks, and tanks came pell-melling down the road. Soldiers were running in all directions and the sharp rat-a-tat-tat of guns came in quick succession. A soldier crouching under a tree yelled "Air Raid" at us, but anxiety to reach the chapel made us heedless and we drove on. We passed a demolished house upon which a bomb had fallen a few moments before and arrived whole and entire at the little chapel.

It is always filled to capacity on Sunday morning, but today it was strangely empty. Four soldiers and a handful of women formed the congregation. All during the Mass, men with strained looks on their faces drove up to the little chapel and asked for their children. I was kept walking back and forth, escorting the children to anxious parents. A soldier ran up and shouted, "Have the women and children ready to evacuate at a moment's notice. Tell the Chaplain." The Offertory had just begun: I sent the word to Father O'Brien by the usher. He made the disquieting announcement calmly and the Mass went on. The firing of the guns continued intermittently. After Mass the congregation vanished. We went to the sacristy to ask Father's blessing before attempting the twenty-three mile journey home. We tried in vain to phone Honolulu. The shooting had ceased now in our area but the army trucks were dashing with breath-taking speed in all directions. Our driver suggested that we wait in the taxi until the traffic was less congested. We agreed, and our machine pulled in under cover, directly in front of the Schofield postoffice over which waved the American Flag. About sixteen armed soldiers, took positions beneath it. A plane roared overhead and what a thunderous barrage followed! I

looked for the 99th time at my two companions, Sister F.C. and Sister M.M. The former was crying and the latter, ghastly white, but she assured me she never felt safer in her life. (We've had some good laughs over that remark since then.) The three of us got out of the machine. The noise and action were so distracting that I was not afraid. I remember winding my rosary around my wrist as the guns spat forth their deadly fire. How utterly devoid of feeling one can become in the face of danger! When the shooting died down, we asked the men if they thought it would be safer for us at the post chapel.

"You're as safe here as anywhere, Sisters," they answered grimly.

One by one the taxi drivers were called off with their taxis. Our driver told us that he, too, had to leave for duty at an ammunition depot. We decided to go with him. Two drivers got in the cab; one, to take our driver to his post and the other to get us through to Honolulu. We left the latter at ———, and began to homeward journey. Army vehicles screamed past us. Our car was stopped many times by guards along the way. At one point someone yelled "Air Raid! Take Cover!" and we hurried from our machine to a sugar cane field. Far to our right were two planes engaged in a dog fight. Dark little smoke puffs were coming from anti-aircraft batteries high above us. When the planes retreated, we made for our machine and were about to resume the homeward journey when an officer told us that all roads to Honolulu were closed. He ordered us back to Schofield, but arriving at one of its gates, we were refused admittance, for all the women were being evacuated. We drove on to Wahiawa where we teach catechism for Father P.M. Here we learned that a Japanese plane had crashed three hundred yards from the church. The pilot was burned to death in his wreckage. We heard that the big grey buses were permitted to get through to Honolulu, so we decided to make another attempt. Fortunately we had seventy-five cents of children's collection money with us. The Chinese driver told us that the fare was one dollar and fifty cents. I showed him a handful of change, explaining that we hadn't another penny, and assured

him that if he managed to get us through to Honolulu we would pay him at the other end. He cheerfully acquiesced, and once more we were headed for home, the sole occupants of a bus that could easily accommodate thirty.

The army monopolized the road. Motorcycles, ambulances, tanks, and trucks full of soldiers dashed past us with incredible speed. As we approached the Pearl Harbor district, we saw great clouds of smoke arising from two ships. One the *Arizona*, I believe, was gradually sinking. It is well that the distance and the dense screen of smoke hid from our view the tragedy of Pearl Harbour,—charred bodies, mangled forms, trapped sailors, and men swimming through oily waters, a struggle between life and death. We could see our ships firing and being fired upon by dive bombers and torpedo planes. On shore, men were running and crouching and shooting up into the grey cloudy sky. My eyes may have deceived me, but as one plane swooped towards the earth, I thought I saw a swastika painted on its side. On the wing tips of others, we could see the Rising Sun, the emblem of Japan. Our little Chinaman was loquacious, but he got quickly through a danger zone of shrapnel and machine gun fire. God was good to us.

At noon we drove into Honolulu. At every street corner, large groups of civilians, mostly men, stood bewildered, incredulous. The traffic was heavy and the army had the right of way. What relief it was to come into our convent. We told our story to the Sisters, but they also had one to tell us. They, too, had had a share of excitement. All of them had been rushed into the Church to take their classes home. Two of our children, a girl from the ninth grade and another from the second, together with their uncle and a cousin were killed by shrapnel on the porch of their own home.

That afternoon, everything quiet, four of us decided to go to the funeral services of one of the Sacred Heart Sisters who had died the day previous. We went down back lanes until we came to the beautiful Muuamu Convent; Mother Johanna met us at the rear entrance. She had been trying to reach us by phone to tell us not to come as there were to be no funeral ser-

vices. No members of the community were being permitted to go to the cemetery since it is in a danger zone. Only the priest could accompany the undertaker. On the way home from Mquamu, we saw a house which had been bombed that morning.

Evening came, and, as a complete Blackout had been announced over the radio, we retired early, with the exception of the two who were to take their turn for adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. After an exciting day most of us had just got settled, for the night's rest, when suddenly, about nine o'clock, cannons began to roar. We ran to the windows and looked westward toward Pearl Harbour. A gigantic display of fireworks spread fan-like far into the sky! The booming of the guns shook not only our house but our hearts. Then all was ominously quiet and once more we took to our beds, but this time, we didn't undress. The night was interminable. Around five, the next morning, there was another short raid; once again some of us stood at our windows looking out, horrified, yet fascinated by that awful exhibition of attack and defense fire. When the shooting died down, the Sisters went to the chapel to begin morning prayers; I lingered at my coign of vantage, a window on the second floor. Suddenly, I heard a rattle—a loud, long-drawn-out swish . . . sh. Years ago in Arizona, I heard a rattle snake hiss. This sinister sound was like all the rattle snakes in the world put together. I knew it was a bomb which had passed somewhere over our house. I knew it had fallen in the garden below! I knew that in a moment it was going to explode! I knew that my knees were shaking and that my heart was going through some queer antics.

"It's going to explode . . . It's going to explode," some internal faculty kept repeating but my feet seemed paralyzed. Suddenly they took wings, and, in less time than it takes to write it, I was downstairs, in the chapel, on my knees! Msgr. Sheen said in one of his broadcasts, "If your knees shake, kneel on them." We tested his advice two weeks or more before he gave it; it WORKS!

But to return to that bomb. We heard later that it had crashed into the heights several blocks above us.

December 8th—the feast of our Blessed Mother was kept strangely indeed. No bells were rung; the church in darkness except for the two candles on the altar. After Mass we turned on the radio, and left it on practically all day for announcements. Men were called, electricians, engineers, mechanics, stevedores—all workers in army or navy projects were told to report for duty. Blood donors were solicited; Red Cross units were organized; schools turned into emergency centres or temporary homes for evacuees from Schofield Barracks, Hickam Field, Fort Shafter, and other danger zones. The police force and the F.B.I. became extremely vigilant. Short wave sets, quantities of ammunitions, and scores of sampans were taken over by military authorities. Martial law prevailed. A complete Blackout was imperative every night. Officers were given orders to shoot out any light and to arrest those who failed to comply with this ruling. . . .

On the evening of December 8th, after Benediction (about 5.30 p.m.), Sister turned on the light in the sacristy to put away the vestments. It was early so she didn't think it would be violating the Blackout ruling . . . which reads: "Lights out from night fall until dawn." A few moments later a soldier hurried up our lane and ordered the lights out. No person is allowed to go on the streets, highways or beaches, on foot or on vehicles, between the hours of 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. Exceptions are made, of course, for those on duty. The carrying of lights, cigarettes, cigars, or pipes in the open during Blackout is forbidden. Gasoline, vegetable seeds, drugs and food stuffs are being rationed. The sale of liquor is prohibited.

The week that followed the attack, the tragedy of Pearl Harbour was brought home to many by the trucks loaded with long rough wooden boxes which were taken to the scene of the disaster. We didn't see those trucks return . . . it was during the night, perhaps; but we know that those long rough wooden boxes were for our mangled dead, many mutilated beyond identification. Trenches were made for them at Nuuanu cemetery and also at Red Hill, and here, day after day, without pomp or ceremony, the defenders of Hawaii were laid to rest. We're told

that these interments took place just before sundown. A Catholic and a Protestant chaplain officiated. A group of marines, clad in olive drab dress uniforms, raised their rifles and fired three volleys over the dead; then the buglars sounded taps—"Lights out! All quiet! Night has come!" What tragedy war leaves in its wake!

December 27—Another Christmas has come and gone . . . our fourth in Hawaii. Our previous Christmases here on these islands have been unique indeed; but this one, this never-to-be-forgotten one, away out here on the firing line, was more unique. It was ushered in by a grim Blackout, but that made the stars all the brighter. The Cave in Bethlehem was dark, and so our Crib here in Hawaii, and as I knelt by our little Crib on Christmas Eve, my heart was gladdened by the thought that exterior darkness didn't count so very much as long as our hearts were aglow with the Presence of the Light of the World. On Christmas Eve, just before I got into bed, I stood at the window and looked out. Somewhere a dog barked; a truck rumbled past, and then, all was still. Christmas Eve, 1941! (I sent my thoughts out over troubled waters to bring to each of you my greetings for the morrow.)

Early on Christmas morning four of us arose and groped our way to the end of the hall, where we stood to play the role of "Angels" and awaken the community with Silent Night and Adeste Fideles. I'm afraid the "Angels" sounded rather groggy, but our intention was good. Masses at dawn were said in a semi-dark church, but never before were services in our parish better attended . . . never before so many Communions at that early hour. Immediately after Mass, men and women rushed off to work. The vast defense program is in full swing. Honolulu had no illuminated outdoor Christmas trees this year, and only a few had one indoors. The 60,000 trees shipped from Washington and destined for Hawaii were lost on the Mauna Ala which ran aground near Astoria soon after the war began. We spent an hour on Christmas Eve, setting up an artificial tree; but, it looked gaudy and misplaced; it lacked the fresh-

ness and fragrance of the pine. Every shabby branch reminded us that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

We've had no school since the war started for many of our schools have been taken over by the government. But, in spite of barricades and barbed wire and gun emplacements and droning planes and martial law and blackouts—we have had peace.

I could write pages about the Blackout—which reminds me that the Censor might blackout all I've written thus far! Maybe he will be lenient. Speaking of censors—An Irish lady here in Honolulu received a letter from her sister who lives in England. The letter had been so very thoroughly censored that there remained but seven readable lines, four on top and three at the bottom! They were held together by the marginal strips at the side. Our little Irish friend wrote to her sister and told her that she didn't want any more "air-conditioned letters."

We have had to re-arrange our day's program somewhat because of the Blackout regulations. At 4.40 p.m. we have supper. This gives us an opportunity to have dishes washed and put away before sundown. At 5.45 we have our evening meditation. In the gloaming we take a walk up and down our lane, and just when we remember that there was something we wanted to do before nightfall, darkness swoops down upon us. We're developing a marvellous sense of touch during these weeks of blackout. Isn't it quite a feat to be able to fold a veil in the dark, to dress and undress, to dial a phone, or to distinguish a brown pill from a green one? The memory too is being put to a test; we can get through the litany of the Saints on the darkest of nights! From the bombs of the Japs . . . deliver us, O Lord!

January 3, 1942 . . . What transformation war can bring about! In former years Honoluluans have greeted the New Year with a flamboyant burst of fireworks, with gayety and laughter. In former years we stood at our windows at midnight and looked out upon a scene of Fairyland. This year, on December 31, Sister Felix and I were taking our turn for adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. The last night of the old year and how singularly still it was! Then a plane roared past;

a rooster crowed, and simultaneously both of us interrupted our rosary to listen with bated breath. The howling of a dog or the crowing of a rooster on these still unnatural nights is most disquieting. Invariably, one mistakes everything and anything for the air-raid siren. And while we listened the big clock in the Sisters' room struck twelve; the old year passed into Eternity, and the new year began. In accordance with Roosevelt's proclamation that New Year's Day should be a day of prayer, in all our churches Masses were offered for the dead. At high Noon, memorial services were held at the cemeteries of Nuuanu and Red Hill. Hundreds of Honoluluans came to place their floral offerings on these long, freshly-made mounds.

January 15—A gala day in our house. Our Christmas mail has arrived.

January 23—For the first time, no doubt, in the history of our Congregation, the Sisters of St. Joseph have had the experience of being finger-printed, of wearing gas masks, of donning helmets. (You should see us. The finger printing process was complicated; I'll spare you the details.) From now on, every man, woman and child on this island must, under penalty, carry about his person an identification card. In case of accident, all necessary information is to be found on that card . . . if it's still intact! Moreover, we're all carrying gas masks. No matter where we go, that mask, like Mary's proverbial lamb, must accompany us. They are carried in an olive drab bag which is worn on the left side and held in place by a strap over the right shoulder. The helmets are to be issued to civilians in the near future. The masks, fortunately, are easy to don, but we wonder how we are going to manage the helmets. It is good to know that Uncle Sam is solicitous for his children away out here on the firing line, but better still, it is a comfort to know that we're in God's care. . . .

January 24—To a pontifical High Mass today at the Cathedral, gas masks in one hand, missals (not missiles) in the other.

January 26—Our mighty 700, equipped with gas masks, identification cards, and repressed energy are with us again. School re-opened today!

TO OUR ARCHBISHOP

AS silv'ry notes acclaim
The harvester, who going forth
Hath gleaned in regions far and near,
Our hearts attuned sing praises, too, nor fear
That whitened fields may fail
Though few the reapers. With one to guide
In strongest Faith, in Charity sincere,
God's kingdom must prevail.

In peace and plenty may his days increase
With holy joy—the promised hundredfold—
So be we blessed for many fruitful years
Till chimes, now silver, peal in richest gold.

T. Morley.

A LITTLE WHITE FLOWER

THERESE, I see your soft, brown eyes
Piercing the wan daylight of my own surmise;
Your eager, upturned face,
Smiling the sweetness of His grace
Who made you beautiful and wise.
Vision! I cannot realize
The deep meaning of that love
You point to from above.
I know that it is wrong to hate;
Leave me awhile to meditate.
Somewhere your wisdom and your beauty are revealed:
I have heard words
About the lilies of the field.

Brother Duncan Burns.

THE FAIRIES' HAUNT

DEEP in the hollow of the hills,
I know a ferny haunt that thrills
Where every elfin wends.
Sweet to the breeze and to the night,
A gentle fragrance of delight
The glowing woodbine lends.

Full with the music of the bees,
I know a nook beneath the trees,
Where their orchestras sound.
In moonlit hours to dance and sing,
In little greens within a ring
The fairies trip around.

Down beamlets from the starry sky
They glide and slip and laugh on high,
The night is full of joy.
Within the dingle and the dell
They weaveth every magic spell
For human girl and boy.

Red coat and green and silver shoon,
With mystic light and gay balloon,
And shimm'ring little maids,
Hid in the leaves and petals gay,
Trip through the vale with gnome and fay
Who sing their serenades.

Deep in the hollow of the hills
I love that fairy haunt that thrills,
That not another knows.
That hidden world so full of fun,
Of laughter from the set of sun
Until the red cock crows.

Lilian Mary Nally.



Community

On March 19th the ceremonies of profession and reception were held in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. Those of Profession, First and Final, took place at 6.00 a.m. Rev. J. P. Monaghan, S.J., who had preached the ten days' Retreat to the postulants and novices, presided as delegate of the Archbishop and said the Community Mass which followed.

The Ceremony of Reception took place at 9.30 in the presence of many relatives and friends of the eight young ladies who received the Habit. Rt. Rev. W. A. McCann officiated, assisted by Rev. W. Roach, C.S.B. After the singing of the "Veni Creator Spiritus," the Habits of the prospective Sisters were blessed. In the sermon which followed this solemn blessing, Rev. Father Monaghan, S.J., dwelt on the motive which inspired the sacrifice of the young aspirants, and then went on to show that a religious vocation, although protected by the school and the parish church, is fostered primarily by a Christian home. After dwelling on the qualities of such a home, he reminded the postulants of the undying gratitude they owed their good parents, and then called attention to their life-long obligations of loyalty and devotion to the Community which afforded them the opportunity of following the call to the religious life.

When the white-robed brides had declared their desire to consecrate their lives to God as Sisters of St. Joseph, they were bidden to exchange their worldly dress for the simple Habit. They withdrew from the Chapel and when they returned in the sombre garb of Religious they were given their new names.

Rev. V. Burke, C.S.B., celebrated Mass, which was followed by the singing of the Te Deum. Members of the clergy present for the Ceremony besides those already mentioned were: Rev. G. Kirby, Very Rev. H. Fleming, C.S.S.R., Rev. D. O'Connor, Rev. P. J. Flanagan, Rev. J. Muldoon, C.S.S.R., Rev. W. J. Kelly, Rev. F. McGinn, Rev. M. F. Mogan, Rev. D. Forestell, C.S.B., Rev. V. Morrison, S.J., Rev. L. V. McGivney, Rev. W. Murphy, Rev. J. Keelor, Rev. C. L. McCormick, Rev.

F. McDonald, C.S.P., Rev. M. Dodd, Rev. L. Murray, Rev. H. McMillan.

The young ladies who received the Habit, with their names in Religion, are: Miss Loretto McDonnell, Elrose, Saskatchewan (Sister Mary Neva); Miss Margaret Heaton, Vancouver, B.C. (Sister Ita Marie); Miss Helen McGrath, Oshawa (Sister Mary Thomas Aquinas); Miss Margaret O'Donnell, Toronto (Sister Mary Anselm); Miss Mary Higgins, Mount St. Louis (Sister Mary St. Brian); Miss Jean De Luca, Toronto (Sister Stella Marie); Miss Leona Graham, Toronto (Sister Mary Robert); Miss Helen Weir, Galt, Ontario (Sister Mary Placida).

The following Novices made First Vows: Sister Mary Frederick Sheehan, St. Catharines, Ontario; Sister Agnes Teresa Sheehan, St. Catharines, Ontario; Sister M. Edna Hodsdon, Toronto; Sister M. Laura McEvoy, Toronto; Sister Mary Denis Ogle, Rosetown, Sask.; Sister M. Yvette Bernier, Vancouver; Sister Mary Noel Clarkson, Toronto.

Three Sisters made Final Profession: Sister M. Camilla Young, Toronto; Sister Teresa Marie Baker, Toronto; and Sister Mary Fintan Lawlor, Alliston, Ontario.

Felicitations and prayerful wishes are offered to the Reverend John Kehoe, Pastor of St. Clare's Church, Toronto, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his priesthood celebrated on May 9th. May the Reverend Father be blessed with many more years in which to continue his devoted and fruitful service in the interests of the Divine Master.

TORONTO.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

On March sixteenth the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent took part in the St. Vincent de Paul Society concert held in St. Mary's Hall. The Rhythm Band was in full swing and the recitations given by the children were well delivered.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

The graduates and students from St. Joseph's Hospital participated in the Annual Memorial Service held in St. Michael's Cathedral on May 2nd. It served as a re-dedication to nursing for all those present.

At the Annual Meeting of the Registered Nurses' Association held in the Royal York, two students, Miss Helen Nightingale and Miss Patricia Phillips, were guests. Contributions were also made to the Student Nurse Poster Exhibit.

* * *

On May 28th all the Sodalists took part in the Annual procession in honour of Our Blessed Mother, culminating in the crowning of Our Lady's Statue in the Grotto. Later in the evening a social evening was held at which the graduates of '43 were the guests of honour.

* * *

At the April meeting of the Sodality Miss Nightingale spoke on "Prayer." The Character Builder was the topic discussed in an interesting way by the Rev. A. Clancy. Miss Veronica Malone, chairman of the Public Speaking Committee of the Toronto Archdiocesan Sodality Union outlined the purpose, function and progress of the Union. The meeting was adjourned after the singing of "Remember Holy Mary."

* * *

A meeting was held on April 30th. May devotions were discussed and the daily recitation of the rosary was chosen. The Character Builder for May was explained by the Director. It was decided to have the Shrine on the 2nd floor of the Residence, as in previous years, and plans were made for the May procession. Rev. L. Markle was the guest speaker and spoke on the Life of St. Thérèse of Jesus, illustrating his talk with slides.

* * *

On June 1st the exercises of Graduation were held on the grounds of the Residence. That evening the Graduating Class were guests of the Alumnae at a dance held at the Boulevard Club.

ST. CLARE'S SCHOOL.

At the concert held to honour their pastor, Rev. J. F. Kehoe, on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee of ordination over five hundred children of St. Clare's School opened their programme with an enthusiastic, joyous Greeting, "VIVAT." Two playlets, "Father," and "The Spiritual Bouquet," by the Junior Pupils, selections from the Girls' and Boys' Choirs, individual numbers, and the Senior Pupils' offering, "The Jubilee Garland"—a garland of spiritual and floral gifts concluded a most enjoyable concert.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

Miss Frances Renshaw—a pupil of the Academy, won the senior piano scholarship and a gold medal with 81 marks in the class under 21 at the eleventh annual Lincoln County Music Festival held in May.

The following are the results of the Music Examinations held by the Toronto Conservatory of Music:

PIANO.

Grade IX: First Class Honors—Frances Renshaw.

Grade VII: First Class Honors—Patricia Phelan;
Honours, John Hetherington.

Grade VI: First Class Honours—Mary McKenzie.

Grade IV: Honors—Margaret V. Nemeth.

Pass—Bernice Wohler.

Grade III: First Class Honors—Donald Greer.

Grade II: First Class Honors—Junice Wright, Barbara Gilmer, Helen Staskowski.

Grade I: First Class Honors—Betty J. McBride.
Honors—Joyce Holden.

HARMONY.

Grade III: Pass, Margaret Mary Howe.

THEORY

Grade II: First Class Honors—Patricia Phelan.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Domitilla.

On April 20th Sister M. Domitilla died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

The deceased Sister, formerly Bridget Lahiff, was born in Condegad, County Clare, Ireland, a daughter of the late Patrick Lahiff and Bridget Considine. She came to Canada as a young woman and after teaching a few years, entered St. Joseph's Convent on March 30, 1886. The greater part of her long Religious Life of fifty-seven years was devoted to works of charity at St. Nicholas' Home for Boys, Notre Dame

Institute for Girls, the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, and the House of Providence. Her simplicity, her spirit of faith and a naturally happy disposition marked her as one of Ireland's treasured daughters, while her ready obedience, her practical charity and her spirit of prayer were ever a source of edification to her Sisters. Some few years ago failing health obliged her to retire to St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, where she was happy to spend long hours daily in the Chapel. Apart from prayer, her habit of charity found an outlet in the preparation of small articles of devotion, "Agnus Deis," etc, for distribution to the poor, or to children in the West.

On the day she died Sister Domitilla had taken part in all the Community exercises, and carried out the routine of her private devotions, including her favourite, "the Way of the Cross," until noon, when she became ill. That evening, although her condition did not seem to be alarming, she asked to be anointed. She answered all the prayers for the dying and indeed her voice could be heard with those of the priest in attendance and the Sisters until shortly before the end, which came at 9.20, very quietly and peacefully, as if her life of charity and prayer here were interrupted only for a short space to be taken up anew in union with God for all Eternity.

The remains were brought to the Mother House, St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, on Wednesday afternoon, and were taken immediately to the Chapel for the Libera and Blessing. Rev. L. Munnelly, C.S.B., officiated. On Thursday morning at 10.00 Rev. C. Lavery, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. W. Roach, C.S.B., gave the Last Blessing, and the funeral took place to Mount Hope Cemetery, where Rev. J. C. Brennan officiated at the grave.

Mass of Requiem was sung in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel on April 29th.

All of Sister Domitilla's immediate family are dead, and of other relatives, the greater number are still in Ireland. Rev. J. S. Considine, O.P., Chicago, is a cousin. R.I.P.





**ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1943**

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Dear Sister Leonarda:

It is some time since we have given news of Toronto alumnae, as most of it can be read in our daily papers, and we feel that if we see it so will most of our readers, but so many requests have come in for such items that we will try to make amends from now on.

Of course, almost all of S.J. old girls are busy in some branch of war activity, as would be expected, and we see their names in the regular reports of these organizations.

Most of them belong to the Catholic Women's League or the Junior League, and from to-day I shall clip such news.

Recently at a Bridge given by the Toronto C.W.L. I saw so many S.J.C.-ers that it was hard to keep my mind on the game. I saw Mrs. Jas. Reid (Rose Moreau), Mrs. W. A. Wallis, Mrs. F. P. Pujolas (Nell McCarthy), Mrs. Landy (Kate Lordon), Miss Julia O'Connor, Miss Kathleen O'Neill, Mrs. Plunkett (Bertha Landy), the Misses Conlin and Mrs. T. McCarron and her sister, May Orr, in my own vicinity.

Mrs. Reid with her family are moving to Muskoka to live. Marie-Rose (her daughter) is also a graduate of S.J.C. They will be sorely missed in Toronto. Mrs. Reid has been our president and until leaving Toronto was a very active worker in the Catholic Women's League here, as its treasurer.

Mrs. Wallis' only son, Arthur, was married in May to Miss Mary Florence Donahue. Helen has left New Brunswick and is now busy with her physiotherapy in Peterborough.

I was in Ottawa recently and met there Jule Moran, now Mrs. J. A. McKenna, who was at S.J.C. in our time, Sister Leonarda. I was interested to hear that one of her sons, Captain Jack (overseas), is married to Isabelle Kerwin, whose mother was Georgie Mace, sister of Isabelle Mace. Her other sons are Squadron Leader Gerald of the R.C.A.F. and Robert who is in the Navy. I met several former officers in the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae that day. Mrs. M. J. Lyons, its first National President, had invited them in for tea to renew our acquaintance of other years. Mrs. R. A. Devine, First Governor of the Ontario Chapter; Mrs. Dunlap, President of C.N.D. Alumnae Association; Mrs. W. C. MacDonald (Shiela Smyth) of the National Executive, Miss Isabelle Kealy and her sister Ida. Most of our members will remember them from C.F.C.A. Conventions. The Misses Kealy have just suffered a great loss in the death of their only brother. Mrs. John Gleason, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Larose, Mrs. J. L. Neville and Mrs. Young were present too and eager for news of Alumnae affairs.

Visiting Immaculata High School in Ottawa I had a lovely talk with Sister St. Andrew (Eugenie Hartman), sister of Father Edward Hartman. Eugenie was at S.J. College with Louise Hayes, Jessie Grant, the Godfrey sisters and others. She asked to be remembered to them all.

We hear that Mr. J. C. Keenan, father of Margaret (Mrs. McGahan) has been ill. We hope he is now recovered.

Mrs. Mary McGrath is visiting her niece, Helen (McGrath).

Mugele. We hope she will bring home news of interest, as Helen keeps in touch with her schoolmates always.

Mrs. Chesleigh Milne, in St. Petersburg recently, judged a garden contest—some seventy gardens! Quite a task! But she is so interested in gardens and flowers that her judgment is well worth while.

Mrs. Milne tells of how St. Petersburg has, with traditional hospitality opened its heart to a group of strangers who are there for a grimmer purpose than to absorb the sunshine or to take part in its multiple outdoor sports. When the khaki clad men arrived, civilian defence clubs, organizations, chamber of commerce entertainment groups and individuals all joined to make the service men truly welcome.

Beside the Fine Arts centre on second floor of Chamber of Commerce building a large room is reserved to cater to a group of service men, usually musicians and artists. Here the artists and musicians paint and play, etc.

Mrs. Milne's son, Tristan, is here in the United States division of the Air Force, and we hope she will come north this summer.

From Nazareth College, Rochester, N.Y., quarterly "Verity Fair." Patricia Barry, '43, Exchange Editor.

"Right on the top was the "St. Joseph Lilies," quarterly of St. Joseph's College, Toronto. We put on our spectacles and looked farther, for was not that the publication of our mother's Alma Mater? We had our attention drawn especially to the timely frontispiece, St. Therese of Lisieux praying for soldiers. Next we paused in amazement at the impressive roster of the magazine's contributors. We enjoyed the illustrations too and wish there were more of them. The report of Msgr. Sheen's lecture echoed our own sentiments regarding his eloquent and erudite oratory. We cherish the aptly turned phrase, "a speech so historically correct, so marvellously adept, so dramatically impelling, and so completely unique that it would be absolutely impossible to attempt to repeat it." In fact we vote a gold ribbon for the September sheaf of "St. Joseph Lilies!"

Mrs. Parnell Howe (Lillian Bourke) of Pembroke, sister of Sister Wilhelmena, was in Toronto recently to see her sister, Mrs. McDonald. Her three sons are in the Air Force. Billie, the eldest, is instructor in a camp near Montreal, David has been overseas three years, and was wounded at Malta, in hospital in Cairo, and is now back on duty. Gerald is in England. His mother had a lovely snap of him, feeding

pigeons with Westminster Abbey in the background. Miles, and the twins, Parnell and Catherine, are at home.

The coming Graduation is to be at Convocation Hall again. Good! That day looms large on the horizon for the girls and it would be too bad to pass it by without due celebration. Trust St. Joseph's to do well by her girls.

Happy future to you all, graduates of 1943! And a very hearty welcome to the long list of Alumnae of St. Joseph's College School and St. Joseph's College!

And now may you all have as happy a holiday as possible and may we soon see Victory and Peace!

Yours for Loyalty and Love,

Gertrude Thompson.

Dear Sister:

Quebec.

Can you stand the shock of hearing from me? Apparently the Mission we just finished is already bearing fruit. I am getting all my just debts paid off before the new taxes are started. Oh, well, if that's the hardest thing we have to do, we'll be getting off very easily. When we think of Bill, over in England, and going through goodness knows what, none of us complain. He is with the Air Force and has been overseas since February. We have had only one letter from him. Nearly all our friends are over there somewhere. It is almost uncanny to go to church or the movies and only see "females" . . .

Our family is getting smaller. Ann still likes her position with the A. Co. in Montreal. And of course Margaret thrives on playing "Florence Nightingale" to 4,000 men. She is head nurse at D— S— C— in L. I don't envy her rising at 6.00 a.m. I suppose the next thing will be one of the services. So far she was too young. Dan is still in Windsor in a war industry. We haven't had a letter for some time, so he may be in the Army or Navy by now, for both have attracted him and been discussed.

Louise and I are still doing secretarial work here. . . .

If you come this way next summer, one of the sights will surely be a snowbank. The Roads Department certainly got their money's worth this year. The streets have ice about two feet thick in some places. We'll still be wearing fur coats in June, I'm afraid.

We have all been kept busy doing war work, canteen work, knitting, socials, etc. We have met some grand boys and even Mother has her fan mail from some overseas now.

We had a delightful surprise about a month ago. Eileen and Nora Phelan were here for a few days and we chatted till the wee hours. It is such fun seeing our old friends. And did we reminisce! ! !

I hear from Mary MacNamara in Washington. She is in government work and Anarita is still in Los Angeles. . . .

Gerry Kane.

Dear Sister Leonarda :

I do so enjoy reading the Lilies. Yes, I read every line. . . and how I enjoy the Alumnae Section!

Are you surprised that I am now a member of the Army Nurse Corps. I joined as soon as the bann on married nurses was lifted. This is my first station—but I am ready for call *anywhere*, at *anytime* on little notice. I love it.

This box is three hours from my home—so I am able to go there once a week. I am busy with lectures and drilling so have little opportunity to become bored, and later I may get plenty of excitement. . . .

Rita Walsh.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Rita Hetherman Walsh is now Lieutenant Rita Walsh and is situated in Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, not far from her home at Millington, N.J.

. . . Here in Buffalo a few determined workers are turning out works for the sightless. In ten weeks Braille, grade one and a half can be mastered. One need never go on with the intricacies of the more advanced Braille, if time is at a premium, but a few hours a week spent in transcribing worthy fiction or non-fiction amply rewards the transcriber. The joy of the sightless is so manifest one wonders why many have never thought of helping to make copy for fingers to read.

There is need for transcribers of cultured matter. So much of what is transcribed in the public libraries has the stamp of ultra-modernism.

I attend the informal classes in Braille at Canisius College, held twice a month. My enthusiasm increases as I foresee workers will be needed when the war is over.

A blind, paralyzed person gives us an idea of the good accomplished through Braille.

"My closed world has taught me that each day brings a wide open door through which one may literally leap and bring back worldly riches, or through which one may pass

spiritually and bring back peace and joy each eventide. My closed world is wide, wide open, and if I keep it so, its ending will be but the beginning of a better world."

Is not this a wonderful work?

Bernadette McNamara.

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonald (Ruth Ferland) on the birth of a son, Patrick Gerard, in March.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Walton (Margaret McDonald), on the birth of a daughter, Mary Margaret.

Best Wishes to Newly-weds.

To Lieutenant Michael Arthur Wallis and his bride, Mary Florence Donahue, married on May 1st.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kerwin (Mary Gertrude Doyle), married in St. Catharines in April.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Francis Farley (formerly Joanne Rita Cozens).

To Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Johnson (Michelina Caruso), married in Toronto in April.

Our Sincere Sympathy—

To the family of Mrs. Lester Floyd (Kathleen Cleary).

To Miss Kathleen Lloyd on the death of her sister.

To the family of Willis McGraw, two of whose sisters are of our community—Sisters Albina and Eustace.

To Mrs. Vernon W. Greene on the death of her husband.

To the family of Mr. J. Henry (father of Eugene and Charles, husband of Eileen McCrohan, and brother of Sister Lidwina).

To the family of Mrs. T. F. MacMahon (Teresa Thompson).

To the family of Mr. Simon of Quebec, father of Louise Simon.

To the family of Mr. Anthony Chalue, brother of Sr. Liguori and uncle of Sr. St. Cyril and St. Mary Inez.

To the family of Mr. Eugene Venini, of Oshawa, father of Father Venini, S.F.M., now in China, and of Sister Margaret Mary of St. Joseph's.

To the family of Mrs. Thomas F. McCarron (Lillian Elizabeth Orr). Miss Mary Orr is a twin sister and Oliver

Orr a brother of the deceased. Mrs. McCarron was on the executive of our Alumnae for years.

Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends: Rev. N. Cocola, O.M.I., Rev. M. Staley, Rev. F. P. Lyons, C.S.P., Mr. Venini, Mr. Zerebko, Miss M. Dennis, Mr. Weir, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Skelton, Miss M. Carey, Mr. Maratto, Mr. J. McCarthy, Mrs. Tipping, Mr. F. Toomey, Mr. A. Lee, Mr. Pickett, Mr. G. Millar, Mrs. Kavanagh, Miss M. McCormick, Mr. Meehan, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Garner, Mr. T. Burke, Mr. Foy, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. S. Walsh, Miss G. McCormick, Mr. T. Smith, Mrs. Miles, Miss E. Burke, Mr. Kinarny, Mr. Dawson, Mr. F. Ward, Mr. P. Eckert, Mr. P. Rashotte, Mr. W. McCarville, Mr. F. Greenan, P. Ryan, Mrs. Prendergast, Doctor Boyle, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. J. J. Henry, Mr. F. O'Donnell, Mr. R. Frawley, Mrs. Goods, Mr. J. Burke, Mrs. McGuire, Miss A. O'Neill, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Dr. D. Walsh, Mr. S. B. Ryce, Mr. R. Collins, Mrs. B. Armstrong, Mr. T. Kidd, Mrs. Hanland, Mrs. O'Donnell, Mr. W. Murphy, A. Chalue, Mr. O'Neill, Mrs. L. Bandel.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.

GOD'S SEA.

A flashing crystal sea is God's deep heart,
And in the bark of Life I o'er it ride;
Ah, pirate Death, tear thou the craft apart,
And let me sink in that caressing tide.



CONGRATULATIONS. We offer our best felicitations to Lieutenant and Mrs. J. Carson (nee Dr. Victoria Mueller), who were married in Newman Chapel, May 4th. That was a most exciting day for the Loretto and St. Joseph's College girls, and even the staffs of the two Colleges, who don't attend weddings, had their share in the festivity, for they attended Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in Loretto College Chapel, at which the bride and groom and the attendants, as also the close relatives, were present. It was a beautiful, unique and distinctly Catholic wedding.

THE GRADUATES' BANQUET. Yes, we've had another banquet, and let me assure you this year's was still more of a success than those of the past years! Maybe it was because Rina Aimone was toast-mistress, or perhaps the graduating class had something to do with it; but then it could have been the grand guests. Very Rev. T. D. McLaughlin, Fathers Shook, O'Donnell, Bondy, Anglin, Brezies, all on the staff of St. Michael's College; Dom David King, our chaplain, and Father McHenry of Newman Club. Then, of course, we can't forget that Dr. Mueller was there and made the banquet the occasion for announcing her engagement to Lieut. F. James Carson. (They were married on May 4th). The Freshies composed little songs about the graduates which brought forth gales of laughter. And Oh! how could we forget to mention Bea Dobie, who organized it all. Now you know why this year's banquet was so wonderful.

RETREAT—a time when we draw more closely to our heavenly father—was opened on March 11, by Dom David King, our College Chaplain. The days of the Retreat were spent in conferences, prayer and recollection. There were twelve conferences in all, inspiring, beautiful conferences, pointing to us the path we must travel to our eternal destination.

Some of the conferences preached by Father David were on Baptism, Penance, Marriage, the Lay Apostolate and Our Lady. "The Sacrament of Penance," said Father David, "gives our baptismal grace over and over again. God knows 'our frame'—knows He must pick us up and draw us to Him every time we fall. He is the only artist powerful enough to restore the picture of Himself imprinted on our souls at baptism, after we, vandals that we are, have defaced it and spattered it with mud."

The Conference that will always be a fond, lingering memory to every St. Joseph's girl was the one given on "Our Lady." Our love for Mary should always be simple, child-like, tender, not sentimental, but deep, so that whenever we are in trouble we may turn to her with trustful eyes. We can always turn to Mary, our Eternal Mother, and cry "Mother!" and we are sure of help. Oh, what a deep, abiding consolation is found in that magic word, "Mother!"

Father David ended the Retreat very appropriately by telling us to make two resolutions our aim—Mass every morning for Lent and leading the lives of good Christians. We as "other Christs" must shine forth and light the way for others less fortunate than we. And so our annual Retreat drew to a close, leaving with us Christ as our Watchword and His Way, our way.

Clara Butkovich.

THE "LET'S-GO-LATIN" MISSION TEA. Gaiety and colour express the atmosphere of the "Let's-Go-Latin" Tea staged at the College on Sunday afternoon, March 28. From the very moment the guests arrived at the door, they were seized with the gay fiesta air radiating all about them, for who should receive them, but our sparkling Spanish beauty, Elsa Escallon, arrayed in typical South American costume. Flashy reds, gaudy yellows, spring greens, and all the other gay colours associated with the Latin countries, lit up the halls, and the common room. The girls, themselves, added just that certain touch needed to complete the picture. Peasant blouses, and patio skirts, of all the hues of the rainbow, were seen flitting here and there to the accompaniment of jingling jewellery. "Chini ion iarne" and "ensalada de frutas" were eaten to the undulating swing of tangos and rhumbas, and the incessant chatter of the lively crowd.

Irma Morisette and Alice Wysoglad contributed their share

to the tea, by reading handwriting and palms, and their efforts were highly successful, as could be seen by the enthusiastic line-up, each awaiting his turn.

This "Let's-Go-Latin" Tea was not only the source of a great deal of fun for all, but was of great benefit to our adopted chaplain, Father McNeill, to whom the funds taken in, were sent. It was sponsored by the Sodality under the supervision of our ever-willing Rina, who was responsible for its pronounced success.

H E A D G I R L. Excitement ran high the night we elected our new Head Girl for 1943-44. There were four of the Resident girls eligible and any one of them would have filled this much-coveted position ably and well. The choice, however, fell on our ever-amiable, ever-smiling Rina Aimone, to whom we offer our sincerest congratulations.

And now, we would add a word of deep appreciation to our graduating Head Girl of this year, Mary Mogan, who was all that we could have asked a Head Girl to be—capable, understanding and always "on guard." How we shall miss her!

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES, 1943



JANE HORNELL—Jane, who comes from Lucknow, on Bruce Peninsula, is another graduate of '43. She attended Lucknow High School for one year and Jesus-Mary Convent in Sillery, Quebec, for another year and finally completed her high school career at St. Joseph's College School here in Toronto. Jane has the reputation of being the quietest girl in the residence but she manages to keep the top flat in high spirits with her witty remarks. She has

been an active member of Newman Club for three years and a member of the Dramatic Club for two, and during the past year a Nurses' Aid at St Michael's Hospital. After finishing three years of Pass Arts, she hopes to attend Library School. Good luck, Jane!

BONNIE FOLEY—Bonnie came to College and Pass Arts via the convent, with a record for basketball and scholastic achievement. Under that demure expression Bonnie has all the wit and sense of humour that her Irish name implies. Her interests at College have included everything from knitting "Sloppy Joes" to dramatics. Will Bonnie be our next Hollywood glamour girl or will the domestic life hold more charm for her? Best of everything, Bonnie!



JEAN LAHEY—Jean Lahey is another of this year's graduates. Born in Toronto, she has attended St. Joseph's since 2nd grade. For the last three years she has been an attentive and active student in Pass Arts, a member of Newman and a reporter for the Varsity. This year she was responsible for the success of the "Book Harvest" at St. Joes'. Throughout her course Jean has been active in dramatics. She took the part of Mrs. Haggerty in "The Late Christopher Bean" sponsored by the St. Michael's Dramatic Society this winter. This year Jean acted as Hospital Nurses' Aid as her contribution to the Women's National Service Plan. She is uncertain about her future plans but we wish her every success in whatever field she may enter.



MARY MOGAN—A familiar figure around the College during the past four years, has been 'Mogie,' our beloved head-girl. Mary hails from Paris, Ontario, where she won the Fontbonne and the Knights of Columbus Scholarships which she has successfully held during the English Language and Literature Course. She has taken an active interest in College Executive and Extra-curricular activities and I might mention that she has also acquired a particular interest in 'Jeeps.' She was elected Vice-President of Newman Club, 1942, and President of St. Joseph's S.A.C., 1943. Per-



haps we will have Mary with us in 1944, attending O.C.E.; let's hope so! But whatever may be her future, we wish her all the luck in the world.



AILEEN McDONOUGH—A St. Joseph's girl through and through, Aileen graduated from the College School and came across the street to us. She has had a colourful career at Varsity. Being keenly interested in athletics, she made her presence felt among the sport fans and was elected president of the Athletic Society to represent St. Michael's College during the past year. Aileen proved her ability by earning her "T" for sportsmanship, but this is not her only claim to fame. She has had a finger in the debating pie, is a keen, active Newmanite, and has proven herself an all-round dependable Arts' student of whom St. Joseph's may be justly proud.



MARIE ROSE REID—After three years at St. Joseph's College School, Marie Rose came into Pass Arts to warm three more years for us with her pleasant smile and lively interest in all our activities. Her time has been more or less evenly divided between Newman Club, her lectures, golfing and dramatics. The library will be haunted by her spirit at Exam. time and the common room will seem emptier when she has gone. All our best wishes will follow her in her future career.



MARY TAYLOR—Three years ago Mary came to us by way of St. Joseph's College School. She brought with her, along with many other admirable qualities a keen sense of humour. Some of us were soon to wish that it was not so keen when she began to exercise her talent on us during initiation. During her sojourn at the College, Mary has participated in all the pursuits that go with higher learning. She has gained renown as an actress through the active part she

has taken in St. Michael's Dramatics. She will be missed next year. What her future plans are time alone will tell. We are sure that Mary's quick wit and pleasing personality will help her on her way to success.

MARY ARNOLD—Mary came to us from the small town of Elmira (of course Mary and Eleanor, her freshie sister, do not think it is so small). She entered the Physical Health and Education course and stuck to it bravely, spending most of her time explaining to the Arts girls that it is really a wonderful course. One night in first year she went to Newman Club and has never been the same since. Why? She met a certain Paul. As for her future, she won't predict it. . . . But we have our own ideas as to what will happen.



ALICE WYSOGLAD—Alice came to St. Joseph's as a resident student in her last year, with the reputation of being on the bright lights of the Physical Health and Education Course. Alice has literally danced her way through college, and has delighted many a common room gathering with her "Creative Dances." She has also been prominent in St. Michael's Dramatic Society this year. As for her future, her hope is to take specialist training in Dancing in the U.S.A., and we say, "May it be fulfilled!"



IMPRESSIONS OF TORONTO.

The year 1943 will soon be over, and Toronto and its beauties will be souvenirs for me. In September, when I first came here, I was afraid, even very scared: I was leaving home for the first time. I travelled alone and came to the College worrying about what was going to happen. What happened? Nothing, except that I met friendly girls who were and still are very good to me. The nuns are wonderful

and they really do their best to please us. St. Joseph's College is indeed a lovely college.

This finishing year is a golden year for me; it's a year of experience in everything: hospitals, homesickness, English. Few girls outside the city can say that they know St. Joseph's hospital as well as I do. After the first days I was there, I started to enjoy myself and I had a good time with the nurses and the . . . doctors!

I got over my homesickness and I can assure you that I am very fond of the College now.

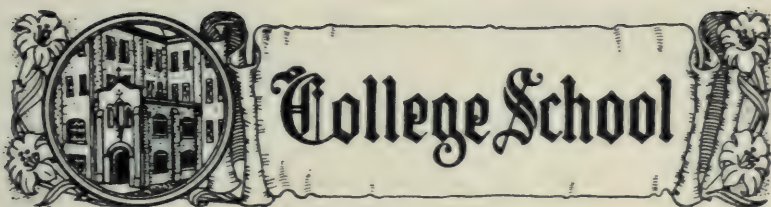
Toronto is a great city. I have already visited the historical places as well as the modern ones. One of Daddy's friends took me all through the City Hall and Osgóode Hall. Now I know something about the Ontario law!

What do you think of my English? I am getting so used to speaking that language now that I even think in English. I notice the difference since September; I couldn't understand a word then: I thought the girls were talking "Chinese." Now I understand everything, even things which I am not supposed to!

A year ago I didn't know Toronto and St. Joseph's College. I am so glad I came here and I have been happy all the time. I will never be able to repay the Sisters for what they have done for me. I am going to miss the College very much next year, and believe me my impressions of Toronto are the best ones. I will never forget the year 1943.

Marthe Gravel.





Spring. If Keats had ever lived and moved and had his being here at St. Joseph's he might well have been moved to write of Spring that it was a: "season of tests and mellow ruefulness," for truly, we seem hardly to recover from the Easter tests before we are confronted with the dreaded Confidentials. We sometimes wonder if there is anything in the "association of ideas" theory and, if so, whether all our future enjoyment of future Springs will not be addled, yea, even embittered, with thoughts of parallelograms and passive periphrastics.

* * *

Retreat. The Retreat, coming as it did this year, so near to Holy Week, caught us, we believe at the best time of the year, spiritually speaking—the time when we were most ready to profit by the exhortations of the Retreat Master, Father McHardy, and the whispered pleadings of our dear Lord—pleadings too soft to get much hearing, we are afraid, in the shout and clamour of every day. The Seniors had the week end to themselves—Friday, Saturday and Sunday (April 9, 10, 11); and the Intermediates the following Monday and Tuesday. But the Boarders, who made the first Retreat, whether they were Senior or Junior, had a little private spiritual plum at the end of each day, when they gathered in the Social Room for an evening Conference. They, too, were privileged in having the Sacristans chosen from their number, Lois Garner (V-B) and Monica Purtell for the Senior Retreat; and Helen Vaillancourt and Doris Charette (III-A for the Junior. And the escorting of our Lord each morning from His Home in the Chapel proper to the Auditorium Chapel and back again in the evening was a priceless thrill. Why, it might have been Jerusalem "at that time when Jesus drew nigh."

We offered our silence for special intentions this year and we thought it made it easier. One simply can't break a silence which is being offered for one's parents, for instance, or one's brothers in service; and one can't forget when the

"intention signs" appear at frequent intervals. Retreat resolutions are going to be kept too, if "Month's Mind" signs are effective.

* * *

Sympathy. We are praying that some word may soon be received that will bring joy to Adele Cozens (II-A) and her father and sisters. Paul has been missing for some weeks now. We want to assure Gertrude Ward, too, of our sympathy in the loss of her brother Fred, whose plane crashed over Africa in March. Gertrude would be in III-C if she were here. She has been here only once a week this year, for art.

* * *

Lorraine Smith. Little Lorraine Smith laughed and played and frolicked and, in between times, learned a little reading and writing here at St. Joseph's from September until March. When one Friday night came, she skipped home with her mother. ("Skipped" is a more exact word than "walked" and yet it does not quite describe the light-hearted tripping that was peculiarly Lorraine's). But strange are the ways of God, and swift and sudden was His summons. In less than a day Lorraine was skipping the highways and byways of Heaven; and leaving us and her mother to mourn the dear little girl whose ways were so sunny. We cannot say "*May* she rest in peace." Lorraine sped to God in all her innocence, we know.

* * *

Shamrock Supper. The boarders had a jolly surprise last St. Patrick's Day, when they were bidden to go to supper in the Cafeteria, and, going, found that Cafeteria transformed into the Emerald Isle. The central decoration might have been a lake in Killarney—not exactly "a painted ship upon a painted sea," but a swan upon a mirror sea. That daffodils sprang from the duck's back took not a whit from its reality and added freshness to the decorative scheme. The girls sat at the other tables pushed around to encircle or "ensquare" this central beauty spot. Altogether it was the top-of-the-evening!

* * *

Book Centre. We were asked to contribute our pennies and nickels this Lenten season for a special cause—books for the Catholic Book Centre on Adelaide Street. This is a project dear to His Grace, the Archbishop's heart,

and we were glad that we had a tidy little sum at the end of Lent (\$85.00) with more to come—all this to buy books to stack the shelves of the Centre. We like to think of these books as missionaries that we are equipping and sending out to spread the light of doctrine and Faith where it is needed!

* * *

Vocation Week. The Retreat had a prelude this year. Vocation Week was a very private, individual affair for each girl. It was announced by word of mouth and by several posters and signs; but it was each girl's private responsibility to think and pray especially hard for this intention during the days that surrounded the Feast of St. Joseph. "Vocation," we are told, comes from the Latin verb "to call" and the many ways by which we can be called fall into three main divisions: the married state; the unmarried, but secular life, and the religious life; and each of these have many subdivisions.

* * *

Play. III-A dramatized their ideas on vocation as a fitting climax to Vocation Week. An article appears concerning this dramatization in the following pages.

* * *

Hockey. The Boarders' interest in the hockey games, never very dominant, knew no bounds during the long Lent. The fact that Oshawa played so nobly and well and that four of our hockey-enthusiasts-boarders came from that city, enriched the interest with a personal touch. However, it is to the Winnipeg Rangers that we offer our congratulations on the winning of the C.H.A. Memorial Cup.

* * *

Religion Exam. The Annual Diocesan examination in Christian Doctrine was held a week or so before Easter. Modesty forbids our predicting how well we did! The Fourth Forms were especially interested this year and hope to be among the graduates when the Christian Doctrine graduation exercises are held in the Cathedral in the fall.

* * *

Miscellaneous. Item: the alcove dormitory has been re-painted and looks better than ever and that's saying a lot!

Item: We understand Louiselle Gagnon is keeping up

the Gagnon tradition and going to take part in the Music Festival. Best of luck, Louiselle!

Item: We had a movie in the Easter Holidays—those of us who remained here; it was “When Johnny Comes Marching Home.” And it was a real show! We hope and pray that Mr. Kennedy, who has given us so many movie treats, will have health and wealth and happiness for many years—all this and Heaven too!

* * *

During Vocation Week Form III-A gave a programme to focus attention on the three states of life. “Highways” emphasized the necessity of seeking help for a wise choice.

A WAR INCIDENT.

It was Shelter B on Donnelly Street. A lonely woman leaned wearily against the wall and tightened the thin paisley shawl that covered her frail shoulders. The zooming of planes and the explosion of bombs overhead came as one deep rumble to the woman's ears and they seemed to bother her not at all. But she was tired. Tired of Jerry's nightly raids, tired of skimping with food and clothes, tired of seeing boys go off to the front and never return. Why did it have to happen? Wasn't one war in a life-time enough? And it seemed the war would never end. Then slowly courage and determination came back to her face. She smiled. They would win and the war wouldn't last forever. Some day the world would be set right again and peace would return. This thought quieted her heart and for a while she slept.

An ear-splitting crash much closer than any during the night woke the occupants of Shelter B, only to find a corner of the south wall caved in. There was one dead and several injured. One, at least, had found peace at last.

Patricia Cockburn, Form IV-A,
S.J.C.S.

Summer flowers, bright and gay,
Honour the Lord day by day.
Their perfumes, like incense, praise;
Their leafy arms in prayer upraise.

Their petals, decked in gay array,
Each morn and night seem to say,
“See how tall and straight we stand,
We, a part of what God planned.”

Each flower in its own place,
Each member of the human race,
Protected by God will not fall
Till they hear the Master's call.

S.J.C.S.
Clare Keogh, Form IV-A.

FOREST FIRES.

In forest fires we have a dangerous enemy, which annually causes great damage and brings untold misery in its wake. But the destructive powers of this enemy can be cut down, if not entirely eliminated. The fires occur mainly in the dry summer season when woodlands are highly inflammable. They spring from one of two causes; the first is natural, such as spontaneous combustion or lightning; the second is the result of carelessness on the part of hunters or campers. Naturally, the greatest damage done by fires is the loss of valuable timber. But wild animals, farming lands, and human life are lost by fires which are left unchecked. National reserves, such as Prince Albert National Park or Algonquin Park, are hazarded continually by fires which threaten to destroy Canada's heritage of woodlands. However, adequate protection is provided by the Forest Rangers, a government bureau set up as a guard against loss to property by fires. The rangers operate with high efficiency. In the danger areas, stations are provided on commanding heights from which the forests can be observed and distant areas are patrolled by aeroplanes. The rangers are fully trained to handle any emergency and can lawfully enlist the aid of the inhabitants in fighting the blazes. The rangers should have our fullest co-operation to help them in their dangerous jobs.

In view of the peril and the loss involved by forest fires, it behooves every citizen to contribute funds for maintenance or by faithful compliance with the safety rules to reduce the percentage of "accident fires." If care were exercised no "accident fires" would occur and our woodlands would remain an unimpaired heritage for future generations.

Joan McCall, Form IV-A,
S.J.C.S.

IN MATAPEDIA.

Last July, some friends and I went for a car trip from Amqui through the valley of Metapedia to the town of Metapedia.

The road runs between the mountains and the river. We stopped many times for a drink of cold fresh water at the numerous gushing springs with signs "Cold Water"—someone's kind thought for thirsty travellers. In a tourist camp, in a lovely spot near the river, we refreshed ourselves with a swim and some lunch. Our camera recorded for us the surroundings and leaving our names among the thousands on the wall, we continued southward.

About three o'clock we reached the small town of Matapedia, where we visited friends and left for home before the night fell. The sunset was colorful; the rays on the river appeared as streamers blown over the waters.

We neared home when the front left tire went flat. However, all helped and it was quickly repaired, so we arrived tired but happy after our trip through the Matapedia Valley.

Jeannine Turgeon, S.J.C.S.,
Montreal.

FOUR-C.

Four-C comprises thirty-two—and here we have them on review. Whose clicking heels in the hall send the religion class into peals of laughter? And when the offender enters the room, who is too busy looking at the back of the room to notice her? As we look around the room we see the fluffy pink bow gaily perched on golden hair. Suddenly we are interrupted by news of the latest events at Bay and St. Albans Streets, reported to us by our window-seat dreamer. Near our dreamer sits another girl, who has lots to say, but according to the History teacher, all at the wrong time. As we once again glance over the class our eyes are held by the paddy green jacket, which is a faithful member of the class. Wandering a little to the left, we see the smallest member of the class sitting as usual with her elbow resting on her knees and her feet on the top rung of the chair. Near her reside the two happy-go-lucky members of the class, who take all the periods and can't be spurred on by rebuke or praise. Spread through the class are our boarders, all of different temperament. One is very gay, but she worries about her Latin. Another is very clever. She even has time to keep up correspondence in class. And the other two, who are rather alike, pass serenely through each day in its regular routine. Next we come to the cut-up of our class, who keeps our periods very much alive. Behind her we find a good worker, but one who finds time to lead our cut-up on, nevertheless. The last arrival smiles her approval on fun as well as study. This is a brief picture of the girls in Form IV-C. We like them all; don't you?

Mary Morrison,
Josephine Conlin, Form IV-C,
S.J.C.S.

QUEBEC CITY.

I am from Quebec City. The beautiful River St. Lawrence washes our shores, and the Quebec Bridge arouses admiration. The famous Montmorency Falls provide electric power for the surrounding cities and towns.

High above the river, over the Dufferin Terrace and its great hotel, the Chateau Frontenac, the Citadel stands with its guns frowning down on a broad expanse of water. A few hundred yards from the terrace, towards the Parliament Buildings, where legislators address the Speakers in the language of Old France, you pass through a gateway in the old wall. Nearby is a modern square with theatres and shops and on rising ground the twentieth century architecture of Palais Montcalm. As you go up these hills, glimpses of the battlements of America's only walled city constantly flash in and out before your eyes. Quebec's brave past forever stands.

In peaceful Seminary gardens the mind goes back to the times of Champlain, Frontenac and Laval, and you see visions of gentle nuns, magnificent Churchmen and the great Chevaliers.

A perfect day? Come to the City of Quebec and please do

Janine Simard, S.J.C.S.,
Quebec City.

THE TELEPHONE.

Alexander Graham Bell would probably turn over in his grave were he to know the abuse given to his invention, the telephone. Its contribution to civilization and culture is something for which there can be no substitute, but too often to-day it is being used for anything but cultural purposes. It is now carrying vital war information and news, carrying it to treacherous ears which are listening-in; carrying, therefore, literally, destruction and death. On the home front the telephone is being abused. Many unnecessary conversations are being carried on. Emergency calls cannot be made because "the party is on the line." Patrons call operator rather than look up a number. Careless dialing is another abuse. Consider the impatience that is the result of careless dialing. Our appreciation of Mr. Bell's contribution to culture and civilization may be shown by a prudent and cautious use of the telephone.

Lorraine Griffin, Form IV-A,
S.J.C.S.

JEWELS.

The diamond, the ruby,
The opal fair,
Are these not gems
Precious and rare?

How much more precious
The soul in God's grace,
Free from all sin,
Held in His embrace.

Josephine LoPresti, Form IV-C,
S.J.C.S.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The Saint Lawrence is one of the wonderful works of God. In its course to the sea, it does not seem willing to pass before Champlain's city; it must turn as if to see it better. It does a little half-turn to wash it for a longer time: it opens its arms to kiss it better; it seems to regret separating from it, and if the travellers that its waves transport could understand the language of this king of streams, they would interpret its song as saying: "This is my own city, very lovely, the most beautiful jewel in my crown."

Our noble river is a great attraction of our picturesque city. It surrounds us like a belt; it fertilizes; it nourishes; it purifies the air of unhealthy odours. It brings much wealth and many visitors from every land of the world. It is so large that in one part of its course they call it the sea; it is so powerful that, when a chain of rock spans its paths, it leaps over it in a Niagara of water, a tumultuous rapid.

Sometimes it is wild and flows through forests and between mountains, and uninhabited shores, but often it smiles on civilization and becomes the motor of industry and commerce—thus is our river not only the beautiful but also the powerful St. Lawrence.

Pierrette Labbé,
S.J.C.S.

FIRST TRIP IN THE AIR.

Before I came to St. Joseph's in September, my sister and I took an aeroplane trip above the city of Montreal.

On our arrival at the air-port, we were not certain of taking a trip, but so many coming and going made us decide to go up in the air.

It was a small aeroplane, seating only four passengers. I sat at the back and Jeannine in front with the pilot. They strapped us to the chair, the motor started and the plane took off.

We passed above the city of Montreal, the Oratory of St. Joseph, Belmont Park; the houses, bridges, cars, all looked like toys. The fields were patches of colour and the roads and rivers, ribbons.

The air-port became visible, the aeroplane glided down, the wheels touched the ground, rolled along for a little way and stopped. We were happy after our first trip in the air.

Marcelle Turgeon,
Montreal.

AT RIVIERE-DU-LOUP.

My home town is a picturesque place. Two rivers enliven the town; the Rivière-du-Loup flows through the middle, and the St. Lawrence washes its feet.

Now that I have introduced you to the setting, I shall tell you what happened to me there, one night.

Our summer cottage is on the St. Lawrence River, three miles from home. About eleven o'clock in the evening I took my bicycle and went to the cottage. It was a moonlight night. The three miles from home that I had to travel is real country; a house only every quarter of a mile. I sang as I rode gaily along.

I had gone half of my way when the sound of another bicycle coming very fast behind me, was heard. The rider was a big man whose appearance was not very prepossessing. Fear gripped me and I quickly decided to take the first path to the next house, surely now I would be safe, but the man followed me, for it was—it was—his own home!

Germaine Soucy,
Rivière-du-Loup.

There is undoubtedly no other individual in public service as hardworking as the postman. In all kinds of weather; in heat or cold, rain or shine, the mail man is seen on his route. His hours are long and his work wearisome. In a busy season like Christmas, many of us are inconsiderate. Insufficient postage is a headache to the postman, for he has to ring and wait for the money. While it may seem annoying to us, we should remember that it is not the mail man who made the ruling regarding overdue postage; so it is not he who should be the victim of our scoldings. On the whole, people could be more considerate of this gentleman on His Majesty's Service.

Teresa B. Kelly, Form IV-A,
S.J.C.S.

THE HOCKEY GAME.

One afternoon we went to a hockey game at Maple Leaf Gardens, displaying the brown and gold ribbons of St. Joseph's College School.

St. Michael's played against Malvern and won. In the first period the score was 2-1 for St. Michael's. How ambitious we were for them! At every point in their favour our cries and shouts must have been a great encouragement to them. The second period put St. Michael's three points in the lead.

In the last period St. Michael's scored two points more, which made the final count 7-4.

Every girl returned to St. Joseph's tired but happy because St. Michael's had won.

Carmen Begin
Levis, Quebec.

THE SAGUENAY.

The Upper Saguenay extends from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi and is too dangerous for traffic, while the Lower, the reach between Chicoutimi and Tadoussac, is a veritable ford. The Indians called the Saguenay, "deep mysterious river" and ventured not upon it.

Champlain was the first white man to sail up the Saguenay, navigating the narrow gorge in a frail boat and returning with tales of its deep waters.

At the mouth of the Saguenay is the splendid Cap Trinité, whose outline is like an Indian's face. This river is not only a centre of beauty, travel and pleasure but now it is a hub of industry. The machinery in the huge plants is being driven by power from hydro-electric developments in the "Kingdom of the Saguenay."

Louiselle Gagnon,
Dolbeau.

VANCOUVER'S DIM-OUT

Besides the rationing of different commodities, perhaps the most noticeable thing in war-conscious Vancouver is the dim-out. The brilliantly-lighted streets and by-ways of our city that were so close to all our hearts are things of yesterday. Now these same lights cast their beams over the streets for such smaller distance and produce eerie shadows in dark corners of buildings and doorways. The shop windows along the streets that once shone forth to such an extent that passers-by stopped and admired all that was displayed therein. These are no more to be seen. True—the displays are still there but to miss the presence of those inviting multicolored lights. Yes, we miss them! But when victory is once again ours we will have these old companions back again and even brighter than ever before, and we are awaiting the time "When the lights come on again, all over the world!"

Dorothy Constance Walz,
Commercial 1943-3,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

VILLA BON ACCUEIL.

It is in the region of Lake St. John that we have our summer home, where we pass the greater part of our holidays. Situated on a peninsula, Villa Bon Accueil rises high enough to let us have a superb view of the lakes and trees.

The break of day sees us jump into our holiday suits, because this hour is favourable for fishing. The result is a keen appetite satisfied by fresh trout, salmon or bass. The rest of the day may be occupied by swimming, walking through the woods, searching for wild berries and flowers, horse-back riding, and nearer home, tennis, golf and canoeing.

Every year at the end of our school term it is always with a joyous flourish that we take our way along the road which leads us to "Villa Bon Accueil."

Germaine Gagnon,
Roberval.

ILE D'ORLEANS.

This gem-like strip of land, set in the middle of the St. Lawrence a few miles below Quebec, is one of the most historic spots in the Province. The new steel bridge across the North Channel, between the village of Montmorency and the Island provides an easy means of communication.

This island, now so peaceful and prosperous, has been the scene of stirring deeds of heroism and adventure. Each farm and Church has its history and every stream, cove or headland, its legend. Nowhere in French Canada is the past so vividly interwoven with the present as in the lives of the "Habitant" of "L'Ile d'Orleans."

Towards the lower end of the Island, through heavily-laden branches of apple and plum trees, one sees wide, flat beaches where countless thousands of geese, duck, snipe and golden plover gather in the fall to rest before their long flight south.

Beyond is the broad North Channel of the St. Lawrence and villages with old-world names, Chateau Richer, L'Ange-Gardien, and Beaupré, that nestle at the foot of great forest-clad mountains, while to the east, the sombre mass of Cap Tourmente rises to nearly two thousand feet above the restless waters at its base.

L'Ile d'Orleans has long been known for its eel fisheries; this fish is shipped alive in barges to the United States every year. Driving along the shore from St. Francois, one sees many weirs or traps in which the fish are caught and exported alive in barges to the United States.

The hospitality of the people of the island is renowned. It gives them great pleasure to have you visit their homes. They will regale you with home-made bread, butter, and their famous cherry wine.

Make your choice of this place for a vacation, the beautiful Isle of Orleans! You will not regret it.

Janine Simard, S.J.C.S.,
Quebec City.

LEVIS.

Travel in thought to my small but beloved native Levis, a peaceful, quiet ville situated on our majestic St. Lawrence and inhabited by the descendants of many noble families. These good people have enjoyed substantial and harmonious existence for years, all adoring the same God and doing all in their power to attain a noble Christian ideal.

Across the St. Lawrence lies the City of Quebec, built on the solid rock of Cape Diamond, where Champlain set foot to found and build what is to-day the Catholic and Christian City of Quebec, the city from which is poured out, with such convincing eloquence, the Catholic teachings of our internationally known Cardinal, His Eminence Jean-Marie-Rodrigue Villeneuve.

I must not forget my subject, so we return to Levis on a calm, warm summer evening, and looking east from one of the highest points, we see a large illuminated cross which brings once more the thought of Christ, looking down upon so many happy families bent in evening prayer.

In the present conflict Levis is contributing its share for Victory. All this and more is true of my home city.

One who loves and is proud of her native city.

Pierrette Bégin.

"DEAR OLDER SISTER."

An Open Letter.

How odd things must have been when you were in school here! I hadn't realized that you would be bewildered about the things I told you about. (When you were in school, you'll be telling me, prepositions weren't the right words to end sentences with!) Maybe I could enlighten you about some of the changes before our correspondence proceeds further. And it is interesting to me, too, to learn about the school as it used to be.

Did you actually sit on the tiers? Why, we'd never squeeze ourselves into that space if we lay down and piled on like sardines! There are between five and six hundred in the high school section now. We sit in the body of the Aud., and there isn't one chair too many. Mr. Whitehead, who conducts, stands on the stage. Most of the tiers have been put in the ante-room. I asked about the scene at the back of the stage. They say it is the same one that Sr. Agnes was painting when you were in school.

On making inquiries about Signor Carboni, I find that he died some years ago. I think Madame Carboni is still alive and I know Miss Clapp is very much so. She still visits the school before recitals and exams to appraise the girls' work. I suppose "Shadow" is dead too; what fun it must have been to have a pet dog at Choral! Did you mean that you would practise all year long at one "Cantata?" What is a "Cantata" anyway? Was the "Lady of Shallott" one? And how ghastly to have had to stay till four on Choral days—we get out at three just the same on Wednesday as any other day. We sing short part songs, particularly "Ave Marias" and rollicking gleeful songs like "Billie Boy." I really like choral, but that is not a stylish sentiment, so I never let on.

Here are two other items that you would find strange if you were here now. We've only forty minutes for lunch where you have an hour and a half. But, of course, we get out at three instead of three-thirty. Sometimes I think it must have been in those long noon hours that you got so intimate with each other. We seem to be in a terrible rush all the time. The other item is the "golden stairs"—at least I understand you called them such and that only privileged persons and the Sisters used them. I mean the stairs near the Auditorium. Is that so? Things have changed. Every morning at nine and every afternoon at three, up and down these stairs march the little ones and we seniors consider them beneath our dignity almost! A worn tread of scuffling feet has replaced the golden glitter!

I could supply lots more information about other customs and places, so do write again.

As ever,

Mary Elizabeth Weis	} Form III-C. S.J.C.S.
Joan Prendergast	
Sheilagh O'Leary	
Margaret Sullivan	

THE ROCK GARDENS OF STANLEY PARK.

"My faith is just a little thing
Until I see a cherry tree in bloom."

The tree I have in mind is one posted at the entrance of the beautiful Rock Gardens in Stanley Park. I say "posted" because it stands there staunch and steady as a sentry guarding something very precious. Its charges, the beautiful garden, are especially beautiful in summer with their bounty of blooms and lovely overhanging boughs; with beds of flowers in dazzling whites and yellows, serene purples and reds and dainty blues and pinks, making the place seem like a rainbow fallen to earth. In between all this magnificence, like a merry stream trickling through, are the creeping plants and here and there, like a huge rock in the way, is a rose bush bursting with its crimson bloom or perhaps a massive rhodedendron.

Far overhead are the grand old trees that have seen our fair Vancouver grow from a tiny town into the beautiful city it is today.

Joan Isabel Hebblethwaite,
Commercial, 1942-43,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

SUNRISE.

The Dark!
One fiery ray
Appears o'er yonder hill,
A burst of golden loveliness,
The Dawn.

M. T. Kilty, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

WHAT WILL POOR BLACKIE DO?

A little dog with gentle, beseeching eyes—just a mongrel—was trying earnestly to interrupt our conversation.

"What does that dog of yours want?" I asked.

"Oh, Blackie? He is asking for a nickel," was the casual reply.

"A nickel! Wouldn't a penny suit him?"

"No, he needs a nickel; you'll see why in a minute."

A moment later, the happy little dog started down the street. Stopping in front of a corner vendor, he dropped the coin on the ground, looking alternately from the money to the amused eyes of the proprietor. He made himself understood. A small package was given to the little animal, who dutifully brought it to his mistress. Two weiners were unwrapped for a happy doggie!

But I wonder what will poor Blackie do when the meat rationing comes into effect?

Marina Novaglia, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver.

WISDOM.

The star
That led the way
O'er Beth'lem's cave did rest.
And wise men saw in helpless Babe
Their Lord!

Eileen O'Neil, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

VANCOUVER IN SPRING.

"Oh, to be in England, now that April's here." But has England "cornered" the beauty of the world?

Now that Spring has come to Vancouver, where would you find a more wonderful spot? With the balminess of our Coastal Climate, the crystal clearness of our sunshine and the gorgeous colouring of our first spring flowers, with the tremendous "back drop" of our rugged Rockies, who would wish even for beautiful England, now that April's here! There is beauty and rest even in the fogs that creep in from the ocean, like giant fingers and clutch the earth in its quiet embrace but like an advancing foe, it is met in open battle, by the sun, and bit by bit like a magnificent but vanquished enemy, it recedes from where it came, to gather up its forces, for another attack.

These are just some of the many phases of Vancouver's beauty and as the rosiness of babyhood gives way to the charm of youth and finally to the venerable beauty of old age, so Vancouver is beautiful in its youth of springtime, its warm floweriness of summer days and in its stately snow-white beauty of winter.

Karen Anne Black, Commercial,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

FLOWERS.

It was May Day at Our Lady of Lourdes School. The day of the noted event of the school year, the crowning of the white marble statue of Our Lady in the school grounds. All the flowers were at their best.

Lady Rose in her rich red velvet and her children, Miss Primrose in delicate pink and Master Tea rose in yellow satin. Miss Forget-me-not, who borrowed the colour of Our Lady's own mantle for her best dress; Master Lily-of-the-Valley in the shady corner, ringing his little bells for the joyful day. Here is Sir Tulip in his formal dress of purple silk, tall and stately. On the other side of the garden are the Misses Violet in their dignified mauve, looking very friendly withal. And Mrs. Daffodil in yellow linen all starched up for the great event; Mr. Lily in his conservative white is there too and the Duchess Snapdragon stands behind him, always well-behaved and proper . . . and right here in the centre of all is the queen of all the flowers: Our Blessed Lady.

Joan O'Connor, Form II-C,
S.J.C.S.

REFLECTIONS ON EXAMINATIONS.

A Sonnet.

When I consider how I spend my time
Writing exams year after dreary year,
There comes o'er me a soul-destroying fear
That somewhere in my slow and painful climb
I'll make a slip, perhaps commit the crime
Of setting myself back another year;
So, trembling, I shed many a bitter tear,
Learning to multiply—to spell—to rhyme.

But, from my sad and mournful tale, I pray,
Take heed and all examinations spurn,
Study right well, relaxing all the while,
With movies, sports and other kinds of play;
Methinks it is the proper way to learn.
I call it "Education with a smile!"

(With apologies to Milton),

Carol Andison, Form II-A,
S.J.C.S.

BOOKS.

There are many types of books, mystery, adventure, biography and history stories.

Stories are wonderful, for they can carry the minds of people forward and backward hundreds of years.

Books are educational and boys and girls should read good books and so not only enjoy the pastime but store the mind with useful knowledge.

Loretto Enright, Form I-A,
St. Joseph's High School.

A HOBBY.

When my brother got his stamp album I thought collecting stamps was dull. Now I have an album of my own with 1,000 stamps. I have a few valuable ones and I trade with others. Collecting stamps is fun now. I spend nearly all my leisure time sorting and pasting them in my album.

Mary Tadman,
St. Joseph's High School.

PLEADINGS.

Mary, Virgin of Nazareth,
Do tell us, is Jesus near?
Mary, our Hope, we are calling,
Ask Jesus to list to us here.

Is Thy little Jesus hidden
At night in this tiny dark spot?
Is He not lonely, dear Mother?
Shall I give Him my own downy cot?

Do let me stay with Him, Mother,
And softly I'll sing Him to sleep;
He can't see this red light burning,
And I'll sing if He starts to weep.

Have sins put Him there is the darkness?
Can He never come out to play?
Won't you whisper to Him, Mother Mary,
St. Joseph's girls love His sweet way?

Tell Him, sweet Mother, we love Him,
We visit Him day after day;
We love the peace of His chapel,
For here 'tis so easy to pray.

Joan MacInnis, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's College School.

OUT EARLY.

The morning air was crisp. The bushes, trees, and roof tops were jewelled with snow, as I began my walk through the park; little woodpeckers pecked happily on a tree near the path, and small sparrows were taking a snow bath in a drift closeby. There were tracks of a dog that must have had a solitary outing long before I came, because his tracks were now just about filled by the snow. My appetite became insistent, so I walked home faster than I started out.

Francis Battle, Grade VII,
Holy Rosary School, Thorold.

PEACE PRAYERS.

Voices are pleading,
 Hearts are praying,
 Little Jesus love us staying.

Then haste, loved children,
 Children so sweet,
 Lay your pleadings
 Down at His feet.

Anxious days come
 When our loved ones go,
 But Jesus loves them too,
 We know!

So come, dear children,
 Come with each need
 To that great King
 Who loves us indeed!

Mary Clair LaBine, Grade VIII,
 St. Joseph's College School.

Ten minutes is plenty of time to get the bus! So I thought one stormy night as I leisurely left the school. Turning the bend I noticed my companions almost at the highway. I plodded slowly along, but I had dropped one of my shoes. Now what? To go back through those snow drifts was no joke. However, I found it a short distance back. Glancing down the highway, I saw that red bus sailing along. I can't make it. One half hour in the cold!

The other children hopped in quite happily. The bus started—then stopped. I ran, but at the gate I fell plump into a snow bank. This gave the passengers a laugh. I jumped in breathless and hot; thanked the conductor and paid my fare. On turning to secure a seat, whom should I find but Mother, who was returning from the city.

Patsy Keys, Grade VI,
 St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

IDLE MOMENTS.

In Summer when the skies are blue
 I like to lounge the whole day through,
 I sit in the shade and idly dream
 Of the pretty flowers and fields so green.
 Buzzing around are the busy bees,
 Song birds are twittering in the trees,
 I forget my book,—it falls from my hand
 As I lose myself in a fair dreamland.
 And ere I know it, I'm fast asleep

'Till some chums call out, "Wake up, Bo-peep!"

Norine Barrett, Grade VI,
 St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

THE NEGRO AND THE MYSTICAL BODY.

An appealing little book recently published is "Dark Symphony," written by Miss Laura Elizabeth Adams, a cultured and well-educated Negress. It is a story which should awaken in every Catholic reader a strong sense of shame for, and determination to battle against, the present intolerant attitude of society toward the negro. The book sketches in vivid simplicity, beauty and even honour, the story of Miss Adam's own life. There is heartache on every page—it lurks in the very laughter,—from the time the little Elizabeth first discovers that her playing in a certain group, others are deterred from joining it, on and on to her young womanhood when again and again the colour of her skin closes in her face all the doors of success and happiness. It is in the Church that she finds her happiness at last—the Church that is Catholic.

Yet there are many individual Catholics who do not endorse the Catholic viewpoint in this regard. And why should this be? Christ said, "I am the Vine and you are the branches" and His words have been interpreted as meaning that it is His life which we share through sanctifying grace. We are one in Him and one in each other. No one has the right to scorn his fellow-member of the Mystical Body of Christ. Christ died for the negro as well as for his white brother. He loves him, recognizes His own life in Him as well as in us. And if "the servant is not above his Master," so must we. Cannot we then treat as intelligent human beings the negroes for whom Our Lord died?—with whom He shares His divine life? Christ told His apostles another time: "If you do it unto one of these, my little ones, you do it unto Me."

The Church as a whole accepts the negro as a member; so must we as individual Catholics. "He that despiseth you despiseth Me" rang the ancient words of the Saviour; and again, "the servant is not above His Master." Live up to the challenge of Christ; adopt the spirit of Christ toward the negro, and be as other Christs.

Helen Boehler, Form II-A,
S.J.C.S.

REFLECTIONS ON SHOPPING.

When you get up in the morning, the morning that you promised mother that you would exchange those gloves, a nice wet world greets your sleep-laden eyes. Well, it's too late to go back on your word; so you get dressed and wend your way into the cheery kitchen where you eat a wonderful breakfast prepared by that wonderful cook known as your mother.

"Mother," you say so brightly that everyone turns to look at you, "If you will give me those gloves I will exchange them for you to-day when I go down town." Mother agrees after some hesitation, thinking of the weather, and at ten o'clock in the morning you find yourself stepping into the big down-town store.

Some stout woman, bristling with importance and in a hurry, steps into the same section of the revolving door as you are in, there is an awful crushing sensation and when you land in the centre aisle of the main floor your hat, purse and umbrella lying

beside you, you are painfully embarrassed. When you adjust yourself once more you march boldly towards the glove counter, where there is a mirror and you see the way your hat sits on your head, the way your crown and glory is mussed, so that you look like a woman from the Cannibal Islands, except that you lack the bones through your ears, well, you could just sit down and cry. A salesgirl comes your way. "I would like to exchange these gloves, please," you say politely.

"Okay, wait a minute," is the obliging clerk's reply.

"Thank you," you reply sweetly, showing every tooth in your head, filled or otherwise, remembering all the while that a girl from good old S.J.C.S. never loses her temper.

Fifteen minutes pass and still there is no sign of that clerk.

Just then she comes back to you, half turns her head towards you and says, "Sorry I had to keep you waitin', but I was so thirsty I had to take a Coke."

"That is quite all right," you reply heatedly, vowing to yourself all the while, that you will report that girl.

Luckily for her nothing is ever done about it.

(These are my reflections on shopping and if you can improve them in any way, will you kindly get in touch with me at St. Joseph's College School, Form II-A, my working hours are from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m. Detentions not included).

Lorraine Ambler, Form II-A,
S.J.C.S.

PERK.

Perk liked the kitchen, and was forever getting in Mandy's way. If the meat were left by itself on the table for as much as a minute, something always happened. Even though his dog biscuits were in the cupboard, he never failed to pick on the fancy ones. What Perk loved best was the cake we had tried to hide when guests were coming. If a stew were cooking he just sat and sniffed until everyone's back was turned. Then this little pest went to work. It was not necessary to feed him; he helped himself. His greatest love was for the kitchen, although the pup got himself into enough trouble elsewhere, too.

Marie Brockman, Form I-A,
S.J.C.S.

MY FIRST BICYCLE RIDE

For my birthday Dad had given me a shiny new bicycle. It was maroon shade with white fenders. The day came for my first ride. My sister Anne, who was an expert cyclist, volunteered to give me a lesson. She helped steady while I mounted, and under her guidance I rode about in the yard. Then came the desire to venture further afield. I had just been riding a few minutes when the honk of a horn sounded near me. Turning around to see where the car was going, I banged my wheel into the curb. Bump! There I lay with the bike on top of me. Luckily, however, I escaped with only a few bruises and scratches. I had enough for that day.

Margaret Mary Byrne, Form I-A,
S.J.C.S.

SUMMER CAMP.

Matane, a town of Gaspesia in Quebec, is situated about two hundred and forty-two miles from Quebec City.

Our summer camp is built two miles from the town. Here we enjoy the pleasures of the country and the town.

In the morning we take long walks through the forest, picking strawberries and blueberries. For me that is the greatest attraction. The afternoon is passed boating, fishing and swimming races. During low-tide there are two big sandy beaches where after supper, we walk or bicycle while the sun's rays on the river form a marvellous picture.

In the evening a fire about ten feet high is prepared and when it is completely dark, it is lit. We make toast and roast marshmallows, which everybody enjoys.

I have written for you some pleasures of our charming little place, but if you come, you will see that it is better to live than read them.

Evelyn Otis,
St. Joseph's College School.

QUESTIONS FOR MARY.

When you were a little girl,
Oh, blessed Mother of mine,
Did you wear your halo,
Absolutely all the time?

Did you have some little friends,
Who played around your house?
Were you ever frightened badly,
Did you tver see a mouse?

Were you such a holy child
You prayed the whole day long?
Did you ever stop just once or twice
For play or talk or song?

You must have been a perfect child,
And you were well repaid,
For Christ our Lord, the King of Kings,
In your chaste arms was laid.

Eileen Sheedy, Form I-D,
S.J.C.S.

GATEWAYS TO FAIRYLAND.

An enjoyable way of resting is reading a book, even fairy tales, for they take one's thoughts away from surroundings. They picture a land of enchantment where the fairies are heroic, and rewarded oftentimes by crowned king or queen.

You visit many delightful and interesting places and wander into and through gorgeous fairy palaces.

Doreen Carr,
St. Joseph's High School.

THE MISSIONS.

To many in China the war has been a blessing, for it has won for them Baptism.

God always takes good out of evil. The war in China has been for many a blessing in disguise. In the Kinhwa Mission during the past year, there have been housed and fed thousands of refugees. They have all been instructed in the Christian Faith, some more, some less, as circumstances permitted. Hundreds of them have been converted to the Faith. Many have already gone to join the blessed, baptized on their death-bed, and their remains now rest in a Catholic cemetery in China. As this seems to be the case all over China, what a harvest of souls has been reaped throughout the whole country!

Let us hope and pray that at long last the hour has sounded for the mass conversions of the Chinese Missions. It is not only missionary priests who are asked to help to convert China, but also the people in the homeland. We can help in our every-day life, at school and at home, by praying and doing small acts of self-denial.

Now for some interesting side-lights direct from China. It is nothing to see an old woman of seventy or eighty walking the streets with a large basket on her shoulder and scouring the streets for stray bits of paper and rags. As soon as the people throw the ashes from their stoves on the road, the heap is coured over by women ranking from eight or nine years old to seventy-nine, for any bits of unburned coal. Away south in Shanghai hundreds of poor, mostly children, perish in the streets daily from cold. Thanks to the Sisters in China who have an orphanage in Peking, thousands of children have been either taken off the streets of Peking or left on "their doorstep."

Rita Murphy,
S.J.C.S.

Note: Rita is a sister of Father Joseph Murphy, F.M.S., of China.

SPRING.

When the snow has almost fled,
And bright leaves appear,
Robins in the treetops, red,
Sing cheerily, "Spring is here."

April wakens sleeping flow'rs
With softly falling show'rs;
Rivers roll on to the seas,
Buds burst forth for busy bees.

Thus calls the Spring, charming Spring;
All nature's joyous chord
Sound out the glad tidings:
Ris'n is Christ, our dearest Lord.

Joan MacInnis, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's College School.

AUTUMN.

The wind
Doth chase the leaves
Of gold and red and brown,
Until worn out from fun, they fall
Aground.

Agnes Busch, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

THE RIVER.

It winds
Around the hill,
And through the verdant fields,
Until with gathered speed it joins
The lake.

Frank McDonald, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

CAUGHT!

The blackout two weeks ago caught me in an awkward predicament. I had just got into the bathtub when I heard the shrill, eerie sound of the siren. I waited for a few minutes, wondering what I should do, "Bang, Bang," my young brother was pounding on the door, yelling his head off for me to put out the light, because the warden was at the door! What could I do but get up and put it out? I decided that I would have my bath in the dark. I put one foot carefully again in the bathtub; the soap happened to be right there and I fell in. After that I managed to get out of the tub and bathroom safely and was going downstairs. I put my foot on the first step when I felt myself slowly (or was it quickly) rolling downstairs. My brother had left a truck on the step. I then decided there was only one place for me—my bed, and I managed to get into it without further mishap.

Mary Gilmore,
Grade XI-C.

HAIR BOW.

Have you ever stopped to consider how dull and gloomy the class-room would be if at least a few girls didn't keep up the morale by wearing bows. Whether a girl be tall or short a hair bow is always becoming to her. Hair bows are an excellent way to judge a girl's character, for instance the girl with the saucy red polka dot bow perked on the back of her head more than likely has a giddy streak in her. Then there's the girl with the demure black velvet bow, from which you judge she is very sophisticated. There are other types of bows—the perk bow for when you are in a gay mood, or the small little flat bow for our more dismal days. One good point at least about a hair bow is, that they are never out of place.

Peggy Prescott, Form II,
S.J.C.S.

CHINA'S MITE BOX

China's millions are at war and there are many orphans left homeless and starving with no one to care for them, only our missionaries who sacrifice so much to help these little children. When Sister asked us to take home mite boxes and put our pennies in it during Lent, we all thought it was little we could do. Now we have our returns all in and we are sending twenty-nine dollars.

Patricia Miller, Grade II,
St. Mary's Convent, Toronto.

OUR RHYTHM BAND.

In our convent we have a Rhythm Band. It sounds nice, when all the instruments play together.

The youngest children, who are four years old, play the bells. Some use ethe triangles and sticks. The older ones have tambourines.

Our band has both boys and girls in it. The smallest boy is our mascot. I am the director. I like directing very much. We have a concert two or three times a year and our parents and friends who come to see us, say that our red and gold capes are nice and our Rhythm Band is fine.

We are glad; we do our best.

Phyllis Dawick, Grade II,
St. Mary's Convent, Toronto.

Owing to want of space, work sent in by the following pupils has to be held over until the next issue: Margaret Cummings, Anne Salmon, Mable Loretta Wong, Ernest Iannacone, Rose Christian, Virginia McCabe, Joan Moore, Joan Isabel Hebblethwaite, Rita Hireen, Anne McGinn, Lena Dorner, Marion Manchella, Anthony Luciani.



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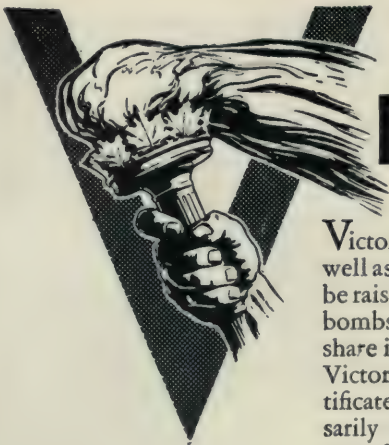
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This issue includes both the ordinary numbers for September and December. Owing to present-day conditions it is desirable to co-operate in the general trend to conserve material and time. We know that our readers will approve of our action in so doing.

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Vol. XXXII

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1943.

Nos. 3-4

EDITORIAL

THE CHRISTMAS JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM.

IN these holy and blessed days that precede the great Feast of Christ's Birth, all of us who love our dear Redeemer should go many times in spirit from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Joseph and Mary found the seventy miles of travel, through a rough, if picturesque, country, almost more than they could bear. But their great love of God buoyed up their hearts, and made them rejoice along the weary roads and rocky pathways.

As they went through the fields on the Plain of Esdraelon they saw the soil being ploughed up with wooden ploughs and slow oxen. Hundreds of white villages met the eyes of the holy pair; for Palestine was a populous place in those days of the Messiah. Behind them they left the wooded hills of Galilee, and the dear little home of Nazareth which they loved so well. Mount Thabor, closely covered with trees, towered above the horizon, and before them loomed the lonely Carmel range, and the dim blue hills of Samaria. They took the easier but longer road,—the road that went by the Jordan River, across and along its eastern bank, recrossing at the fords, and passing through the Rose-gardens of Jericho. It was their first journey together, and Joseph would take care not to expose Mary to the cutting winds on the hill-tops. From the high ridges he would point out the scenes below, sacred and historic, and tell her the names of the hills, towns and villages. In the hollows, at noon-hour, and eventide, they would rest a while, and, in the pale sunshine, take some sustaining food. They were not lonely on any part of the way, for thousands of people, like themselves, were moving south-

ward about the valleys, going to be counted, in the national census.

.

By day they continued their journey and at night they slept in some friendly house, for the Jews thought it right and good to take travellers off the lonely roads at night.

On the fourth day they passed Jerusalem, the greatest city in the land, but they tarried not in the Holy City, and making a short detour to the right, gained the Hebron Road which led them, winding among the hills for six miles, to Bethlehem.

The way grew more uneven, getting higher and higher as it wound along the hillsides, till at length they reached the white walls of Bethlehem on a high spur of the Judean range. From the vantage-ground of the village street they could see, in the eastern skies, the melancholy and brooding peaks of the Mountains of Moab, and far, far beneath, the vast cauldron of the Dead Sea displayed its usual weird and metallic sheen.

.

All around them were hills and valleys, with grass for sheep, and trees by the streams, while the slopes near Bethlehem were covered with vine-terraces, and gardens of pomegranates, figs and apples, with walls around them, and watch-towers.

The path was steep, from the plain below, up to the village, but soon they passed under the stone arch of the gateway, with its square tower built over it, and having gone under this tower the travellers were in the native village of Joseph, the Spouse of Mary.

From the walls could be seen a country of many white and gray hills, with spaces of green between; the view extending to the Philistine plain on the Mediterranean Sea, on one side, and down the gorge to the Dead Sea, upon the other; with red granite hills at the edge, and the black peaks of Moab shutting out the eastern skies!

And thus came the glory of the Lord to Joseph's Town of

Bethlehem, the "House of Bread,"—the House of the Divine Bread that was to come down from Heaven!

Jesus was born in a cave that was used as a stable, in the village of Bethlehem. But that lowly stable is now enclosed in a glorious church, the Church of the Nativity, built in the middle ages with the magnificent and jewel-like marbles of ancient and deserted pagan temples! Near the altar is a shrine blazing with jewels. Nearby on the floor of this tabernacle is set a grand star of silver, and round the star are these words in the Latin language:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIAE
JESUS CHRISTUS
NATUS EST

(JESUS CHRIST WAS BORN HERE OF THE VIRGIN MARY)

Across the ages now for a thousand years, men with foreign looks, and women with strange, bright-hued dresses have come down that long aisle, and have fallen upon their faces before that silver star, and have kissed it with sobs and prayers and sighs, believing with all their hearts and souls that Christ was born here. Truly, in the light of that wondrous Faith and Trust, shall be saved forever the souls of those who believe in God;—the souls of "Men of Good Will."

* * *

HISTORY is a witness to the fact that in every age the enemies of the Catholic Church have made attempts to destroy her. These attempts have not ceased in our time; they have been intensified in some parts of Europe. Some interesting and enlightening figures in regard to present day persecution are contained in the following paragraph quoted from a resolution of sympathy offered to the Polish people by the Knights of Columbus:

"The four years of enemy occupation have witnessed a bloody and relentless persecution of the people of Poland; 2,500,000 Poles murdered and 500,000 starved to death by the

Nazis; 2,000,000 driven from their homes in western provinces of Poland and sent to the east; hundreds of thousands confined in concentration camps; the population reduced to human slavery; more than 1,000 towns and villages evacuated; 3,048 villages burned; seven dioceses under total persecution; churches, colleges, and high schools closed, and in some instances desecrated; members of religious orders banished; archbishops and bishops deported, imprisoned and in some instances put to death; thousands of priests and religious executed; other thousands thrown into concentration camps where large numbers of them died of maltreatment."

This same sordid story is applicable in a less degree to other countries of Europe. There is a definite threat to the sacred person of the Holy Father and the sacred treasures of the Church at the Vatican. The Church will triumph over persecution in the present as she has always triumphed over persecution in the past. The history of the Church is a history of a series of persecutions from the time of the first persecution which took place shortly after the death of Christ.

When Christ had established His Church, He commanded His Apostles to spread His teachings over the world. He told them that He would be with them until the end of the world. "Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 19-20). When He left them on the day of His Ascension, He also warned them of the persecutions to come. "Remembering my word that I said to you: The servant is not greater than the Master. If they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you. . . . These things I have spoken to you that you may not be scandalized. They will put you out of the synagogues; yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think he doth a service to God." (John xv, 20; xvi. 1-2).

When Christ had given these words of warning, He told them that He would send them the Holy Ghost. They were not to start immediately, but to remain together and be fervent in

prayer until they had been strengthened for their mission by the Holy Ghost. Then on the first Pentecost Sunday, they received the Holy Ghost and started on their mission to convert the world. Thousands of persons who declared their willingness to embrace the religion of Christ were baptized. The Jewish leaders, seeing the large numbers of converts, determined to stop the further spread of Christianity. They chose persecution as the most effective means to achieve this end. They threatened the Apostles with terrible punishments if they did not stop their preaching, and cast them into prison to await trial. At the trial Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, wiser than his fellow-members of the council, spoke prophetic words. "Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what you intend to do, as touching these men. . . . And now therefore I say unto you, refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this council or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God." (Acts v, 35-39). For a short time the persecutors followed the wise counsel of Gamaliel. But the success of the apostles aroused anew the rage of the Jewish leaders, and once more they chose persecution as a means of stopping the preaching of Christianity.

The Christian doctrines were a scandal and a riddle to the proud Jews. The standard of the cross and a crucified God seemed to them undignified and degrading. They would stop this new religion by persecuting its leaders; Stephen was put to death, James was put to death, Peter was again thrown into prison. Just when the infant Church seemed on the verge of destruction from the loss of its leaders, and the persecutors were already gloating in anticipation of their triumph, one of the foremost persecutors became a Christian.

Saul, who had been especially zealous in the work of exterminating the religion of Christ, was responsible for the scattering of the Christian flock from Jerusalem to the small towns nearby. But Saul, the zealous persecutor of the Christians, becomes Paul, the champion of the Christians. Paul, the Apostle, gained many followers for Christ among the Gentiles

in foreign lands, but not more than the persecuted Christians who carried the Gospel to foreign lands.

The living Apostles following the advice of Christ, "When they shall persecute you in this city, flee into another" (Matt. x, 23) fled from the persecution in Jerusalem to face persecution in other lands. When they preached Christ crucified to the Gentiles, they met with many obstacles. The pride of the learned and the passions of the ignorant combined in a hatred of a new religion that had no temporal rewards to offer those who embraced it. This combination, conceived in hatred and sensuality, gave birth to persecution. Contempt, loss of property, exile, torment, and cruel death awaited the converts to Christianity. When the sensual pagans found out that the Apostles of Christ aspired to nothing less than the destruction of pagan gods and the establishment of Christ crucified as the exclusive object of adoration, then their prejudices and passions were so aroused that they appealed to the Roman emperors. The Roman Emperors, guardians of the State religion, could use all the powers and resources of their high office to put down this new religion.

The bloody persecutions of the Church under the Roman emperors presents a story unparalleled for atrocities in the annals of history. The first persecution under the emperors began in the reign of Nero in the year 64. In order to have some excuse for persecuting the Christians, Nero blamed them for the burning of Rome. Nero, like many pagans of his time, had an appetite for pleasure so depraved that it could be gratified only by the shedding of human blood. Some Christians were sewn up in the skins of wild animals and then thrown to vicious packs of hungry dogs; others were covered with pitch and set on fire to serve as human lamp posts in the gardens of Nero. Nero found other means of torture just as cruel. He attempted to destroy the Christian flock by destroying the Shepherd of the flock. Peter was crucified upside down and Paul, who could not be crucified, was beheaded. But torture, torment and agonizing death could not overcome the courage of the Christians. Rather than give up their Church they gladly and willingly sacrificed their lives for such a holy

cause, and the infant Church, instead of being destroyed, became stronger and more glorious.

After Nero there was a quick succession of a few emperors who ruled for such a short time that they did not trouble themselves with persecuting the Christians. When Domitian, the second son of Vespasian, came to the throne, he started a new persecution in which he did not spare even his near relatives. Flavia Domitilla, a niece of the emperor, gained the palm of martyrdom along with her slaves, Nereus and Achilleus. Domitian also tried to destroy the Church by attempting to destroy her leaders. He brought St. John the Evangelist from Asia to Rome, where he was miraculously preserved from death after having been cast into a cauldron of burning oil. The pagans attributing this miracle to sorcery, prevailed upon Domitian to send St. John into exile to the little isle of Patmos, where he was favoured with the visions that he recorded in the Apocalypse. The second persecution lasted fifteen years, 81-96, and in many ways was as cruel as the persecution under Nero.

The attempts to destroy the Church by persecuting its leaders and members was continued under Trajan, who was considered much less cruel than his predecessors. The policy of Trajan was that the Christians were to be put to death if accused, but it was forbidden to make any special inquiries after them. Trajan was well aware of the fact that death to the Christians only served to spread Christianity, but he was to find out that exile was also an effective means. It was during the reign of Trajan that Clement I, the fourth Pope and the first Pope of the patrician class, was martyred. Mamertine, another Roman of the patrician class, a pagan of liberal tendencies, tried to persuade Clement to give up the Christian religion and take a high office in the government. Mamertine appealed to Trajan to influence Clement. Trajan said: "Let Clement burn incense to Jove or to-morrow I will banish him to the Crimea; for there is no use putting these people to death. Their blood seems to make the earth sprout with them." Clement was banished to the Crimea where other Christian exiles, including bishops and

priests, joined him. The exiled Christians worked in the stone quarries to build Christian temples. The members of the little colony were increased by many converts who were instructed and baptized, so that the Church in the Crimea flourished. When the emperor heard of the great progress of Christianity in the Crimea he was furious. He sent his legate Aufidianus with a small army to crush the Christian colony. They seized Clement, lashed a heavy anchor to his body, and forcibly drowned him.

The persecutions continued with intervals of respite for nearly three hundred years, but neither their length, their intensity, nor the numbers of victims sacrificed could destroy the Church. During the fifth persecution under Septimus Severus, Tertullian wrote his famous apologies in which he scorned the efforts of the persecutors to destroy the Church. He showed how easy it would be for the Christians to revenge themselves on their persecutors, but their religion forbade it. "We are but yesterday and yet we fill your cities, islands, forts, towns, councils, even the palace and the Senate and leave you only the empty temples. We might migrate and leave you in the greatest desolation."

The last and fiercest persecution came during the reign of Diocletian. This vicious persecution was the supreme attempt to destroy the Church, to annihilate once and for all time the Christian religion. Historians record that more than 2,000,000 Christians were put to death for their religion during this persecution. For a time the Romans thought that the Christian religion had been really destroyed. Medals were struck with the inscription, "To Diocletian, the victorious emperor over Christian impiety." A statue was also erected proclaiming that he had destroyed the Christian religion.

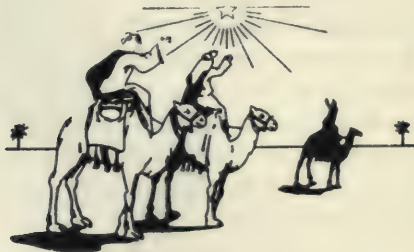
But Christianity, even though weakened in its externals, had not been destroyed. The very means that had been adopted to destroy it had only helped to propagate it. By persecution the Church gained not only in numbers but also in strength and lustre. In this protracted struggle, from the first persecution under Nero in 64, to the victory of Constantine at the Milvian bridge in 312, the patience and even joy

with which the Christians suffered death for their faith, struck the pagans with astonishment. They felt that the Christians possessed some mysterious influence, some secret source of courage, some wonderful power. The Christians going to face martyrdom were mindful of the words of Christ, "And fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him that can destroy both soul and body in hell." (Matt. x, 28). God had shown that the foundation of the Church was His own work, that every drop of Christian blood was a grain of seed producing many more Christians. All the great powers of the great Roman Empire could not prevail against His Church, so His Divine Majesty granted her peace from persecution.

The attempts to destroy the Church did not cease with the early persecutions. The warfare changed from a warfare without to a warfare within. The Church had yet to struggle with pagan philosophy, with heresy and schism, with faithless members who betrayed her with the kiss of Judas. The space of this article does not permit the enumeration of the many and various attempts to destroy the Church from the early centuries to the present. For four hundred years after the persecutions, the Church had to combat heresy that had support in high places of the government. For one thousand years, from the seventh until the seventeenth centuries, the Church was engaged in a struggle with the Mohammedans, who threatened to overrun Europe and destroy civilization. In the Middle Ages the Church had to struggle with arrogant kings and princes who attempted to usurp the powers and prerogatives of the Church. In the sixteenth century heresies arose which tore whole nations from the bosom of the Church. During the French revolution after the execution of King Louis XVI, Christianity was declared abolished and the goddess of reason was set up in the churches; again the blood of the faithful was shed and ran like rivers over the soil of France. These dark deeds were followed by the imprisonment of the Pope and an avalanche of godless science, all attempts to destroy the Church.

In the past just as in the present, some timid Catholics

may have feared for the safety and continuance of the Church. False reasoning, false history, false diplomacy, fire and sword, ridicule, calumny, insult, the power of governments and empires, in fact every possible means that malice could conceive have been used in the past in attempts to destroy the Church. When at last these storms had abated, it was found that emperors had died, persecutors had died, but the Church lived on, maintaining the grandeur of her faith, the immutability of her doctrine and crown of her sanctity. Even Macauley realized the perpetuity of the Church when he wrote the following words in his essay in Ranke's History of the Popes: "She saw the commencement of all the governments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain—before the Frank had crossed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch—when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." To those who have been persecuted, who are now being persecuted, and who will be persecuted, Christ has offered a special reward which He says is very great. "Blessed are ye when they shall revile and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake: be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven." (Matt. vii, 11-12).



SOME THOUGHTS ON THE REFORMATION

By REVEREND T. F. BATTLE.

NO fact stands alone in God's Universe. The facts of history, like those of creation, are symbolic. An historical event is to the philosopher the sensible or the phenomenal. Back of the sensible, however, there is the intelligible. Facts in themselves are not history. They need the intelligible or the idea for their historical significance or interpretation. Hence the difference between factual history or the record of dates and events, and the philosophy of history or what you might term the meaning of it all. There is a great difference between a mere chronicler and one who deserves the title of philosopher of history.

THE BIBLE OUR GREATEST HISTORY.

The only absolutely trustworthy history is that written under divine inspiration. This, of course, is the Scriptures. After that history can only be properly interpreted according to Revelation or Catholic Truth. This is by no means an invitation to impartiality and the Catholic historian, like any other, must guard against the same. The first law of history is truth. But every man will naturally read himself into the interpretation of phenomena. In other words, he will gauge things according to his philosophy of life; and the greatest philosophy anyone can own is his religion.

In this vale of tears where we grope more or less blindly and see as through a glass darkly, we need the supernatural help of revealed truth. Revelation was the starting point for many a great Christian philosopher and it is thought that the pagan thinkers, like Plato and Aristotle, must have basked in the dimmed and faded remnant of the primitive revelation made at the beginning of our race. St. Augustine's profession of faith and knowledge was: "I believe, therefore I know."

THE EXTRINSECATION OF THE LOGOS.

The true story of what is called the Reformation can only be learned in the light of sound philosophy and theology. The creative act and therefore the universe as a whole and in all its parts is simply the expression *ad extra* of the External Word. If the Apostle John could occupy the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge rather than Professor George Macauley Trevelyan, we would have a true story of not only the facts of the religious revolt of the sixteenth century but of what is back of it all. Nothing at all in history can be truly understood except in its relations to the Word by whom all things were made and without whom nothing is made or can be made.

ONE OF THE CHURCH'S GLORIES.

It is classically understood that the term Reformation is a misnomer. For the event was an upheaval and a revolution of a world order kind. It was religious, intellectual, political, social and economic. For convenience sake in talking and writing history we shall call the catastrophe by its well-known name. This event was the worst disaster that ever happened in the history of the Church but at the same time is one of the glories of the Bride of Christ. It demonstrated as no other single phenomenon has the truth of the divine promise and protection. It thoroughly shows the Church to be a very living organism in her systematic throw-off of such a virus as had infected her blood stream. The Reformation completes the trilogy of disasters that darkened the story of creation. It must be lisped in the same breath with the Fall of the Angels and the Sin of Adam. In all these the inscrutable plan of a permissive providence has something good and great. If the Church can call the tragedy of Eden a happy fault in bringing to us so great a Redeemer it does not seem too much to say that the sixteenth century upheaval gave us a better church than the one that the later middle ages knew. Under God if the Reformation had not happened the Church would have scarcely survived.

SHOCK ABSORBERS.

The Reformation story is replete with compensation and consolation. There is much to shock-absorb the awful blow struck at Christendom and the resultant damage in the split of the Christian culture. The sixteenth century version of rebellion was altogether different than similar stories of yore. Arianism, Albigensianism had come and gone. They were giant evils but they were mastered and disposed of in the course of time. But Protestantism's revolt against the Church became what prizefighters call a draw and the two bodies have remained for four hundred years as opposite camps and cultures.

The pious Christian must dwell on the fact that salvation has not necessarily been withheld from the millions who have died outside the fold. Invincible ignorance and extraordinary grace are two points often stressed in Christian theology. These are facts the thought of which must not dampen Catholic love or loyalty but must explain the seemingly inexplicable.

SOME PARADOXES.

There are paradoxes running through the story of the events and characters of the great upheaval. Most of these must be fairly familiar to the average student of the history of the movement.

Many a tyro must already know that Martin Luther, the father of the Reformation, never gave up his belief in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. It was about the manner of the change of the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of our Lord that he faltered. He did not maintain the classical Transubstantiation of the Catholic Theology but Consubstantiation was his theology.

Regarding Luther, it looks as though the Reformation theology he blueprinted was fashioned to suit his psychological torments, in other words, his scruples and pelagian self-reliance. It is true that Philip Melancthon was his theologian because Luther was more sentimental than rational but the

general tenets of his system smack of his conscience torments and escape.

Luther's wishful thinking merely transferred the authority of the Pope and Councils to himself or the secular princes who saw great advantage to themselves in all this. It was just what they wanted, this autonomy against the Emperor and the other great authority of Christendom—the Pope. Luther was eminently disappointed long before he died as to the course many things had taken. All was far from his early dreams and plans. When he brooked the authority of Pope or Church he had an early roosting of chickens on his doorstep when men like Zwingli and Carlstadt differed from him. It must have been a bitter draught for him to swallow in acquiescing to the bigamy of Philip of Hesse. Luther's volte turn in the peasant's rising and their awful suppression and slaughter by the princes lost him prestige. There were times, it seems, when Luther doubted seriously of the wisdom of his whole policy.

THE TUDOR CHAPTER.

Who is unaware that one of the ablest champions to campaign against Luther's rebellion was Henry VIII. of England. He wrote a book against him, *The Defence of the Seven Sacraments*. For this work of Catholic Action Pope Leo X gave him the title *Defender of the Faith*. The Sovereigns of England have ever retained that prized honour. Henry lived and died still adhering to Catholic belief and practice. Especially was he zealous for the Mass. He persecuted anyone who denied Transubstantiation. Henry was one of the finest theologians in the Europe of his day and was too conscious of the Christian dogma to throw overboard anything except what collided with his Tudor will and ambition.

THE MALE HEIR.

Henry seemingly scrupled about the validity of his marriage with Catherine, doubting the competence of the Pope to dispense from Affinity. But it seems strange that scruples along

these lines should come eighteen years after his marriage. It seems strange too that he should be so keen on a marriage with Anne Boleyn when the tenor of the times winked at consortship without marriage. At least such was true in many instances of royalty and nobility.

It seems then that the dynastic phase dependent on a male heir for England's throne had a lot to do with Henry VIII's policy. But as mentioned, his schism was not a doctrinal change in the Church in England. His was a war on monasticism and a repudiation of papal jurisdiction in the Kingdom. The monastic pillage was most lucrative for Henry and his friends among the rising middle class. Mr. Hilaire Belloc often refers to these as the new millionaires.

ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth came to the Tudor throne with evidently a lukewarm Catholicity, but soon saw what her policy was to be if Tudor absolutism was to prevail. It meant that she was to work hand in glove with Parliament and that body was not for a return of the Pope and was for further changes too. William Cecil proved to be the real ruler of England during the Queen's long reign (1558-1603) and for 45 years the protestantizing of the realm went on at a merry pace. We cannot say what would have happened if Cecil had never been born. But Elizabeth all her life was not wholly decatholicized. She believed in a celibate clergy. She probably was not averse to the Mass and the sacramental system. But these meant having priests on hand and in Cecil's plans, like so many of the reformers of the period, priests were poison because it meant the papal jurisdiction in their midst and the survival of Catholicism which alarmed the new millionaires as well as others.

THE HUMANISTS.

It is worth noting the case of the Humanists. This group had a lot to do with starting the movement known as the Reformation. But the paradox is that scarcely any of the leading lights of humanism would have anything to do with

Protestantism or rebellion against the ancient religion. The Humanist movement arose in Italy, which country never felt itself entirely bereft of classical antiquity. The founders of Humanism were Petrarch and Boccaccio, who were friends of the Popes and who died in the Church. Erasmus was a humanist and the finest scholar of his day, yet he would have none of Luther's or anyone else's revolt from papal authority and took the lists against him on the issue of Free Will. In England St. Thomas More and Dean Colet of St. Paul's, were among the leading humanists; and like their continental brethren, they ridiculed the abuses of the age. But break with the Church they would not, and More's martyrdom is a most remarkable witness for the faith. About the only humanist of any account that joined the Lutheran movement was Philip Melancthon. He was Luther's theologian and the same Melancthon is credited with saying that the Protestant Church is the best to live in but the Catholic Church is the best to die in.

THE CAUSE OF THE REVOLT.

The Reformation was such a complex affair and its causes, occasions and conditions so many and various that never will it be adequately understood. While a reform of abuses was indeed needed yet it must have occurred to men like Luther and Henry, as well as to others since, that religion must reform men, not men religion. The Reformers even in their day and posterity afterwards have seen this amply verified. For the Revolution that they started has never ceased to revolve.

It is a mistake to say the causes of the upheaval were all religious. It is equally a mistake to say that whatever the causes that they happened overnight. The causes were religious, intellectual, political, social and economic and would take the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to unravel the skein. These five classes of causes were rooted in a past as all causes are and many were the precursors of the characters whose names are familiar to the period. Occam and Wicliffe and Philip the Fair are the spiritual forefathers of many latter day

isms and schisms. Some of Luther's pretended originality was stolen from him, when at the Leipsic Disputation John Eck, one of the ablest theologians of Europe, forced him to admit he had borrowed some opinions from John Huss.

One of the eminent causes of the revolt was the rise of nationalism and the extreme patriotism it often engendered. It did not seem compatible with the absolutism of the monarchs to have an international authority in their midst. The Pope was to them a foreigner and while his power was spiritual, yet the temporal character of the Papacy at the time was such that misunderstanding and hatreds arose. The quarrels of the various monarchs, their relations with the Emperor and the Pope's various alliances with them in the great game of balance of power helped the break of some nations from the Church

CAUSES CONTINUED.

One of the prime causes or at least occasions of the trouble was the abuses in the Roman Curia and other parts of the Church. Abuses were many. But it is only fair to say that there were great saints as well as great sinners in the Christendom of the period. It is also fair to state that abuses were not everywhere nor with the same intensity in every place. It is a mistake too to think that Reform had not started before the Reformation. Another factor of the case to recall is that many a sinner of the time did not try to justify his sin or crime.

One great cause of the revolt, especially the English Schism, is that the pastors of the Church had failed to instruct their people in the papal constitution of the Church. They did not impress upon the people the fact that Peter was not only at the top of the hierarchical ladder but even at the base of it.

The Revival of the study of the old Roman Law was another factor in bringing about a change in the relations of Church and State. A prime principle of ancient Roman law was the axiom: *Quod placuit principi legis habet vigorem*. The pleasure of the prince is law. Nothing could more cater

to the absolutism of the monarchs of the period. Especially did it furnish them with what was so desirable to them regarding their relations with the Church. The old Emperor of pagan Rome was Pontifex Maximus. He was head in both spiritual and temporal affairs. So why not have the same set-up for a Tudor of the sixteenth century or any other monarch of similar strain. Hence it was quite legal and logical for the jurists and courtiers of the age to acquiesce in such a monstrosity as Henry VIII making himself head of the Church of England.

CONCLUSION.

The history of any bygone age can never be viewed without proper perspective. What is meant is that no former century must be judged by the standards and customs and manners of the present day in which we live. No one would understand the sixteenth century as well as those who lived in it.

The great tragedy of that century was the worst that ever happened in the Christian era. What purpose God had in permitting it we know not. We do know that some great and glorious purpose He had and has; and that sooner or later the awful drama will be wound up when it has served its purpose. That compensations and consolations have already abounded are plainly seen in such things as the Counter-Reform and the Great Catholic Revival. What the Jesuit Order and the Council of Trent and others have done for the Church and mankind are immortal weights to place in the balance. But the romantic and heroic story of all that is another thing and must needs be left for a future essay.



SOME ODD NOTES ABOUT LAKE SIMCOE

By STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THIS lake has had more names given to it than any other known lake in Canada. The Indians called it sometimes Lac Toronto, which meant the Lake on the Long Portage. "Toronto" was the Indian for the portage way via the Humber and the Holland river and Lake Simcoe to the Georgian Bay.



View from Orillia showing the "Narrows" in distance. The "Narrows" connect Lake Simcoe (right) with Lake Couchiching. The writer's summer home is on Lake Couchiching.

But they also called it Lake Qvention and other names of unknown origin. The French called it Lac des Claies, "the lake with the stakes in it," very likely because of the stakes set as a fish trap at the Narrows. When Governor Simcoe came to Upper Canada as its first Governor (called at the time Lieutenant Governor) he took a trip up to the Lake by way of the Toronto Portage (Humber-Holland) in order to find a military route to the upper lakes, avoiding the American frontier. Simcoe thought always in terms of the next war with the United States. He named the lake after his father, but time and tradition has transferred the name to him.

Simcoe saw that the "Toronto portage" was too laborious for anything but primitive uses. So he laid out instead of it the town of York (Toronto after 1854) on a defensible harbour

with a road, at first only a riding track overland to the Holland River. This was Yonge Street gradually improved into a road-way.

Up this road came the settlers who took up land on the lake. But only odd ones came until after 1815. The close of the long wars brought out immigrants in a flock. The first ones came up Yonge Street down the Holland River to Cook's Bay and then along the south shore of the lake where the land seemed most attractive. This is the area known now as Georgina Township and a glance at the map shows it as a part of the County of York, because of the way it was settled, although in location it seems to belong to the County of Ontario.

The settlers were largely retired officers and men of the army. Their first land grants date from 1819. Among them were a Captain Bouchier and a Sergeant Comber, who went up the Black River which falls into Lake Simcoe on the South till they found a waterfall which offered a site for a saw mill and a grist mill, the first need of settlers at that period. Other people joined them and the little settlement was called Bouchier's Mills, but was presently changed to Sutton in affectionate memory of a hamlet in Hampshire.

Settlement was so rapid along the lake shore that steamboats were built to carry the settlers and living supplies in and out. Hence it was easy for people to settle also on the west side of the Lake, along Kempenfeldt Bay and the township called Oro. This dates from 1830.

The North side, the Orillia side came last. From the earliest times there had been an Indian trail from the Georgian Bay to Lake Simcoe, which ended either at Orillia or near Hawkestone. The name Orillia is probably Spanish (Orilla) and means the landing beach. Very likely the word was much used by British officers in the Peninsula War, to mean a "landing" and so the officers carried away the word just as we have picked up the French portage. Hence we find Governor Maitland and his comrades being Peninsula War men, using the term in a familiar way for the bit of lake shore where the Orillia wharf now is.

But Orillia was not a white settlement for a long time, only

an Indian camping place till after 1830. Atherley was earlier. A French fur trader called Quetton St. George found his way there and starting a trading place soon after Yonge St. was open, certainly by 1808. He was one of a group of French Royalists, emigres of the Revolution days, who were given land south of the town of York where Aurora now is. Others were the Fleury family (still in Aurora) and the Tollendal-Lallys whose family name survives in Tollendal Post Office on Barrie Bay.

Before the railways came all traffic was by steamer, round and round the Lake to each little settlement and private dock. Some of these old sunken docks can still be seen. The steamers were larger and more commodious than any of later years on the Lake. The largest was 150 feet long with cabins. They went from the lower Holland Landing to Belle Ewart and Barrie, and so on round the lake, all night and all day trip that never stopped. The writer of these notes can remember the last of these passenger steamers, the *Emily May*, of sixty-five years ago. She carried a crew—or what is now called a *personnel* of twenty people; including two stewardesses, two first mates, two chief engineers, two of everything because she ran all night. She carried on good days, four bartenders, in dull only two. The writer “sailed” on the *Emily May* in 1878. Jackson’s Point to Barrie as a way of getting a train. After the *Emily May* there were only excursion steamers of which the most famous was the *Mariposa Belle*, now sunk in Barrie Bay.

With the steamers were a great many steam tugs hauling long tows of saw logs from Lake Couchiching and Upper Lake Simcoe to the Mills of Belle Ewart. There were also a fair number, at least half a dozen sailing vessels, two-masted, heavy and squat and used for stone and heavy freight. Before the days of cement stone was carried by boat from the quarries on Lake Couchiching down to the Holland River and on by rail for building work.

In addition to this every lake shore farmstead of the best class had its large sailboat, a sloop so called, very different from the dinghies of to-day, built after the model of a channel sea

boat and taking the weather as it came. Thus the Lake Simcoe of sixty years ago presented on a summer day a pleasant picture of busy navigation, steamer smoke in long trails on the horizon and here and there the white sails of a sailing vessel out in the middle of the lake.

Busy and varied then,—lonely now. At present a few dinghies built for water athletics, splash around the shores. Out in the lake, in the middle is nothing. Anyone upset there has less chance than in the Atlantic. Ten years ago a sailing canoe was overturned in a sudden off shore storm off Big Bay Point. Two of its occupants were drowned forthwith. The third, a girl blew out into the Lake, hidden in the smother of the storm. That was on Wednesday afternoon: she drifted all Wednesday night: the storm died away; she drifted all Thursday, Thursday night, Friday and Friday night and came ashore on Saturday morning in a swamp, thirty-five miles from the scene of the accident.

That would have been impossible sixty years ago. A dozen cheery skippers would have fished her out. *Tempora mutantur, nec semper feliciter.*



THE NIGHT WATCHES

By PAUL KAY.

“**E**XACTLY fifteen minutes before nine o’clock.” A spot of brogue flavored the frost-crackling air.

“Thank you, Irish . . .” Then, like a generous afterthought, “You’re a man after my own heart.” The trill of her merry laugh tinkled back to him as she hurried off. He leaned his sturdy shoulders against the wind.

“After your heart is what I am, and that’s the truth.” He spoke only to the gale, which picked up his words and sent them careering in broken syllables before him.

Small light footprints faced the mark of heavy soles till wind-fed snow buried all in a whirling blanket.

She dumped a moderate shot of liquor into the glass, then watched it mingle jealously with the bubbling ginger-ale. He took it from her hand. “Harder to get than radium. Well, here’s to better things.” She watched him drink.

“I guess a little celebration is in order.” She spoke with a forced vivacity.

“I don’t think you’re glad to see me.” He made the statement in an inquisitive tone, evidently expecting an answer. None came.

She turned and walked towards the window. Unfriendly snowflakes pelted the pane as if seeking entrance. The glass threw back her shadow, grotesque and unreal.

He tinkled the ice in his glass forcefully and hummed a melancholy “Jingle Bells.” She had to laugh despite herself.

“A definite improvement. Does that mean there’s a chance for me?” He put down the glass and came forward. Her hands were very soft and he held them gently. “When you came to-night I hoped things were going to be different. This is the first time in six months. They were six lifetimes to me.” She looked up, her eyes doubting him. He went on.

"We fought pretty bitterly but couldn't we . . . , couldn't you forget the past? Happy first anniversary!"

She was in his arms, pouring salty tears on his neat Navy coat. Once she stepped back arms-length to study him, only to rush again weeping into his arms. He stroked her hair and pondered what a queer little mixup of emotions ran through this wife of his.

"I was so happy here to-night. I wanted you so much to say just what you said. You waited so long to say it, I was afraid that you were still mad. Darling, never let me run away again, even if you join a thousand navies!"

Everything was just right. They seemed to have a thousand ideas for celebrating their reunion, each one better than the last.

Tom stopped for a moment to be practical. "A celebration will take money. I'm broke, honey."

She put her hand to her throat. "I've come awfully close to this before. This gold locket you gave me. It means so much, but being with you means so much more."

"You mean, pawn it?" He took the small golden heart in his hands and sighed. "Well it couldn't go to a better cause, and don't you worry. I'll get it back for you."

They went out together into the night, seeking the nearest pawn-shop. Both were laughing like children. Outside the snow strafed down in unrelenting fury.

Father Paul closed his office-book. He pushed back in his chair, restfully. "Christmas Eve. The great day upon us once again. Wonder what it holds for the rest of the world. The rest of the world. A sorry, broken world trying to laugh through its tears." Strange that he saw the youngster to-night. She didn't know him, of course, bundled up as he was for his night's walk. But he would know that voice anywhere. That laugh he had always joked with her about. He hadn't seen her face in the driving snow, but he was sure. Rita Leahy. A sad lot was hers. Running off from her fine husband because he joined the Navy. Giving up all the good she used to do. Giving up her Faith, too. Sure, he was

after her heart. That heart belonged to Himself there in the tabernacle. Wouldn't it be a fine Christmas present to Him with my compliments." The door-bell jarred him from his reverie.

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The blizzard was hard on drivers as well as pedestrians. He hadn't seen her at all. Just there in front of the truck when it was too late for him to stop. Oh, she wasn't hurt badly. Maybe a cracked rib when he bounded into her, but she hadn't gone under the wheels. Plenty scared she was though. Couldn't blame her. That fellow with her in the uniform had dragged her to the side and run into the priest's house there. They shouldn't have been walking along the road.

Father Paul held her hand as she lay there in the snow, so little she was almost buried in the drift. His head was bent down close to her. He stood up, the snow still clinging to him as if he were Father Winter. A stretcher took her away. The doctor had insisted, in case of insurance.

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Father Paul closed the rectory door behind him. He stood in the warmth of the hall and smiled to himself as though he had solved a heavy problem. Suddenly he realized that he was clutching something in his hand. He looked. A stub, a pawn stub and on it something scribbled. He held it close and read: "Good to redeem one heart, slightly tarnished." Outside the storm had ceased.



A RETROSPECT

By SISTER MARY AGNES, C.S.J.

NOWHERE did the Counter-Reformation, which was the work of the Council of Trent, have more happy results than in 17th Century France. There are many currents perhaps more apparent than the religious one during this period. The political ambitions of the Bourbons, aided by a Richelieu and a Mazarin, did indeed place more emphasis on the glory of this world; but underneath it all is ever heard "the burden of the desert of the sea," and on the whole this century is essentially Christian.

To this religious and moral restoration one name is indelibly attached, that of a great writer and a great saint, Francis de Sales (1567-1622). He has been called "the door" through which were ushered in the best elements of this age. He is the apostle of the Chablais, where the number of his converts from Calvinism was phenomenal. We find him a popular preacher in Paris, the guiding spirit of those great ones of the worldly society of his time, for whom religion became the force and motive power in life, foremost among them Mme Acarie, whose salon was their rallying place. But it is as founder of a religious congregation that he enters into this retrospect.

While preaching the lenten course of sermons in Dijon in 1604, he met the youthful widow, Mme de Chantal, and together they became the chosen instruments of Providence in introducing into France a new ideal in the religious life. Until that time the cloister was considered necessary for communities of women. Francis de Sales would do away with it and allow his nuns to devote themselves to the corporal works of mercy as well as to contemplation. The Sisters were to visit the sick; hence the name of their institute would be the Visitation. In 1612 Mme de Chantal inaugurated their sublime functions. The deep spiritual side of the design appears in those conferences given to the holy Bishop's first daughters in the orchard of the Visitation at Annecy.



Mother St. John Fonthonne
(1759 - 1843)

First Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons, in which city various branches of the congregation were united under central government, after the fury of the French Revolution had subsided.

Difficulties began in 1615, when a new house was founded in Lyons. Cardinal de Marquemont, Archbishop of that city, refused to sanction this new manner of life for religious. After much conferring together the gentle Bishop of Geneva yielded, and in 1618 he erected his congregation into an order with perpetual enclosure. However, his idea was inspired by God, and it would not be lost. Happily another saint lived at this time,—St. Vincent de Paul. Convinced of the wisdom of the plan of St. Francis, he resolved to put it into execution. Twenty years elapsed before he overcame the opposition of public opinion, objections of the king and the “parlements” and the uneasy fears of the clergy. Profiting by the experiences of his predecessor, he insisted that his daughters should wear a peasant dress instead of the sombre religious garb; they were to be bound by vows for one year at a time. He told them that “for monastery they should have only the homes of the sick, for chapel the parish church, for cloister the city streets or the wards of a hospital, for enclosure obedience, for grille the fear of God, and for veil holy modesty.” Thanks to these precautions, St. Vincent succeeded in his design and the Daughters of Charity went forth into the world to become mothers to orphans, teachers of youth, nurses to the sick and galley slaves, models to old age.

Communities of women devoted to the exterior works of mercy as well as to the interior life of prayer and contemplation were soon multiplied over France. Among these founders who thus revived the idea of St. Francis de Sales was Father Jean-Pierre Médaille of the Society of Jesus, apostle of Auvergne and Velay. In his missionary labours he met chosen souls who wished to devote their lives to their own sanctification and also to work for the poor and unfortunate.

His “Little Design,” as he called it, gradually took definite form. To put it into execution, however, an influential protector was necessary. He soon found this protector as well as sympathetic friend in Henri de Maupas du Tour, who had been recently appointed Bishop of Le Puy. The mother of this prelate belonged to the illustrious family of the Gondi. St.

Vincent de Paul had had much influence over this family as tutor to the children, spiritual director of the older members, and friend and adviser of all. As Almoner of the Queen, Anne of Austria, Bishop de Maupas had already been touched by the sight of human misery and was glad to sponsor the plan to alleviate it. He chose the Orphanage of Le Puy as the cradle of the new congregation. While the Bishop busied himself with the exterior details of the new foundation, Father Médaille traced the spirit which was to animate the souls called to it. Its title was to be the Institute of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The foster-father of Our Lord appeared to him to be an excellent model for souls "devoting themselves to the interior life, the education of the young, and the relief of all human miseries." The spirit of the Institute was to be a spirit of humility and charity and the distinctive characteristic of the Sisters of St. Joseph was to be simplicity. In an admirable letter the holy founder tells his daughters that their congregation is to be a hidden one, having for its model Jesus in the adorable Sacrament of the altar. As this Sacrament unites all creatures in God by the title of communion which it bears, so the end of this congregation was to be a total union of souls in God.

It was on October 15, 1648, feast of St. Theresa, the devout client of St. Joseph, that the Sisters were given their official name, clothed with the religious habit and presented with their Holy Rule. Considering the spiritual qualities of the "Little Design" and the social benefits of the ministrations of its members, it is not surprising that it spread rapidly. In civic registers of towns of the 17th and 18th centuries are found entries referring to the various hospitals, orphanages and schools directed by the Congregation. In one of these, Monistrol, the Sisters were in charge of the hospital and school. At the head of these flourishing institutions was Mother St. John Fontbonne, a native of Bas-en-Basset. Born in 1759 and brought up in a truly Christian family, far removed from the subversive influences of Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopaedists, she had already shown rare qualities which won for her the affection and confidence of all who

came in contact with her. She seemed destined to spend an uneventful life within the protection of the convent walls, carrying out the double aim of her institute. But there were already to be heard the rumblings of a mighty storm which was to rock Europe to its foundations, and as a result of which, after its appeasement, a new world would emerge.

Religious issues soon became involved in the political struggles of the first Revolutionary parties. Orthodox Catholics had to make their choice between compromise with a state religion, and adherence to Catholic belief and practice.

The repercussions of this conflict penetrated to every part of the kingdom, and incredible as it might have seemed a few years before, the Sisters of St Joseph were evicted from the convent of Monistrol and many of them were imprisoned later on for refusal to take the oath required by the civil authorities. Among these was Mother St. John. She now showed the qualities of the valiant woman. She became the strong-minded leader of her companions in misfortune. Her courage and religious spirit animated them to prepare in a fitting way for the death to which the judges of Robespierre sentenced them. The Terror, having reached its climax in 1794, was, however, brought to a sudden end by the assassination of the tyrant on July 28, the day before their martyrdom was to have taken place.

God had other designs for Mother St. John, and nearly fifty years of intense active work in His Vineyard became the allotted task of His servant, thus tried by the fiery ordeal of religious persecution and the harrowing events of her age.

The years in which took place the wars of the French Revolution, and after the fury of it had subsided in 1799, were spent in the seclusion of her parents' house at Bas. But the "Little Design" had not been annihilated. With the advent of Napoleon a new order began. With his genius for organization he realized that religion would be helpful in achieving peace. Therefore he revived the Catholic cult, formed a Concordat with the Holy See and encouraged the foundation of religious houses. The uncle of the Emperor, Cardinal Fesch, Archbishop of Lyons, was the instrument of



MOTHER ST. JOHN AND SEVERAL SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH OF MONISTROL IN PRISON DURING THE TERROR.
From an original painting by Sr. St. Luke, C.S.I. Philadelphia

God in restoring the Institute of St. Joseph. In 1807 the prelate asked Mother St. John to leave her retreat and to go first to St. Etienne, where she became the superior of many religious who had been dispersed during the Revolution, and who looked forward ardently to this revival of their religious life. This house became the nucleus from which spread many branches. The expansion was so rapid that in order to preserve unity of spirit a central government and single novitiate were desirable. Lyons was chosen for this and in 1816 the ecclesiastical authorities called upon Mother St. John to accomplish it. The building chosen for the purpose was the former monastery of the Carthusians opposite the Hill of Fourvière. The "Chartreuse" of Lyons, built on an immense plan, and including the Church of St. Bruno of majestic proportions and ornate architecture, was, in the 18th century, together with the Certosa of Pavia, second in importance only to the "Grand Chartreuse" near Grenoble. During the fury of the Revolution the monastery had fallen into decay, its former occupants had moved elsewhere, but the aroma of the cloister still clung to the old walls and stone stairways. It was in those hallowed precincts that the Congregation of St. Joseph had its second cradle.

Under the guidance of Mother St. John the tree which had come forth from humble roots spread its branches far and wide. We find new mother-houses established soon at Chambéry, Annecy, Bourg and Bordeaux, and from France went forth bands of Sisters to distant shores.

Belonging to an Institute devoted to the alleviation of human misery and the education of youth, their rule provided that these Sisters could adapt themselves to the circumstances which arose in their environment, without losing their primitive spirit. But whatever be the demands of the age or clime, the Sister of St. Joseph must ever be humble, charitable and simple; and the first Mother-General of Lyons was a consummate model of these virtues for her daughters.

In 1840 she laid down the burden of government and spent the remainder of her life in the prayerful retirement for which she had always longed. She died on November 22, 1843.

The work which she began still prospers and Divine Providence has deigned to continue to bless the Institute.

Will her daughters in Lyons on the hundredth anniversary of her death be free to climb the Hill of Fourvière, to traverse the country road which leads to the Cemetery of Loyasse, and visit there her humble grave marked with its modest



UPPER: Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in Lyons. Part of the former Monastery of the Carthusians.

LOWER: New Basilica of Notre Dame de Fourvière. Sicilian Architecture.



cross? Her Sisters in Toronto do not know. A dark pall of silence lies over the "*dolce terre de France*" and they have awaited in vain any account of the celebrations in connection with the centenary of the death of their revered Mother-Foundress. They can only trust and pray that dawn will soon appear over that unhappy land and that it will once more take its rightful place among the nations of the world, and that Lyons, the cradle of the Christian religion in Gaul, will flourish as of old under the protection of its sweet patroness, Notre Dame de Fourvière.

NEW NORCIA

By PETER FENN.

*"Tantum ergo Sacramentum venerationem cernui.
Et antiquum documentum novo cedat ritui . . ."*

THE last deep pedal note died away. The monk at my elbow, who had been humming as I prayed, smiled. "Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.

I was no executant, but I knew a good organ. "Magnificent," I said. "But how on earth did you get it here and put it together miles and miles away from anywhere?"

The smile still lit the Benedictine's dark Spanish eyes. "The good God helped Salvado to build this monastery; later He helped us to erect this organ. His instruments were the people of this country."

The organ was only one of the extraordinary things in this extraordinary place, which is save for its essential activity, a museum piece of sixteenth century Spain in the lonely heart of the West Australian bush.

New Norcia, for so it is called, is possibly a unique and certainly a thriving transplantation of the medieval into the extremes of time that Australia uniquely and certainly represents. It is a cultural link between the oldest land surface and the newest civilization.

A cultural link? There is the organ, the chapel with its exquisite murals, the Byzantine monastery itself. There are fine old masters, including a Murillo "Madonna." There is a library of ten thousand books, some of which, massively bound in leather and iron, their parchments beautifully illuminated, are among the oldest known to the world. The monks themselves are men of high culture. The Lord Abbot is a connoisseur of art, of literature, of music, and of the vintage wines that, still cellared at New Norcia, are to Europe a fading memory.

And the link was forged, as so many others have been forged, in British hospitality to the persecuted refugee.

Curiosity had seized me when, in Perth, I heard about New Norcia. A friend, clearly a good Catholic, decided to satisfy it, and so, a few days later, we found ourselves in his car, speeding northward through the bush-tall gums, acacias, grass-trees with curious "hula-hula" skirts, gorgeous and strangely shaped wild flowers, and ground orchids. I have never seen country that reminded me so forcibly of pseudo-scientific illustrations of mesozoic landscapes.

A head and neck craning momentarily from behind a bottle-brush tree completely convinced me of impending attack from a young dinosaur. But it was only a kangaroo. True, he was almost equally ancient in species, but he had, like his surroundings, survived the dinosaur into the modernity I knew.

And so for the better part of a hundred miles we did not so much as pass a village, until, topping a rise, we entered—Spain! There below us, in the warm December sun, shimmered the walled monastery and its outbuildings, the center of the mission settlement. A bell was tolling. Monks, habit tucked up into girdle, paused at their work in the surrounding fields. It was the Spain of olives and grapevines and waving corn, of lowing cattle and bleating sheep.

We passed the little Benedictine wine shop that, low-doored, seemed part of the monastery wall, and drew up at the cool courtyard. The massive iron gate swung back. A tall monk, courtly of manner and aristocratic of feature, came to receive us and to conduct us to a table laden with food and wine. Refreshed, we listened, we saw—and we marvelled.

It was in 1835 that political storms had driven the Benedictines from Spain. Two of them, Dom Ruesindo Salvado and Dom Joseph Serra, fled to Rome. There they encountered a missionary from Western Australia, who told them of his work. They were interested. More, they were fired with missionary zeal. They would join the missionary on his return to Australia and convert the blacks. And they would, if it pleased *El Buen Señor*, secure a permanent refuge. Did not all British lands give sanctuary to the oppressed?

They added a young French Benedictine novice to their

number, and, in the fullness of time, reached Perth, where they equipped themselves for the long journey into the wilderness. Pack on back and crucifix at breast, the three monks headed north-east. Hot suns beat down on them, and the unfamiliar bush tore at their clothes. Often they could not find water. The blacks whom they met were unfriendly, even menacing.

On the fifth grueling day, footsore and dispirited, they entered a smiling valley through which a river wound.

"*Grazia a Dios*," exclaimed Salvado. "Here we will found our mission and our monastery." And here, indeed, unkempt and with bare feet, they hewed timber and drew water and plowed the land.

"Alas," wrote Salvado, "my bleeding feet, as well as the sweat of my brow, watered the soil I was working up."

They attempted to make friends with the curious but suspicious blacks, but it was a slow process. Then provisions began to run out.

"One of us must return to seek help and food," declared Salvado. "I will go."

He had made up his mind what to do. A brilliant musician, he would give a concert at Perth to raise funds. Barefooted and in rags, he reached the town.

Barefooted and in rags, he appeared on the town hall platform and began to weave a spell of melody round his audience. For two hours he played and sang to them as few before him had played or sung. They cheered him to the echo.

They provided him with oxen and a wagon, with goats and poultry, with food and supplies, and then God-spined him again into the bush.

The mission, which the monks named after the birthplace of Saint Benedict (Nursia), grew and prospered. Salvado secured a grant of land, and money began to come from Europe. Stone by stone the monastery took shape, the land was tilled, and the flocks and herds multiplied.

Dom Salvado became abbot and bishop. Gradually the aborigines came to listen to his teaching. Their children came to the little wooden school which the monks opened just before Christ-

mas, in 1846. "*Adeste Fidelis*" was the first hymn to be taught to the little pot-bellied children.

Bishop Salvado has long since passed to his reward. To-day Dom Catalan presides over the mission and its thirty-five thousand acres of freehold property. Monks and novices from Spain still carry on the work of their predecessors. They grow their own wheat and wool, grind their own flour, and make their own wines.

In the year in which I enjoyed a comfortable morning drive along Salvado's *via dolorosa* of nearly a century ago, the monks had harvested about six thousand bags of wheat, had shorn twelve thousand sheep, and had made more than ten thousand gallons of wine, for which they had gained prizes at the Perth agricultural show.

There is now a school for native girls as well as for boys, and a convent houses the Benedictine Sisters, both Spanish and British, who teach them. Moreover, a branch mission has been established at the Draysdale River, in the lonely north-west corner of Australia.

It was through the efforts of the monks at this mission that two well-known German aviators were saved from death from exhaustion after a forced landing. They had wandered over the country for two months, seeking habitation and help.

I looked up as the tall Benedictine finished telling us the story of New Noreia. The sun was beginning to decline and there was that indefinable feeling of work drawing to a close. We rose to go. Through a door I could see habited figures, with bowed heads, entering the chapel from the cloisters.

"Choir practice," said our host. "Listen." Faintly it came, but in rich tenors and bases:

*"Genitori, genitoque laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque, sit et benedictio. . . ."*



ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

By VERY REV. MYLES V. RONAN, P.P., D.Litt., F.R.Hist.S.

XIII.

CORMAC'S CHAPEL, ROCK OF CASHEL.

AN ancient Irish Authority (The Book of Rights) states that the original name of the Rock of Cashel was Sidh-Dhruim (Fairy Hill). In the late fourth century Core, king of Munster, erected a circular stone fort or *caiseal* (cashel) on the Rock,



Rock of Cashel: ecclesiastical buildings. In centre, Cormac's Chapel; at back, XIIIth century cathedral; at right hand, top of 10th century Round Tower.

and hence, it is said, the place was called Cashel. His grandson, Aenghus Mac Nadfrach, also king of Munster, received St. Patrick on the Rock and became a Christian. During the Baptism Ceremony the Apostle drove the spike of his *bachall* (pastoral staff) into the foot of Aenghus—we are not told for what purpose.

One of the most remarkable personages associated with Cashel was Cormac Mac Cullinean, who was not only king of Munster but also bishop, a great promoter of learning, and the author of some learned treatises in the late 9th century.

The Rock remained the royal seat of the kings of Cashel for two hundred years more until the year 1101—when King Mur-

cheartach Ua Brian granted "Caiseal of the Kings to religious without any claim of laymen or clergymen on it, but the religious of Ireland in general." By this grant the Rock was given over exclusively to religious purposes, and apparently as a hostel or sanctuary for ecclesiastics in their wanderings from place to place. The grant was made on the occasion of a meeting at Cashel of the lay chiefs and the principal clergy of Leath-Mogha (Southern Half of Ireland, namely, south of Dublin). The Rock was thus regarded as the chief centre of ecclesiastical government for Southern Ireland. At this time (1101) Dublin was a Norse city, with its Catholic bishop who was independent of the Irish Bishops. It had no weight in Irish affairs; Cashel, with its powerful king, ruled Southern Ireland in temporal and religious matters.

The ecclesiastical buildings on the Rock were still the primitive cill (church) and bee-hive cells for the community. The Round Tower was built for the safety of the religious and of the sacred vessels—9th or 10th century—and remains to this day one of the most perfect specimens of the Irish Round Tower (in Irish, *Cloig-theach*, bell-house or belfry).

The Rock had become, by the year 1101, of such national importance that a new church, combining the features of Romanesque architecture, recently introduced into the country, with the Irish traditional style, had to be built to keep it in line with the new movement.

In 1134, according to the Annalists, "a church which was erected by Cormac, grandson of Carthaigh, King of Caiseal, was consecrated by a synod of the clergy, assembled in one place." This is the church known as Cormac's Chapel or more correctly *Teampall Mor Cormaic Mic Càrthaigh* (Cormac Mac Càrthaigh's great church or cathedral) which apparently was built on the site of the ancient cill. Though of small dimensions it is one of the most remarkable churches of the period in Europe—in the ingenuity of its construction, the variety and beauty of its ornaments, and the excellence of its masonry.

The "chapel" consists of nave and chancel with two quadrangular towers at the east end of the nave. The exterior of

the building requires first consideration. The doorway towards the west end of the south wall of the nave has piers and pillars with incised surface-ornament and capitals of human heads. The arched head of the doorway has on the tympanum a carved animal that has for long baffled archaeologists but which has lately been identified as an elephant; no doubt a symbolical figure.

The south wall of the nave is divided into four storeys. The first and lower storey has, on the right of the door, as one enters, one semi circular-headed panel, and, on the left, two similar panels. They are recessed six inches, and their arches are incised with chevrons. The second storey had a deep square string course with arcade of arched panels, some of which enclosed window-opes. The third storey had an arcade of panels, as before, the narrow piers having carved caps. The fourth storey has six columns and two angle-columns with carved caps. Between the columns is a series of corbels carved into human heads.

The south side of the chancel has three storeys; the first is plain with an arcade above of six semicircular-headed panels, the pillars having carved capitals. The upper storey is plain to the eaves, the corbels consisting of grotesque animal heads.

The north side of the Chapel is completely blocked up by the chancel of the later Cathedral. The north tower is of more massive dimensions than the south. The most remarkable feature of the north side of the Chapel is its porch, a most elaborate piece of work. It has pillars and square piers with carved bases and capitals, with corresponding orders of arches all richly carved in a variety of Romanesque ornament. The original tympanum remains and shows a carving of a centaur shooting an arrow at what appears to be a lion. Here are chevron, ball and lozenge ornaments and grotesque heads.

The interior of the chapel is most profuse in its ornamental carving the most original in its design. The nave (30 ft. x 18 ft.) is spanned by a barrel vault. The walls are arcaded. The lower storey consists of a series of rectangular piers supporting semi-circular arches and forming deeply-recessed panels be-

tween; the piers have caps composed of a deep square, and their surface, on fronts and sides, is richly diapered with a variety of incised ornament. The arches are enriched with chevrons. Above these arches is a deep string-course, consisting of a square and chamfer, which supports at each side an arcade of stout three-quarter columns with moulded bases and carved capitals from

UPPER: Cormac's Chapel: chancel arch; chancel and sub-chancel.



which spring the rectangular ribs of the barrel vault. The carving of the capitals shows a variety of design, no two being similar. The nave was lighted by two window-opes in the south side and one in the west gable; the interior must have been very dark.

LOWER: Cormac's Chapel: nave. The incised ornaments on piers and columns should be viewed through a magnifying glass.

The chancel arch and chancel show a strange arrangement; they are not placed in line with the centre of the nave, but as close as possible to the south wall. The explanation of this will be given later.

The chancel (13 ft. 8 in. x 11 ft. 6 in.) is an interesting feature with a boss of four human heads at the intersection of the groining, arcades of arches, in north and south walls, supported on three-quarter columns with bases and carved capitals. The lighting was by semi-circular-headed windows in north and south walls, with large inward splays; as there was no east window the lighting was poor. The absence of an east window was a distinct departure from the ancient cill. Instead of an east window the chancel has a sub-chancel or recess (5 ft. wide and $3\frac{1}{4}$ ft. deep) containing, as a reredos, an arcade of three small arched recesses the shafts of which have curious bases and scalloped capitals. Over the arcade are human heads at intervals. This arcade is continued on the north and south side of the recess, and on to the north and south walls of the chancel.

We have now to offer an explanation of the pushing of the chancel to the side or south wall instead of having it, as chancels usually were, central to the nave. In our last chapter on the High Crosses we saw that a foreign art had influenced the Irish sculptors in the 12th century, especially in the crosses of Tuam and Glendaloch. The foreign influence was Romanesque art. When Cormac built his Chapel on the Rock in 1134, he was in touch with this art from various sources. The carving of High Crosses had ceased in Munster. Cormac had nobler ideas; he would translate the High Cross into a chapel and give his building Irish and Romanesque features. The builders of the Irish cills and the sculptors of the crosses were conventional in their work, that is, they kept to a more or less stereotyped pattern—Cormac would be more individualistic. The result of his ideas has been a casket in stone the equal in masonry to the work of the Irish illuminators and metal workers. The Romanesque affinities in this case are with the Rhineland rather than Normandy.

In substituting his chapel for the High Cross he was mindful that it was to be the representation of Christ on the Cross, the place of Sacrifice, and he arranged the nave, chancel, and sub-chancel to fit in with the symbolism. The nave represented His body, the chancel His head, and the unusual sub-chancel His kingly crown. (The kingly crown was, as we have seen, portrayed about this time on the crosses of Tuam and Glendaloch). The chancel was slightly off the main axis of the building, showing the leaning of Christ's head to one side. It was a splendid piece of symbolism, in keeping with Cormac's religious mentality. The whole structure shows how he was able to combine, in an exceptional and brilliant manner, Irish with continental art and erect one of the greatest triumphs in church building of the period in Europe.

As to the numerous human heads carved in various parts of the building, no satisfactory explanation has so far been offered, but it would seem that Cormac intended them to represent the faithful redeemed by the Sacrifice of Calvary and sanctified by the Sacrifice of the Mass. It was a continuation of his idea to make the chapel the representation of Christ on the Cross. It was also a continuation of the symbol of Christ the King on the Cross—reigning from the Tree. The continuation of the arcade from the sub-chancel (the place of the Kingly Crown) on both sides of the recess and walls of the chancel, with the human heads in carving, seems to symbolize the reign of Christ the King—Christ in the place of Sacrifice.

Cormac's chapel was rich not only in carving but in frescoes; the whole of the vaulted roof, as well as the sides of the chancel, was richly painted in red, yellow, brown, and white—traces of blue have also been found. On the ceiling were painted arches, and in the small recesses of the chancel curtains, Cormac had probably in mind an ancient Celtic custom of screening off the chancel from the nave by linen curtains. In the seventh century *Life of St. Brigid* of Kildare by Cogitosus, a monk of her famous monastery, this custom is set out in detail. The curtains

were painted by the artistic monks and, no doubt, represented Christ and the Evangelists, as in the early art of Ravenna, testifying to the Divinity of Christ. The curtains were drawn across the chancel before the Consecration at Mass and were withdrawn after the Celebrant's Communion.



Cormac's chapel; east end, chancel; square tower and nave.

Though these ancient liturgical ideas had apparently changed by Cormac's time (1134), six hundred years after Brigid's death, yet it would seem that he intended to perpetuate his idea of the curtains whilst leaving the chancel arch open according to the new Romanesque style.

In a popular article such as this it would be out of place to enter into any architectural or artistic discussion about distinctive features of Cormac's Chapel. It may be said, however, that it differs in many respects from the Romanesque architecture of Normandy and England. Its

plan is the direct descendant of the Irish cills (chapels) with double stone roofs—interior barrel vault and exterior high-pitched roof. The construction of the Irish double stone roof may be said to have been brought to perfection here. Not only does the barrel vault supply a floor for the room above, but the outer roof is not built like a wall, stone upon stone as in other Irish Chapels, but is built of sandstone slabs about eight inches thick carried on a regular pointed arch. The roofing is a triumph of constructive skill, and the lines of the roofs of nave, chancel and sub-chancel have been kept parallel to produce symmetry.

The masonry of the chapel, and of the Round Tower, is of a hard close-grained sandstone, whereas that of the later cathedral and other ecclesiastical buildings is of the limestone rock on which they stand.

As in other examples of Irish Romanesque Art, Cormac's chapel has flat pilasters instead of the rounded pillars, and the capitals, whilst imitating Norman work, show Irish features. Irish ideas are dominant and show that the main one was to superimpose them on the continental art of the period. As Irish Romanesque architecture was generally a matter of local ideas, Cormac's chapel may be taken as the supreme conception of Munster Art, and indeed of Irish Art.



THE ROCK OF CASHEL

DON'T DIM YOUR LIGHTS

By STEPHEN RYCE.

JOSEPH E. DINEEN tells a significant story in the foreword to his popular book, "Pius XII, Pope of Peace." James Gordon Bennett, a newspaperman, had been led by monks through long tunnels in a mountain near Naples, and in a grotto deep in the bowels of the earth he had been shown a light, and a monk explained that it had been burning for centuries: that for 1900 years these faithful monks had replenished the candle to keep alive the flame in commemoration of a sacred event. The newspaperman, looking very unimpressed, took a deep breath and blew; then he announced calmly: "Well, it's out now." I laughed when I read the story but it was a hesitant sort of a laugh, followed by a sense of guilt. It was much like the feeling you experience when you are laughing in church—you feel you shouldn't, but you can't help it. Then I began to think seriously about this strange story and that's how I arrived at the following consideration.

I began to think of another light which has been extinguished by indifference just like the candle in Naples that was blown out by Mr. Bennett. I refer to the light of which Christ spoke when He said: "Let your light shine before men." He wanted us to be living models of Christian men and women, so that our daily habits and conversation should be the means of edification to other people, who, would easily find out we are Catholics and would also begin to take notice of and to love the Catholic faith. Unfortunately, indifference and ridicule have brought about an entirely different state of affairs. We have now reached the stage where we are rather sensitive about being Catholics. Not that we are ashamed of our Faith, it's just that we don't wish to broadcast the fact to the general public.

It's a strange mentality. Some go into a restaurant and omit the Sign of the Cross before saying Grace because there

are too many people around. Others bless themselves with a great flourish and then glare at every one present as much as to say: "What if I am one of those Catholics!" Some of us are too timid to object when we hear the Church attacked, while others are ready to start a religious riot at the slightest provocation. Then there is the self-conscious man who when asked about his religious beliefs, will reply sheepishly that he is a Catholic and almost add an apology. On the other hand, there is the defiant type of individual who will stick out his jaw and roar: "I'm a Catholic—want to make something of it?" One time I was at a wrestling match and a big muscle-bound giant, after being introduced to the crowd midst jeers and cheers, returned to his corner, and at the sound of the bell, he turned, made a huge Sign of the Cross, and dove at his opponent. Can't you imagine how edified the onlookers were at such a profession of faith? I can still hear the roars of laughter. On another occasion I was on a crowded street-car and as we passed a Catholic church, I took particular notice to see if there were any other Catholics aboard and to find out just how they saluted the Blessed Sacrament. One or two made a somewhat conspicuous demonstration while a couple more acted so suspiciously that I was doubtful whether they were scratching their heads or straightening their hats or making an act of faith.

Most of us can draw examples of this queer malady from personal experience. One case in particular stands out in my memory. About a year ago I was travelling in an air-conditioned day coach and an old gent who was hard of hearing took the seat next to me. We began to chat and I had to yell so loud that everyone in the car could hear me except the old man with whom I was conversing. Out of a blue sky, he roared: "What's your religion?" At first I said "Catholic" rather quietly, using perfect enunciation in the hope that he could read my lips. He didn't get it and repeated the question with an increase of volume. By this time all the others were waiting for my answer, so I took a deep breath and hollered "Catholic." Nor was that the end

of the incident. My deaf companion threw a second loud question: "What's your idea of Baptism?" I had stood more than enough and did not wish to entertain the large audience any longer, so I roared back: "We'll talk about that some other time." Our weird conversation had ended and I felt that all the listeners were disgusted with this Catholic. It was a grand chance to give the whole train a talk on original sin and rebirth through baptism, but I had too much of that human respect to go through with it.

I have therefore come to the conclusion that we are not doing a very good job of letting our light shine before men. Some of us are almost extinguished as far as giving example is concerned or else the light is so dim that no one notices it. Others are quite bold about it and their light is so glaring that it blinds the onlookers and does more harm than good. We will have to learn to strike a happy medium.

Non-Catholics watch us closely even in little things. I read the following incident in "The Queen's Work" this month. A young man who was not a Catholic used to pass a Catholic church on his way to work. Every day (when he was on time) he saw an old man and his wife going into the church. He got so that he'd watch for them every morning, wondering all the while, why they went to church so often. After investigating, he became a Catholic and on the day of his Baptism he said: "Now I can truthfully say that the old couple's faithful attendance at Holy Mass helped, in no small way, to my conversion."

It is high time we all began to carry out Christ's suggestion to convert others by the power of our example. If you wish to know how it is done, then look to our priests and religious. Wherever they go, they are recognized as Catholics and leaders by reason of the uniform of their office. Consequently they are always aware of their obligation to let their light shine before men. Try to keep in mind always that you are a Catholic and pretend that everyone else knows it; then act accordingly.

I wonder if I have over-emphasized the point that we should make ourselves known as Catholics. You will object

and say that what Christ wanted us to do was practise solid virtue and nothing more. You will insist that pious practices, such as Signs of the Cross, which brand us as Catholics are not necessary. Yes, but I repeat that there is something wrong with those people who are virtuous and at the same time are afraid of being recognized as members of the True Church. They will certainly impress people, but Christ and His Church will not get the credit for the good that is in them, for only a few will know them to be Catholics.

Rather than leave you with any false notions, I will conclude by saying that we must first develop true sanctity. Once that is accomplished, the light will shine automatically. Why couldn't I have said that in the first place and saved your time and mine?



HIS EXCELLENCY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE VISITS ST. JOSEPH'S

ON SUNDAY, October 17, the Sisters of St. Joseph and the pupils of St. Joseph's College and St. Joseph's School held a reception for His Excellency the Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, the Apostolic Delegate.

The honoured guest, His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan and several Archbishops and Bishops were received and welcomed by Reverend Mother General, her Assistant, Sister Superior and other Sisters. Dinner was served in a large reception room, the tables simply decorated with white and gold mums and crystal candelabra. Immediately after the repast, His Excellency, Archbishop McGuigan, accompanied by the Delegate, led the procession of dignitaries to the Auditorium. All along the way, through the picturesque Music Hall, and the school corridor, the children of the Junior School and those of the first grades High School formed a passage by holding streamers of white and gold. The little ones, dressed in white with gold bandeaux on their hair, sang a "Welcome Song" as the distinguished guests entered the music hall, while the older girls, in school uniform, carrying clusters of white and gold flowers, sang, "For Christ the King," as the prelates made their way through their ranks in the corridor. Entering the auditorium, they were greeted by the strains of "Ecce Sacerdos," sung by the College Students and the seniors of the College School, ranged on and about the stage.

The simple little program began with a happy group of three short part-songs under the direction of the Choral Master, Mr. Albert Whitehead, with Miss Nan Shaw at the piano. Miss Beatrice Dobie, fourth year College student, read an address, expressing a joyous and grateful welcome to His Excellency, to which were added words of appreciation of the presence of the Archbishops and Bishops, with a special message of gratitude and congratulation to our Archbishop.



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REVEREND ILDEBRANDO
ANTONIUTTI, D.D., APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CANADA
AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A spiritual bouquet of prayers offered for the Missions was presented to His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate. In expressing his gratitude he spoke very feelingly of the Pope's position in the present world of turmoil, and while assuring his young listeners of the Holy Father's paternal and affectionate interest in them, he made his own appreciation of their welcome and their prayers seem a very echo of that in the heart of His Holiness. After giving his blessing to the Assembly, he stood with the other prelates for the singing of the School hymn, "Hail to Thee, Joseph!" and then advancing to the stage, he met every one of the four hundred or more girls, and each had the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of kissing his ring and of receiving from him a small picture of the Holy Father with his Prayer for Peace on the back. When the last of the happy girls had left the auditorium the Sisters were presented and were in turn charmed by His Excellency's kindly graciousness. Returning to the reception room, he gave his blessing to the kneeling rows of children that lined the corridor and Music Hall, leaving a sense of joy in the hearts of the little ones as he lingered and seemed reluctant to say farewell.

When all was over and the big front doors closed on their distinguished guests, the Sisters felt they had come very close to their loved Holy Father, and realized that the long desired privilege of having his representative with them had been providentially arranged for this time when they longed as never before to prove their affection and devotion to Christ's Vicar on earth. The Delegate's sincere interest in each individual was to them a sweet and precious reminder of the oneness of all the children of Holy Church. This impression of "union" was most consoling too, in that it made more vivid the truth so gratefully referred to by His Excellency, that the visible Head of the Church, our Holy Father, Pius XII, is and can be helped in these hours of anxiety and suffering by the prayers and good works of all his children.

Mere words will not say a fitting "Thank You" to His Excellency for all that his visit meant to the Sisters and pupils of St. Joseph's. They are deeply grateful for the

honour and privilege that have been theirs but even more grateful for a something above that material honour and privilege,—a something touching the spiritual which can find expression only in prayer for all that His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, has most at heart during these days of intense sorrow for him whom he represents, Our loved Pontiff, Pius XII.

The list of those present follows:

- The Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate.
Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto.
The Most Rev. P. J. Monahan, Archbishop of Regina.
The Most Rev. J. H. McDonald, Archbishop of Edmonton.
The Most Reverend G. Cabana, Coadjutor Archbishop of St. Boniface.
The Most Rev. J. C. Cody, Bishop of Victoria, B.C.
The Most Rev. J. T. Kidd, Bishop of London, Ontario.
The Most Rev. G. Murray, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.
The Most Rev. R. Duprat, O.M.I., Bishop of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.
The Most Rev. F. P. Carroll, Bishop of Calgary, Alberta.
The Most Rev. M. Johnson, Bishop of Nelson, B.C.
The Most Rev. M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin.
The Most Rev. R. H. Dignan, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
The Most Rev. J. Trocellier, O.M.I., Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin.
The Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario.
The Most Rev. J. L. Coudert, O.M.I., Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic of Prince Rupert and Yukon.
The Most Rev. P. A. Bray, C.J.M., Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick.
The Most Rev. L. Whelan, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal.
The Most Rev. J. R. McDonald, Bishop of Peterborough, Ont.
The Most Rev. R. Brodeur, Bishop of Alexandria, Ont.
The Most Rev. C. O'Gara, C.P., Vicar Apostolic (Bishop of Hunan, China).
The Most Rev. H. Belleau, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of James' Bay.
The Most Rev. J. M. O'Neill, Harbour Grace, Newfoundland.
The Most Rev. C. Le Blanc, Bathurst, N.B.
The Right Reverend Severin Gertkin, O.S.B., Abbot Ordinary, Muenster, Sask.

The Right Reverend M. F. Dinn, Harbour Grace, Newfoundland.

The Right Reverend J. V. Harris, Toronto, Ontario.

Very Rev. A. J. Phelan, Regina, Saskatchewan.

Very Rev. W. T. Davis, D.D., Toronto, Ontario.

Very Rev. F. V. Allen, Toronto, Ontario.

ADDRESS TO HIS EXCELLENCY.

To our revered guest, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Ildebrando Antonutti, Titular Archbishop of Sinnada, and Apostolic Delegate of His Holiness Pope Pius XII to Canada and Newfoundland, the Sisters and pupils of St. Joseph's extend a sincere and affectionate welcome.

Most Reverend and dear Father:

For some weeks past we have been living in a state of expectancy and anticipation of the First Canadian National Exhibition, which was officially opened by Your Excellency last evening; and of the grandeur of which, visitors to the Varsity Arena to-day have indisputable proof. Naturally there are many aspects of this Exhibition which fill our young Canadian Catholic hearts with pride and joy,—the magnificent booths, the artistic exhibits and displays, the carefully wrought relief maps, the music, the movies and a hundred other features that instruct and delight; but for us personally one of the most outstanding pleasures of this memorable week will be our privilege of having Your Excellency to-night as our guest.

Ever since your coming to Canada we have looked forward to the day when you would visit our school so that we might welcome you, the Ambassador of Our Holy Father the Pope, and offer to him in your person our love and loyalty, and above all, our unceasing prayers. We did not foresee that your visit would come at a time when that beloved Holy Father would need in a special way the loyalty and prayers of every Christian throughout the world. Please God we shall not fail him in this dark hour when all the dread horrors and stark realities of war are pressing down upon him. May the Peace of Christ be in his soul to comfort and sustain him.

And now we should like to take this opportunity, too, of welcoming, on their first visit to St. Joseph's, Their Excellencies Bishop O'Gara, Vicar Apostolic of the Passionist Missions in China, Bishop Trocellier, Bishop of Mackenzie, as well as

all the other distinguished prelates who are with us this evening. We are sure that no one will take exception if we add a word of special filial welcome and gratitude to our own beloved Archbishop, to whom we are so deeply indebted for this gathering here to-night. We offer him, too, our proud congratulations on the immense success with which under his Presidency this Missionary Exhibition has been organized and executed. It has been a tremendous undertaking, but one that is surely most gratifying in its results. The burden of the work has fallen to the priests and to the religious of the different orders and communities, but that they may know that our hearts, too, are in the work of the Canadian Missions, we take great pleasure in presenting to Your Excellency, Apostolic Delegate, this offering of our prayers for the Missions,—the prayers of children to-day, who with God's grace will be the lay or religious missionaries of to-morrow.

There are many things, Your Excellency, which might be said on an occasion of this kind, but we shall be content with just assuring you once more of our deep happiness in having you with us to-night, of our gratitude for your coming, and of our loving prayers that God may bless your work here in Canada as He has blessed your work in other lands.

We have the honour to be your devoted children of St. Joseph's.



OUT OF STEP

By PAUL KAY.

HIS finger flicked an imaginary speck from the coatsleeve. That was better. The uniform was poor but it was clean. He smiled at his reflection in the mirror. He had aged, but those brass buttons still glistened as on the day when his nervous hands had first fingered them; and that medal on his chest, "For Distinguished Service," the words were as legible as they had been the moment they were first placed on his fast-beating heart. Foolish of him to be reviving those memories. Nothing but sorrow could come of them now. Yes, that he knew only too well. He turned from the mirror, sad at heart.

"Might as well admit I wouldn't be much use," he mumbled. He walked slowly towards the open trunk. Reverently and with difficulty he took the coat from his shoulders. He was not so slim anymore. He laid the uniform away, closed and locked the trunk.

* * *

The blare of trumpets, the beat of drums, the sound of martial music, brought him trembling to the window. He watched the brown-clad files move swiftly by. Unwilling tears filled his eyes. What was a man to do? Did age make so much difference after all? He could carry a gun as well as some of them. Yes, and there were some there not much different in age from himself.

He caught himself. "Don't be a fool. Face the facts. Look at them there. James Austin, Francis McGill, Tim Casey,—why, they're members of an entirely different generation. He shrugged his shoulders. He should have known better.

* * *

William Kitney was his name. Descendant of a long line of fighting ancestors. A man with memories but no hopes.

How could they know how a man felt. They with their draft age and physical requirements! How could they know that his heart was and always would be on the battlefields of Europe.

"Sorry, we admire your patriotism, but we can't use you. You can still find something to do at home." That's what the recruiting sergeant had said. He had said it three times, for it was that often that Kitney had tried to get into this new war. Well, he'd show them yet. Maybe that old uniform up in the trunk didn't mean anything to them—but to the one who had worn it,—that was it. He'd try once more! But this time in uniform. They would not—they dare not turn him down. Maybe they could get away with it on William Kitney, civilian; but on William Kitney, once more in uniform, they wouldn't dare. Eagerly he opened the trunk.

* * *

He came down the stairs quietly, a sheepish look upon his face. Hardly the bearing of a soldier. The coat was respectable enough, but the trousers were straining at their seams. He was pitiable, if anything.

He must get out without Mrs. Kitney seeing him. She would not want him to go. She knew how he felt and since she understood, she hated to see him hurt, so hurt. He reached the door, put his hand upon the knob. "William, is that you?" She had heard him. He stood still and said nothing.

She fussed into the room. Wrinkles and snow white hair gave the lie to the spring of youth in her step. She was 50 if she was a month, but she carried her years well.

"Oh, William, what are you doing?" She raised her voice on the "are" as though reprimanding a naughty child.

"I . . . I'm going upstairs." He turned back from the door.

Mrs. Kitney shook her head. "Sometimes you are positively childish."

* * *

But William Kitney was no fool. One hour later he was at the club, breathless and flustered, his uniform neatly folded and tucked under his arm. He spoke to no one as he made

his way to the dressing-room. One block from the club was the army recruiting station.

* * *

A secretary tittered as Kitney entered in what was once a resplendent uniform. He withered her with a glance and proudly took his place in line. Name. Age. Occupation. He had been through it all before. He smiled knowingly at the nervous newcomers. They smiled back. Some laughed. William Kitney shrugged his shoulders and waited.

It was his turn. The sergeant, pencil poised, did not look up. "Name, please." Kitney waited a moment, then coughed, something between an incipient death rattle and a mature gulp. The sergeant impatiently looked up. His mouth dropped open, rich vermillion tinted the swarthy tan of his face; he feebly raised his pencil in the direction of William Kitney. He fought for control and grabbed it just this side of something awful. "You, . . . you . . ." he stammered. His next statement came forth in such a stentorian tone that the cop on the beat one block away almost swallowed his whistle. William Kitney could not make out the words. All he knew was that the sergeant was very angry and once more, this time rather emphatically, William Kitney was not wanted. He was expendable.

Not much more can be said. In fairness to the sergeant, however, let us look over Mrs. Kitney's shoulder as she reads a letter apparently sent the evening that William had tried once more and failed. It was from the recruiting office:

"Dear Mrs. Kitney:

"I hope that the forceful treatment given William Kitney will have good results. We are very busy here. His repeated attempts at enlistment take up both time and patience. He is fine and patriotic, but the draft age cannot be changed for individuals. I suggest that you destroy his uniform. Ever since he played the part of General MacArthur in the school play, he has had the army on his mind. The principal should never have let him keep the uniform. I am sure he is a good boy and a good son, but he is only sixteen.

Sincerely,

J. P. Murray, Recruiting Sergeant."

THE SHEPHERDS

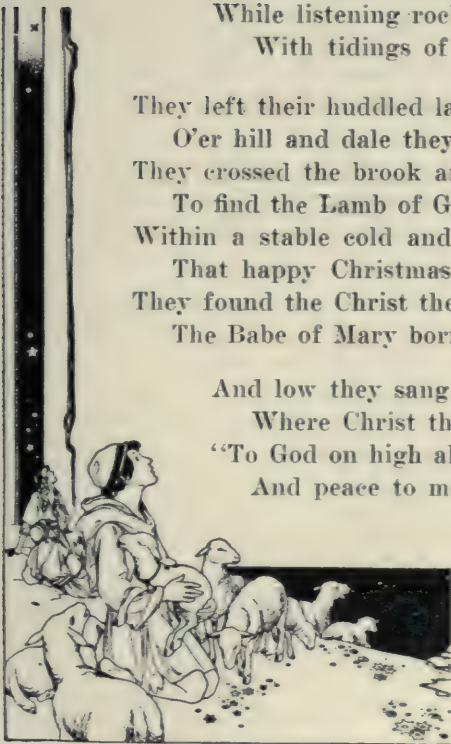
'T WAS near the middle watch of night,
The winds were hushed and still,
The cold Judean stars hung bright
Above the shadowy hill,
When on the startled shepherds' eyes
A blinding splendor fell,
And hosts of angels filled the skies
With songs and canticle.

"Be glory unto God!" they sang.
"And peace to men on earth!"
While listening rock and valley rang
With tidings of His birth.

They left their huddled lambs and sheep;
O'er hill and dale they trod;
They crossed the brook and climbed the steep,
To find the Lamb of God.
Within a stable cold and bleak
That happy Christmas morn,
They found the Christ they came to seek,
The Babe of Mary born.

And low they sang on bended knee
Where Christ the Lord had birth:
"To God on high all glory be,
And peace to men on earth!"

—P. J. Coleman.



AUTUMN

THERE'S music in the crackling sound
Of Autumn leaves beneath our feet,
When Nature paints the scenes around—
Work that no artist can repeat;
And in the silences profound,
Where gold and scarlet banners meet
With purple traceries inwound,
The spell of magic is complete.

The flowers, our dear companions, now
Are mostly in a dying state.
Like gladiolas, while they glow,
Begin to meet the common fate;
And, in the pine tree singing low,
The bird is whispering to his mate
A warning, as the bleak winds blow,
That winter's waiting at the gate.

While Autumn's tang is wild and sweet;
Lured by the keen, delicious aid,
Far from the haunt of city street,
We feast on Nature's sumptuous fare:
The scene of mystery complete,
Our pathway picturesque and fair,
Ours is a spiritual treat,
A blessing we hope others share.

—Frederick B. Fenton.

THE HEART OF MARY

O HEART Immaculate! No stain of sin
Has ever marred thy shining purity,
But, like the reflex of a golden dawn,
God's grace and love shine ever forth in thee,
O Spotless Heart!

O Heart most true! God's uttermost demand
Finds e'er in thee submission glad and free.
No other loyalty has power to rend
The tryst undying 'twixt God's Heart and thee,
O Faithful Heart!

O Heart undaunted! Through the grief and gloom
Of Calvary, thy courage did not fail;
But thou didst bear with Him each cruel blow,
Each bitter pang, the hurt of every nail,
O Valiant Heart!

O Heart most loving! Hear thy little ones
Who throng about thee on this happy day;
Lead us to God with swift, unerring steps,
And be for us thyself the surest way.
O Loving Heart!

Nuala O'Higgins.



Community

As a fitting climax to one of the most brilliant religious displays this city has ever seen, at the close of the Mission Exhibit Week in Toronto came the bestowal of the degree of Roman Count and Assistant to the Papal Throne on Archbishop McGuigan. Since his installation in the See of Toronto, Archbishop McGuigan has shown a truly apostolic zeal in all the works of the Church, and in particular in the furtherance of the teaching of catechetics and the encouragement of missionary activities in both home and foreign fields. May we extend to our dear Father in Christ our sincere congratulations on his new honours and a promise of the continuance of our prayers for the further success of his fruitful apostolate.

Recently "Notre Dame," Wilcox, celebrated the 25th anniversary of the ordination of the President of the College, the Reverend Athol Murray. Ordained in 1918 by Archbishop Neil McNeil, Father Murray served the Church in this diocese until he answered the invitation to "go west," and since then, his many and varied talents have found scope in several cities and towns in Saskatchewan. Always a keen educationist and bibliophile, Father Murray could not long remain outside the field of educational endeavours and it is due to him that Notre Dame, Saskatchewan, was founded in affiliation with the University of Ottawa. For student and booklover, Father Murray's library with its wonderful collection of 16th century bibles has a special appeal. St. Joseph Lilies, whose pages have been graced with the learned and gifted writer, joins with his students, friends and Church dignitaries throughout Canada in wishing Father Murray a continuance of his fruitful apostolate together with an enjoyment of that hundredfold which Christ has promised His faithful servitors even in this life. Ad multos annos!

The Golden Jubilee celebration in September of Brother Simon Stock, F.S.C., gave his friends, an opportunity to honor him. This fiftieth anniversary finds Brother Simon still young and still busily engaged. His labours as teacher, master of novices, vocational director, have taken him to Belgium, Rome and Australia, while in Canada, Quebec and Ontario claim him as their own. By conferring on their confrère the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, St. Mary's College, California, has forged a link in international union, of recognition to one who in his work and charity is universal. St. Joseph Lilies, too, congratulates one who has contributed generously to the "Lilies."

On August fifteenth ceremonies of profession and Reception took place. The former was private, preceding the Community Mass. Rev. Father Paschal, O.S.B., officiated. Sister M. St. Hugh O'Leary, Lindsay, Ontario, and Sister Loyola Marie McCann, Ottawa, Ontario, pronounced their First Vows, and the following their Final Vows: Sister Mary Aileen Rimmer, Winnipeg; Sister M. Valeria Dutli, Ermine, Saskatchewan; Sister M. Corinne Meraw, Sovereign, Saskatchewan; Sister Mary Daniel O'Connell, Winnipeg; Sister M. Demetria Morrissey, Downeyville, Ontario; Sister Mary André Orsina, Toronto.

At 9.30 the Chapel was filled with relatives and friends of the young ladies who were to receive the Holy Habit. Right Reverend W. A. McCann presided, assisted by Rev. L. A. Markle. Rev. Father Paschal, in his sermon, called attention to the sacrifice the aspirants were about to make, because "God had chosen them for His own." Holy Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. Fullerton, S.F.M. Other clergy present were Very Rev. G. J. Kirby, Rev. F. Mogan, Rev. S. Paradis, Rev. J. G. Fullerton, Rev. J. M. Fullerton, Rev. H. Dillon, C.S.S.R., Rev. Brothers Joseph, Richard, Thaddeus and Charles.

The young ladies who received the Habit were:

Miss Mary Stephens, Toronto (Sister Mary Constance).

Miss Margaret Fullerton, Toronto (Sister Mary St. Vincent).

Miss Mary Ford, Toronto (Sister Mary St. Thomas).

Miss Vivian Vezina, Chapleau, Ont. (Sister Mary Brigid).

The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption was the occasion of special joy and gratitude in the Community, marking two Diamond Jubilees, two Golden and five Silver.

The close of the second Retreat after an early Mass found most of the happy celebrants at the Mother House, and the air was so filled with "congratulations" that fancy's sweet Jubilee Bells seemed to ring all day long, but their notes were at their best when His Excellency, Archbishop McGuigan, accompanied by Father O'Loane, C.S.B., came to offer his felicitations.

To write of Sister Jubilarians without being reminiscent, thus bringing to light precious "hidden years" is difficult, so we must "write between the lines," and say only what everyone knows.

Sister Maxentia actually reached her Sixtieth Milestone on July 15. Sister's life work was carried out in various classrooms but she was perhaps best known in St. Francis' Parish, Toronto, and in St. Joseph's, Winnipeg. Sister has been engaged at the House of Providence for the past few years and among other duties she still finds occasion to be "the teacher,"—and all her old persistence and kindly tact then comes to the fore,—when one or other of the residents needs instruction in Christian Doctrine.

Sister Florence, our second Diamond Jubilarian, without going beyond the telephone for ever so many years, has a host of friends whom she keeps in her prayers. Sister's loss of sight over thirty years ago was the beginning of a new Apostolate for her, that of carrying everyone's burdens to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. She still journeys countless times every day between the Chapel Gallery and the telephone, to answer which is still her special duty. Sister's happiness reached its climax on her Jubilee-day when she received a message from the Apostolic Delegate, informing her that the Holy Father sent his blessing.

Sister Joachim makes life happier for her Sisters and their charges at the House of Providence and in so doing continues to find her own happiness as she has for fifty years, in spending herself for others. Ever quietly efficient and capable in various works, Sister Joachim has yet been so much "a Mary" that one easily applies to her Our Lord's own words: "She has chosen the better part." A surprise and an added joy awaited Sister at the close of Retreat, in a visit from the Pastor of her former home, Rev. J. V. McAuley, accompanied by several of her relations.

Sister Mary of the Rosary, obliged to give up her work of teaching God's little ones some few years ago, has since been stationed at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro. There she acted as Sacristan as long as her health permitted and since then has found smaller duties by which to lighten the burden of others as well as leisure for the most helpful of all duties, prayer. Sister kept her Jubilee on the Feast of the Assumption, when Rev. L. A. Markle celebrated High Mass.

The Solemn High Mass for Sister Florence was celebrated on the 16th. Right Reverend W. A. McCann was celebrant, Rev. Father Ronan, Deacon, and Rev. Father Beniger, C.S.B., Sub-Deacon.

Tuesday, August 17, was Jubilee-day at the House of Providence. Monsignor McCann was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, with Rev. J. V. McAuley, Trenton, as Deacon, and Rev. J. Bagnasco, Sub-Deacon.

Sister M. Francis Regis, Sister M. Dominica, Sister M. St. Luke, Sister M. St. Gerald and Sister M. Philomena, received congratulations on the twenty-fifth Anniversary of Profession, August 15.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

An informal dance was held to welcome 36 preliminary students. From S.J.C.S. we have Misses Juanita Ennis, Monica Purtell and Doris Quigley.

Much of the success of the "Penny Sale" in October was due to the Convener, Miss T. Hushing, and her committee. Badminton and physical training are in full swing and "Hobby Nite" is held every Friday.

The Annual Closed Retreat was conducted by Rev. Basil Markle, who also is continuing lectures in Psychology and Nursing Ethics.

All classes took part in the Hallowe'en Concert and the preliminary students made their "debut" in their Glee Club.

Rev. A. McNicholl has replaced Rev. A. Clancy as director of the Sodality.

At the Sodality meeting the following officers were elected: Miss Eleanor Mulloy, President; Miss Monica Taylor, Vice-President; Miss Marie Roach, Secretary-Treasurer; Committee: Miss Joan Donahue, Miss Miriam O'Keefe, Miss Helen Grady, Miss Phyllis Garson.

Perpetual Mass Attendance has been inaugurated. The

representatives of the Inter-School Association now include: P. Phillips, H. Stewart, G. Cunningham and K. Brophy.

* * *

Misses H. Cozens, M. McCarthy and K. Boyle were guests of the students for the picnic supper and evening sail to Queenston.

* * *

On June 13th, the preliminary students received their caps, among them Miss Helen Woods and Miss Rose Marie Miceli from S.J.C.S.

* * *

Miss Verona Smith has been appointed to the teaching staff as public health instructress.

* * *

On June 23rd, a farewell programme was given for our chaplain, Rev. A. T. Clancy. Miss Eleanora Izzo was chairman. Misses Josephine Ravelle and Bernice Davidson gave piano selections. Miss Emelia Longo, Miss Helen Nightingale and Miss Kathleen Lockhart, on behalf of the assembly, made presentations to the honoured guest.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, OSHAWA.

Some months ago the music pupils of the convent gave a splendid recital in the auditorium of St. Gregory's School. The programme included several two piano ensembles, solos, duets, and a two part chorus. The performers showed talent and excellent training.

OSHAWA.

At the Junior Music Recital the Rhythm Band, fifty-five strong, led by Adele Covert, performed admirably, and so did the thirty-one pupils who took part in the entertainment.

Two Class Piano groups gave several numbers.

* * *

RESULTS OF TORONTO CONSERVATORY.

Piano: Grade VIII—Honours, Cezarina Wysocki. Grade II—First Class Honours, Winston Bradley; Honours, Jean Kolodzie, Joan Kucharski.

History: Grade III—Pass, Helen Preisler.

ST. PATRICK'S CONVENT, VANCOUVER, B.C.

RESULTS OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS.

Piano: Grade VI—Honors, Diane Sims; Pass, Faryl Topwood. Grade V—Honors, Louise Lautsch. Pass, Joan Hewitt, Agnes Quenville (equal), Helen Ecarnot. Grade II—Honors, Doreen Barnard, Beryl Smith. Grade I—Honors, Barbara Gauthier.

Violin: Grade VI—Honors, Sheila Dempster. Grade IV—First Class Honors, Aubrey Fryer. Grade III—Honors, Donald Shore, James Dickson. Grade II—Honors, Gordon Pearmain, Donald Farquhar.

Theory: A.T.C.M., Piano Written—Honors, Theresa Pavitt. Grade V, Counterpoint, Rita Havey. Grade I—Honors, Marion Crellin; Pass, Diane Sims, Faryl Hopwood.

* * *

Congratulations to St. Patrick's School for receiving special mention on their exhibit and for winning honours for the second year in succession for their part in the "Quizz" at the annual catechetical tests. This year's assignment was "King David," and King David held his court, escaped the attacks of Saul and praised the Lord with his psalms—all cleverly done with miniature theatrical cut-outs depicting the various scenes in the life of the King. Robert McDonald and Joanne Dobson upheld the honour of St. Patrick's.



ONE OF THE POSTERS SHOWN AT
THE EXHIBIT.

*Transfer of the Ark of the Covenant;
Saul and David; David as Shepherd;
David driven from the city.*

OBITUARY.**Sister M. Madeline Johnston.**

On October 21, God called to Himself Sister M. Madeline of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto. An invalid for the past ten years at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, she bore her cross with edifying patience and cheerfulness.

The deceased, formerly Gertrude Johnston, was born in Whitby, Ontario, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston. She was educated in her native town, graduating from the Ontario Ladies' College and specializing in music under the late Dr. Edward Fisher of the Toronto Conservatory. She entered St. Joseph's Community in 1895 and for forty years "traded with her talent," teaching music with marked success at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, St. Joseph's Convent, Barrie, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto, and St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, B.C. She endeared herself to her pupils, and strengthened their faith by her own simple earnestness and spirit of prayer. She will be affectionately remembered by her Sisters for her child-like faith, her charity and loyalty. Her unfailing sweetness and patience during the long years of partial helplessness were truly the fruit of a life-time habit of complete submission to God's Holy Will.

Sister Madeline is survived by two sisters Sister M. Christina, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Sister M. Josephine, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, and by four brothers, Dr. James Johnston, Los Angeles, Arthur, of Chicago, and Fred and Norbert, Bradford, Pa. A Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake by the Right Reverend J. E. McRae, with Rev. B. Kirby, S.F.M., and Rev. J. Ainslie, S.F.M., as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. Interment was made in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rev. J. Brennan officiating at the grave R.I.P.





**ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1943**

Honorary President

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

President

Mrs. E. F. Ellard.

Vice-Presidents

Mrs. Leo Hall Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist Mrs. D. M. Goudy
Mrs. A. Holmes Miss Veronica Malone

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. Gerald Dunn

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Miss Helen Mathews

Treasurer

Miss Mabel Abrey

Publicity

Miss Rosemary LaPrairie

Membership

Miss Ruth Bradley and Miss Alice Lamb

Tea Hostess

Mrs. D. M. Goudy

Councillors

Miss Alice Lamb Miss Ruth Bradley Miss Mary K. Mickler
Miss Kay Bennett Mrs. W. K. Prendergast
Mrs. Joseph Garvey Mrs. George Bartlam

Historian

Miss Margaret Kelman

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae took place on Sunday, May 30th, in the Convent assembly rooms. Mrs. Ferguson Ellard presided.

An excellent financial report was read by Miss Mabel Aubrey. The conveners for the school dance, Misses Veronica Malone and Ruth Bradley were thanked for their efforts. Volunteers were asked to assist with the sale of War Saving Stamps in the departmental stores. The Alumnae scholarship cheque was presented to Sister Superior. A cheque was also given to assist in the work of the "C.F.C.A. Wartime

Hospitality Committee." A donation had also been given to the Canadian Red Cross.

Mrs. H. T. Roesler, President of the C.F.C.A., described the spiritual and wartime efforts of the Association. Mrs. J. Costello and Miss Mary Neff were the guest musical artists. In honour of the graduates of 1943, who were introduced and welcomed, tea was served from a table arranged with flowers and tapers in the gold and brown school colours. Mrs. B. Unser and Mrs. H. Costello presided. Tea arrangements were in charge of Mrs. D. M. Goudy and Miss Veronica Malone, assisted by a group of young members.

M. Abrey.

Dear Sister:

Perhaps I am too late with this letter but if I am it won't make much difference. I see that Margaret Conlin Crawford has sent in a sheaf of items and Hilda Sullivan sent in a note or two so the Alumnae Section will be quite interesting this time.

Before I get down to this batch of notes on my desk I must congratulate our Alma Mater upon the splendid exhibition of its history and works as displayed at the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibition and upon the dignity and assurance of the young ladies who were in attendance, explaining in detail the meaning of each panel and map and scene. More than once we heard it summed up by critics as "unified." It certainly made all of its old girls who saw it, proud to be of its alumnae, and surely those seven hundred enrolled pupils in the Academy in Toronto, not to mention all those in other St. Joseph-conducted schools, hospitals and institutions must have been equally thrilled.

All of the booths were outstanding and yet no two were alike. It was indeed a thrilling and inspiring exposition. It must have been a soul-stirring few days for the clergy who had the added interest of the discussions during the Congress at the same time.

Not the least of the pleasing sights was the colorful spot here and there in the arena as the Cardinal, Papal Delegate and Archbishops, Bishops and other dignitaries of the Church mingled with the throng of visitors who filled the aisles all day long every day.

Every time I passed the exhibit of the Franciscan Fathers the priests were demonstrating something. Once it was a

lamp such as the ones kept filled by the wise maidens of old, another time it was a fisherman's net, cast upon an imaginary sea and drawn in as in St. Peter's day, another time the good father was throwing a silken square over his head, winding a heavy cord around and behold he was a sheik—though perhaps he would not call himself that. However, at that moment I was scurrying along on urgent business and could not stand to hear his explanations.

At each booth there was so much to see and ask about that ten o'clock and closing hour came all too soon each day.

The Institute of the B.V.M. had a most interesting exhibit and—but oh dear, I can't begin to recount its wonders, and I can only promise those who did not have the privilege of attending it this time, that it is hoped that it will be repeated very soon some place else, maybe in their very own diocese.

And now to alumnae notes!

At the National C.W.L. Convention in Hamilton two of our alumnae were listed among the life members—Mrs. J. C. Keenan of Buffalo and Miss Antoinette Bauer, of Waterloo, Ont.

* * *

Lieutenant Emelda Dickson, '36, is now "somewhere in Africa" with the American Army Nursing Corps.

* * *

During the early summer Mrs. Stanley Booth (Cleo Coghlan) of the Capilano Estates, West Vancouver, visited St. Joseph's. She came east in connection with the British Columbia Security Commissions rehabilitating Japanese girls through Canada.

* * *

It is to be expected that among the active members of the C.W.L. in any part of Canada there should be many of our former pupils, but every time I recognize a name I make a note of it, mostly in my mind's notebook, where it gets mislaid in the general jumble therein, so that when I get down to this letter I am sure to miss some of them. However, just now I remember that at the annual Membership Tea in St. Catharines, Miss Ina Larkin, Miss Kathleen Dawson and Mrs. J. B. McAndrew (Grace Cooney) presided at the tea table. And I often see the names of our girls (now women, most of them) among the lists of busy doers of deeds in every line of war and community work.

Writing of Miss Ina Larkin brings to my memory her

friend and mine, Mrs. W. W. Petley, and I can add a news note here. Mrs. Petley's grandson, Laird Douglas (son of Josephine Petley Douglas) is being married in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, this month, to Miss Marion Irene Baker. Jo's other sons, like Laird, are in the Airforce and R.C.M.P. and Mary is busy in all C.Y.O. activities.

* * *

Someone was asking for Catharine McGuiness lately. She is with the Toronto Department of Health.

Hilda Sullivan paid a fleeting visit as she passed through Toronto en route to Rochester for her holidays. She attended the C.W.L. Convention last June, an alternate delegate.

Adele McGuane is at Smith College taking the Officer's Course for the W.A.V.E.S.

Miss Mary McNamara, M.A., is in the American Consular Service in Washington, D.C., Amarita McNamara received her B.S. degree from the U. of California, where she did graduate work in nursing.

* * *

Miss Bernita Miller, B.A., is in Social Service in Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. T. Jamieson (Frieda Laplante) who is living in Niagara Falls now, visited S.J.C. with her two little daughters, this summer.

Mother Helen Grant, R.S.C.J., is now teaching in Sacred Heart Convent in Rochester, N.Y.

Mrs. Leonard Hynes (Jessie Grant) visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grant, in Toronto this summer. Jessie has three children, a boy and two little girls.

We are glad to announce that Miss Julia O'Connor is at home again after several weeks in St. Michael's hospital, following an accident in which she broke her shoulder.

Miss Grace Griffin is teaching in Aurora Collegiate, and Miss Glenise McKenna is teaching in Orillia Collegiate.

Mrs. Howard Walsh (Rita Hetherman), commissioned as Sec. Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Nurses Corps, is at Holloran Hospital, S.I., New York.

Mrs. Rae Forrester (Marie O'Connor) and her two daughters, were recent visitors.

Miss Alice Lambe convened a closed retreat at Marion Hall, Toronto, for eighteen sodalists.

St. Joseph's was happy to welcome Mrs. Dorothy Dillemath Sherif when she called this summer. Dorothy spent some

years in Egypt, returning to this continent three years ago. How about a letter, Dorothy, telling us something of your experiences and journeying to Egypt?

Miss Anne Golden is holidaying at home in Toronto. She is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

* * *

Felicitations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Goodman (Patricia Mahan), married in Toronto in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson O'Connor (Bette Mabel Burke), married in Victoria, B.C., recently.

Lt. and Mrs. Gordon (Adele Tremble), married in Toronto in June.

Mr. and Mrs. James Neville (Margaret MacDonnell), married in Toronto in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Edwin Pringle (Mary Eileen McKinnon), married in Toronto in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Long (Madeleine Coughlan of Mt. St. Louis), married recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Patterson (Helen Hetherman), married in Toronto.

* * *

Dr. J. M. Bennett and his wife, celebrated their silver wedding last August, and were the recipients of many messages of congratulation and greetings, among which was a telegram from His Holiness the Pope, bestowing apostolic blessing and wishing them every happiness. We add ours to the many! Their daughters, Mary and Kathleen, are alumnae of S.J.C.

* * *

Among those on duty in North Africa is our Lieutenant Monica Reynolds, who is with the 15th General Hospital Unit. Monica has two brothers in the Services, Pilot Officer J. Bernard Reynolds and Lieutenant George Reynolds, R.C.O.C.

* * *

Our sincerest sympathy goes to the family of Mr. W. T. Kernahan, who died in August, in Toronto. His three daughters, Helen (Mrs. Arthur Holmes), Katharine (Mrs. C. P. Connolly), and Mary (Mrs. G. V. Delaire), and his two sisters, Mrs. Anne O'Connor and Mrs. D. O. O'Brien, are alumnae of St. Joseph's, as was his late wife, Mary Hanrahan.

To Mrs. L. T. Sadler (Alice Killackey), whose father died recently.

To the family of the late T. J. Martin, whose only daughter, Albertine (Sister St. Teresa), is a Sister of St. Joseph, teaching in Rosetown, Sask.; and to the family of Mrs. J. F. Overend, who died in October.

To Mrs. John W. Fraser (Jo Marion), on the death of her mother, Mrs. Bonfield, a pupil at St. Joseph's in 1880-83, her two daughters, Rita and Jo Marion, and her two grandchildren, Betty and Louise Bonfield, also alumnae of S.J.C. Jo tells us of a faded certificate signed by Mother Antoinette, June, 1882. Among the list of subjects marked is "Bayeux tapestry."

* * *

We are happy to add our congratulations to the many being offered to Mr. Frederick Keenan Morrow, who recently was awarded the O.B.E. medal by His Majesty. He is a brother of one of our alumnae presidents, the late Miss May Morrow, and of the National President of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, Mrs. H. T. Roesler. Mr. Morrow is a Governor of St. Joseph's Hospital and a generous benefactor to all charities.

Heartiest congratulations to new mothers among our alumnae!

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Ball (Joan Thompson), on the birth of a daughter, in July—Marian Gertrude.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Stafford Bradley (Geraldine Hector), a son, in Sudbury, Ont., in July.

To Flying Officer and Mrs. Sheffield Edward Corson (Evelyn Van Lane) a son, John Sheffield, in July.

To Doctor and Mrs. Al Contway (Madeleine Wright), a daughter, in April.

To Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Apted (née Carolan), a daughter, June Margaret, in June.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tudhope (Aileen Reynolds), a daughter, "Sheelah," a sister for young Tony.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. Rutherford (Gloria Denning), a daughter, Lynne Marie, in June.

To Mr. and Mrs. Neil Morrison (Mary Shepherd), a son, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant (Margaret Seitz), a daughter, Susan Margaret, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Marsh (Bernice Leonard), a son, Garry David, in Hamilton.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry (Marie Lanke), a son, in October.
Gertrude Thompson.

Dear Sister Leonarda :

I have just discovered Saint Boniface. You take a bus in down-town Winnipeg and cross the Red River, a matter of a few minutes, but you find yourself immediately in an atmosphere quite different from the modern Western city. The Cathedral with its "turrets twain" dominates the religious buildings which rise in piles surmounted by their domes and belfries, on one side the Grey Nuns' Home for the Aged, Provincial and Novitiate Buildings and the Hospital, an enormous building; on the other The Archveche College, Oblates' Convent and I do not know how many others. The Hotel de Villa, and Hotel des Portes face you as you come over on Provencher Street, and everything reminds you of French Canada except the width of the streets, which is characteristic of Western spaciousness.

We had a short bus ride and a longer walk to bring us to the grotto of Lourdes, on a reduced scale. The iron grille is there, and the altar and even a tap projecting from the rock at the left. The statues of Our Lady and Bernadette are in the same relative positions as in Lourdes, but instead of the rushing, noisy "gave" we had behind us the sluggish red waters of the river of the Canadian voyageur.

The Corpus Christi procession is a great religious demonstration, and we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of being present at it, as well as of paying another visit to Saint Boniface. The Blessed Sacrament was carried through the streets around the Cathedral for nearly a mile, and the procession itself must have been a mile long. There were two bands, long lines of grey nuns, hundreds of little girls dressed in white, and boys in white blouses and white stockings, sodalists, girl guides, women's and men's societies each carrying its own banner, and accompanied by religious in all sorts of costumes. Then a long line of sanctuary boys and clergy preceded the Blessed Sacrament borne under its great canopy. The bells of the Cathedral rang continually, the people prayed aloud, and the clergy chanted. It was a marvellous harmony of sound and colour blended in worship. That was our last picture of Saint Boniface, a happy mingling of past and present, showing the vitality of the faith in this new land.

We had heard that Vancouver Island was like England, while the country around Comox is the wildest one can imagine. Comox itself is pretty, but you have to pass through the backwoods to get there. The climate is wonderful, and

the garden beautiful. All sorts of things grow there, that one finds nowhere else; holly, laburnum, laurel, and of course the flowers are those one finds in England.

Sr. M. Bernard.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

When I was talking to you in Toronto last month, I don't think you knew that I was just there for a visit with my family and not up to date with the latest news of St. Joseph's Alumnae. However, I have managed to gather a few items of interest.

CLASS OF '38.

Mrs. W. H. Walton (Margaret Macdonald) and Gerry Ryan, who is still Physical Education head at Kirkland Lake Collegiate, had a delightful trip to N.B. where Margie's husband, Capt. "Bim" Walton, is situated. Meanwhile four months' old Margaret Mary was happy in Toronto with her adoring aunt, Sally Macdonald.

Mr. McLaughlin, Sunny's father, was down to Kenwood, N.Y., to see his daughter and reports that she is radiantly happy. He also saw Mother Helen Grant, Jean's sister, who also is in the Sacred Heart Order.

Mrs. Fergus Walsh (Eileen Zeagman) had a baby boy christened Aug. 29th, but my reporter forgot to tell me the name. His father, like so many other fathers, is in the army.

Genevieve Conlin and Gerry Ryan visited Mrs. Patrick Kerwin's (Mary Gertrude Doyle) in St. Catharines. They say the bride's charming personality is reflected everywhere in her attractive new home. Gen. recently was made head of her department at Canada Life, and besides that, is busy arranging the Fall Schedule of the Catholic Junior League of which she is Vice-President.

Kay Killoran, who lived near the campus all summer, is now in Sarnia, engaged in war work. Kay's three brothers are in service, and last Spring the family was re-united one week-end during which Mrs. Killoran held open house.

Marie O'Rourke and Helen Newton, those inseparables of college days, are employed in Toronto. Marie's mother is recovering from a long siege of illness. Helen or "Newa," as she was known at 29 Queen's Park, spent her holidays with her mother in the Laurentians. Her two brothers are in service.

CLASS OF '39.

Margaret Morrissey, who was married in June to Mr. Rene Bourassa, R.C.A.F., was a beautiful bride, and Eileen O'Hara and Anita Martin (Ottawa), were fortunate in being able to attend. Gert Mulcahy, who was recently moved from Ottawa to Toronto, where she is doing accountancy, was up north on business at the time and had to miss the fun. Mrs. A. G. Rankin (Norah Costello) wrote from Montreal that they planned naming their little daughter Sheila Ann. Norah's husband is with the Ordnance Corps, and they are busy seeing their college friends visiting in Montreal. Jean McLaughlin (Loretto), who married Frank Sirdevan (St. Michael's '38), visits them when in town from Highwater, Quebec.

Pat Walsh, my former German confrere, is a Wren and stationed in Halifax. My husband, who is a defence worker for the U.S. Army Ordnance, is being moved to Knoxville, Tenn., shortly, and we are visiting with his family in Oswego, N.Y., before leaving. Since our marriage in February we have been in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Mary Kay Mickler is a pioneer now with the recently-explained T.C.A. staff. She is most enthusiastic about her work, and who wouldn't be when an occasional flying trip to New York City, etc., is possible.

CLASS OF '40.

Jean McLeod is in California with her sister and has no complaints about the weather or her work. Her close college friend, Lorna Smith, who was married to Hill Crawford last September, lived in Toronto until Hill joined the Army, and is now in North Bay at the home of her parents.

Mary and Kay Bennett both taught in Toronto this past year, Mary at St. Joseph's College School and Kay at Oakwood Collegiate.

Teresa Knowlton is employed at a war plant near Toronto, and recently saw her brother graduate from Officers' Training School in Brockville. Teresa's fiancé is overseas with the R.C.A.F.

Pilot Officer and Mrs. Robert Grant (Margaret Seitz) are now the parents of a daughter; Colleen Roach is employed in Washington. Gen. Hopkins is living at home in Syracuse and is also a war-worker. Her cousin, Bea Dobie, '44, whom I met in Syracuse this month, was planning to return to Toronto, where she finishes this year. Lieut. Isobel Conlin, a physiotherapist with the Medical Corps, is in Calgary awaiting overseas draft.

COLLEGE SCHOOL NOTES.

A former resident student of the college school, Adele McGuane of Hollywood, Cal., was a guest on Bob Hope's programme last Spring. She is a Wave, and last month was nominated for officer's training. Her picture, along with three other nominees, was in the New York papers.

Rosemary Burke, '36, at the College School, is employed in the office of the War Industry, located at A . . . , Ont.

Mrs. Joseph Nadeau (Patricia Downey, '35), was in town from Calgary during the summer months. Mrs. Joseph Schanta (Edith McGovern, '37), and her daughter Patricia, now living in Rochester, N.Y., were in Toronto during July. Mrs. Bill Phelan is now at home with her new daughter while her husband is overseas with the R.C.A.F. She was Alice Rathford, '36, and Bill is the brother of Norah (Mrs. Arthur Rogers) and Eileen (Mrs. Millar Inwood).

You see, Sister, despite my absence I am keeping up on the news in Toronto. I hope that I shall have more for you later.

Sincerely,
Margaret Conlin Crawford.

Extracts From Letters.

. . . Not long ago our bridge club entertained some service men at Sunday night supper. Sister Superior of Rosary Hall gave us the use of the rooms and members of the F.C.A. prepared supper and served us in the lounge.

Mrs. Nora Phelan Rogers accompanied on the piano while Mrs. Agnes Ryan McKee and Orla Beer led the sing song. I also noticed Mrs. Eileen Phelan Inwood, Marie Russill and Helen Cozens, Evelyn Arnold engaged in games and lively conversation. . . .

Mary Pape.

* * *

. . . If you want to revive one of the joys of your youth you should get Blanche Jennings Thompson's "Old Story." There is no greater story-material for children than these Old Testament stories, and here they are related with the distinction of style which is characteristic of this writer, and her feeling for child-psychology makes her pick out just the detail which appeals to children, old and young. The illustrations by Kate Seredy, combining artistic perfection and the exactitude that the young people demand, add to the charm of the book immensely.

K. Tuffy.

... Mother and I are spending a week in New York. We came by bus this time, scenic, and especially so with the early autumnal coloring. Just returned from my first visit to the Cenacle—a lovely spot, sorry now we didn't arrange to stay there, they asked us to pray so they can see their way clear to open a Retreat-house in Rochester.

Our hotel is on the same street as the famous "Little Church Around the Corner," such a beautiful interior. Being just a stone's throw from St. Leo's and Maria Reparatrix makes us feel blessed. After coming out of St. Vincent Ferrier in Lexington Avenue I dropped into a unique place across the street, called "The Irish Shop"—how you would have loved it with its Irish teacups, linens, cards, etc., even a picture of John McCormick. They told me our Bishop Kearney always calls in when in town. Near it I found a delightful place I've read about in "The Torch," the Aquin Book Shop run by a Miss Dougherty. She specializes in rare, hard-to-get Catholic books. To-morrow I hope to get to Harlem to see the Baroness' Friendship House.

A. V. Cloney.

Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends: Rev. S. McGrath, His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Rev. F. Foote, Rev. A. Coughlan, C.S.S.R., Rev. J. McCandlish, C.S.S.R., Mother St. Matthew, B.V.M., Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. L. Bowman, Mrs. Finerty, Mrs. O'Donoghue, Mr. T. Kidd, Mr. J. Kearney, Mr. P. Lyons, Lieut. W. Blake, Mrs. McGuire, Mr. O'Neill, Mrs. Thompson, Miss M. Horahan, Mrs. L. Bandel, Mrs. Hennessey, Mrs. S. Kirby, Mrs. T. McCarron, Mr. E. Marchildon, Mrs. A. Moran, Mrs. Hanlon, Mrs. B. Armstrong, Mr. J. McDonough, Mrs. A. Brazill, Mr. J. Whalen, Mr. R. McDonald, Mr. J. Harrison, Mrs. H. O'Brien, Mr. Martin, Mrs. R. Lalor, Mrs. Lawler, Mr. R. Fulton, Miss Loretto Burke, Mr. Sheedy, Mrs. Hourigan, Miss J. McCrae, Miss M. Caulfield, Mr. P. Cozens, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. L. Bowman, Mrs. A. Hitchen, Mr. D. MacDonald, Mr. L. Wimpenny, Mr. Arthurs, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Striebel, Mrs. B. Marion, Mr. D. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Patterson, Mr. B. Cahill.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.



WE were all proud of Bea Dobie, 4T3, who was chosen to read the address to His Excellency, the Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, at the entertainment given by the students of St. Joseph's College and St. Joseph's College School, on Oct. 17. After the entertainment His Excellency gave each girl a beautiful picture of Pope Pius XII, and spoke a few words to each one. Carmela Luciani, with her usual presence of mind, thanked the Delegate in her native Italian. That began things, for the Delegate then asked each girl her nationality and chatted in Spanish, German, French and Italian to different ones. It was a thrilling experience and one we shall not soon forget.

OUR Day of Recollection, the Feast of Christ the King, was conducted by Dom Maur, a Benedictine of Conception Abbey, who is a student at the Institute of Mediaeval Studies. The conferences dealt with the Church, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Eucharist, and were most enlightening and inspiring. After Benediction tea was served in the Common Room, at which the Day Students were the guests of the Resident girls.

ON October first Dr. Victoria Carson held her tenth annual cocoa party at Newman Club for the girls of Loretto and St. Joseph's Colleges. Dr. Carson welcomed all and expressed her hope that each girl would make forty acquaintances. In this atmosphere of informality a unity and spirit of friendliness is created among the students of St. Michael's. These parties start us off on our year's course and they will be among happy memories of college days.

Marnie Baechler.



HOUSE COMMITTEE.

TOP—Rina Aimone, Alicia Balzac, Irene Morissette.
BELOW—Olga Zerebko, Mary Mogan, Claire Havey.

TO MARY OVEREND, the girls of the College wish to extend their kindest sympathy in the loss of her mother, who was a frequent and beloved visitor at the College.

D. McNamara.

GRADUATION—June 4 was Graduation Day at the University. After Graduation Exercises the graduates and their friends returned to the College, where they were entertained at a garden tea, by the Staff. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Convent Chapel and Rev. Father Shook, C.S.B., delivered a sermon.

Saturday morning Holy Mass was offered for the graduates by Very Rev. Father McLaughlin. Breakfast was served on the porch, after which Father McLaughlin addressed the graduates and gave them a parting message to carry with them into the new life now beginning for them. This function of Graduation is the one the graduates love best, for it is something intimate and personal and as they say, "just for themselves."

On Sunday afternoon the Graduates of Loretto and St. Joseph's were entertained by St. Michael's Alumnae at a tea in St. Joseph's College. Benediction was given by Very Rev. Father McLaughlin, C.S.B., and a pleasant hour was spent afterwards with former graduates and the Staffs of both colleges.

And so ended another academic year. Another graduating class has left St. Joseph's and there is a sense of loneliness at seeing those depart who have been with us for three and four years. We wish them God's blessing on all their future work.

An event which caused the College girls much excitement in anticipation and much happiness in realization, was the marriage of Miss Mary Mogan, one of this June's graduates and the Residence's Head Girl, to Lieut. John Wilson of the Tank Corps, on June 19th, in Paris, Ont. Misses Beatrice Dobie, Syracuse, Bette Mondo, Rochester, and Maureen Keenaghan, New York, attended the wedding, while Miss Joan Brady was bridesmaid. We wish Lieutenant and Mrs. Wilson every happiness.

Congratulations to our chaplain, Dom David King, on receiving his Master's Degree!



SODALITY, LITERARY AND FRENCH CLUB.

TOP—Irene Morissette, Mary Overend, Carmela Luciani.

BELOW—Rene Almone, Patricia O'Donoghue, Loretto Miller.

**RESULTS OF FINAL EXAMINATIONS IN ARTS,
University of Toronto, 1943.**

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Scholarship in Music (Third Year), Sister M. Corinne.

Scholarship in Classics (Second Year), Sister M. Adelaide.

BACHELOR OF ARTS—Honour Course.

Modern Languages (French and English), Class II—

Mary Mogan.

BACHELOR OF ARTS—Pass Course.

Grade B—Aileen McDonough, Mary Taylor.

Grade C—Beatrice Foley.

Pass—Jane Hornell, Jean Lahey, Marie Rose Reid.

THIRD YEAR—Honour Course.

Music—Class I—Sister M. Corinne.

Eng. Language and Literature—Class II—Beatrice Dobie,
Clare Havey.

Modern Languages—Class III (English and Special)—
Mary Flannery.

MODERN LANGUAGES (English and French)—Class II—

Agnes Futterer; Class III—Carmela Luciani.

Household Economics—Class III—Rina Aimone, Joanne
Hughes.

SECOND YEAR—Honour Course.

Classics—Class I—Sister M. Adelaide.

Latin and French (Greek Option)—Class II—Sister M.
Frederica.

English Language and Literature—Class II—Sister M.
Wilma, Mary Crocher.

Modern Languages—Class III—Audrey Trimble.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS—Class III—Patricia O'Donohue.

Mary Overend.

SECOND YEAR—Pass Course.

Grade B—Irene Morisette, Helen Teolis.

Grade C—Sheila Kirby, Loretto Millar, Doris Miller, Bette
Mondo (I Spanish), Mary Sebert.

Pass—Joan Brady — (Chemistry) Anne Matthews, Terry
Roach (Spanish).

Aegrotat—Verna Oag—(I Spanish, II Spanish).

FIRST YEAR—Honour Course.

Eng. Language and Literature—Class III—Barbara Hood.

Modern Languages—Class II—Alicia Balzac, Eileen Slyne.

Social and Philosophical Studies—Isabel Roney (trans. to
II Pass).



ATHLETICS.

TOP—Carmela Luciani, Marion Binks.
BELOW—Aileen McDonough, Mary Arnold.

FIRST YEAR—Pass Course.

Grade B—Evelyn Crittelli, Mary Flynn, Mary Heffer, Mary Melady, Marion Saeli.

Grade C—Geraldine Arthur, Marnie Baechler, Clara Buckovich, Elsa Escallon, Catherine Thompson.

Pass—Rose Marie Cunningham, Maureen Keenaghan (Psychology) Claire Mahaney (Spanish) Peggy Wismer, Lorraine Woodcock (French).

THE MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.

From October 16-18 Toronto was the scene of an unprecedented event, the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibition.

One of the most interesting aspects of the Exhibition was the array of famous prelates that gathered in Toronto that week-end, including His Excellency the Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, the Apostolic Delegate; His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve; the Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Chinese Bishop; Bishop C. M. O'Gara, fresh from Japanese release after a harrowing experience when captured at Hong Kong,—as well as the scores of Missionary Fathers and Sisters.

To mention a few of the impressions which stand out from that panorama of colour, there were the White Fathers of Africa with their red fez, a complete Nun Doll collection representing the orders in Canada, huge coloured relief maps of missionary areas, a complete Chinese pagoda, a beautiful inlaid mother-of-pearl game table, and especially interesting to us, a recent oil painting of our beloved Archbishop McGuigan.

Travelling from booth to booth, hearing the personal and sometimes gruesome experiences of our missionaries, seeing the statistics as to the extent of the work accomplished, one was edified, and at the same time made to realize how much remains undone.

Clare Havey.

ST. MICHAEL'S DAY MASS.

On September thirtieth, the annual academic Mass in honour of St. Michael was celebrated in St. Basil's by Rev. Father J. L. O'Donnell, C.S.B. The students from the three colleges—St. Michael's, St. Joseph's and Loretto, assembled in the church to unite in what is perhaps the most solemn



STUDENTS ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

TOP—Bonnie Foley, Betty Mondo.

BELOW—Mary Mogan, Beatrice Dobie.

and important function of the entire year. The Basilian Fathers, members of the staff, were present in the sanctuary, and the men and women of the college in their academic gowns assisted at Holy Mass.

Those of us who have been present at former academic Masses of the College could not help but remark with regret the absence of our Superior, Very Rev. T. P. McLaughlin, C.S.B., who never failed to address the students and to counsel them as to their duties and place in university life. Perhaps it would not be amiss to remark here that we are all anxiously awaiting Father McLaughlin's recovery.

This year our speaker was Rev. Father Bondy, C.S.B., a popular member of the staff. In an interesting manner Father Bondy pointed out how we are among the privileged ones in society. We belong to that great institution, the University of Toronto, and what is still more important, we belong to St. Michael's College. Here the truths of Catholicity are mingled with secular learning and the branches of learning are dealt with in a way which is by no means inferior to that found anywhere else. In addition, there is the advantage of having our Catholic faith ever before us. The recollection of these points was most opportune.

Mary Walsh.

RAIN.

A cloak of grey is wrapping up the world,
A friendly mist is hanging o'er the trees;
My heart is softly whispering to the breeze,
While unseen voices soothe my thoughts unfurled,
My face uplifted to the raindrops pearled
To beauty rare. O let it drench, like seas
Of water falling on hot sands, to ease
The burning of my weary mind now hurled
In alternating states, serene and sad
To me there's something peaceful in the rain
That closes round me like a friendly shroud,
The gently falling water makes me glad.
I lift my face to feel it cool again
While thanking God for every bursting cloud.

Peggy Hyland.

RETURNING TO COLLEGE.

How good it seems to return to St. Joseph's! The halls resound with youthful laughter; some girls sit lazily in the Common Room listening to soft music; others hold heated discussions about the advantages and disadvantages of working; while still a few others busy themselves with buying books and thoughts of hard work ahead.

The house has taken on a new beauty as many have decorated their rooms with bright paints, fluffy curtains, or plaid drapes. Each girl has taken a delight in creating something different to adorn her walls or windows.

We are all glad to be back once more.

Claire Mahaney.

THE ST. JOSEPH SCENE.

From halls, class-rooms, common room, library and lunch hour sessions we have gathered the news.

At the Freshman concert Mary McEvenue made an enchanting Cinderella, and Lois Garner a tall and handsome prince. Irma Morissette and Marnie Baechler firmly exercised their rights as sophomores during initiation. Typical of the cheerful freshman attitude are Mary O'Brien and Claire Marie Wall, who readily performed in public at the commands of two un-smiling sophomores.

At lunch, Anne Keogh and Pat Dewan give us blood-curdling tales of the zoology lab. The subterranean regions of the college have acquired a new biological species known as the noon-hour bridge fiend. Among the bridge instructors we have Peggy Wismer, who also promotes international relations with the armed forces. Mary Flynn has been making friends in Montreal, especially at McGill University. Sheila and Rose Marie shake the rafters with strains of "Hoikety-choike" for good old S.M.C.

Down Newman way we have our impersonator of elderly spinsters, Irene Cardinal, who would be (dramatically) at a loss if it weren't for "Paul Jones." In the Varsity office, we find our budding journalists of the campus, Marion Binks and Barbara Hood, who have outdoor assignments; Rose Marie Cunningham, who specializes in "brief" biographies, Kay Thompson had the distinction of being the first among our "rookies" to enjoy a published article.

Speaking of rookies, we have our riding enthusiasts, Helen Teolis and Rose Greenan, who have been dining in a standing position as the result of strenuous exercise.

On the back flat we visited Maureen Keenaghan, wearing a sparkler on that certain finger, and just now convalescing from an operation. Maureen takes illness cheerfully, and tells us all about her "housemates." Alicia Balzac, whose motherly interest struggles with Lorraine Woodcock at 7 a.m. also possess a pair of nylons to make us green-eyed.

Joan Brady was so surprised at a recent visit of a soldier from Perdue that she could hardly talk sense for days. Another surprise from "abroad" caused Marion Saeli to race through the halls searching for a section of a letter which the censor had removed without her permission.

Two supposedly good friends have been entertaining a member of the R.C.A.F. while he awaited Mary Heffer in the parlour. Eleven Critelli, recently promoted? to the Moderns Course, was seen chasing a certain member of the Senate Club—on behalf of our infant debating society,—of course.

In all due humility we would like to congratulate Bea Dobie on being the ideal Women's Editor of the Varsity.

Coming downstairs again, we find drifting over the library floor the pages of this column, abandoned by its authors.

Eileen Slyne and Mary Melady.

OUR COLLECTION OF RECORDS IS GROWING.

No matter what mood you are in, you can find just the music to suit it. No matter who your favorite composer is, whether it be Chopin or one of the "Three B's," Greig or Schubert, Rossini or Kearns, you can find many of his compositions. Nearly all that can be desired can be found in our collection.—Marion Anderson, Boston Pops, Paul Robeson, Benjamins Gigli, render the deeper music, while Harry James, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Les Brown, offer the lighter music. Some of the favourites with us are "Nutteracker Suite," Ravel's "Bolero," "Peer Gynt Suite," Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the "Barber of Seville," the Ritual Dance of Will Jalousie, "Night and Day," "James Session," "Sunday, Monday or Always" and "If You Please." Our collection has brought us many hours of enjoyment and will continue to do so in the future.

Rose Marie Cunningham.

FIRST IMPRESSION OF TORONTO.

On the night of my arrival at St. Joseph's it was a shock to find a houseful of hilarious, laughing girls. I was put at ease and made to feel at home. My fears disappeared and I found myself laughing and sharing their fun. I saw no marked difference. The girls seemed just like my old friends. They were all wonderful to me, so much so that I felt like an old pupil returning instead of a freshman viewing Toronto for the first time. For that reason I add my praise to the girls at Toronto University. There is no difference or distinction between a lowly freshman and the most dignified senior. We are one big, happy family here. I say "we" with a feeling of pride and gratitude.

The days after my arrival were filled with paying fees and registering for the various classes, etc. The impression of those days which struck me especially was my first view of the Toronto Campus. As I stood gazing around me, a feeling of fright and yet one of serenity overtook me. Its beauty so overwhelmed me. I shall always remember my first view of the Varsity Campus. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

There were so many impressions of those first few days. They included enjoyable impressions of running from one room to another and getting acquainted with many people; sedate (maybe not always) impressions of sitting in the Common Room and listening to "The Nutcracker Suite" and other records from Sister's famous albums; delicious impressions of toast and cocoa at night in the kitchen, and last, but not least, those impressions all freshmen must undergo. We who have survived can relate the horrors of Initiation Week, from being dragged out of bed at 2.00 a.m. to the horrors, in the closing night of initiation, that a certain "Court of Honour" held for us lowly frosh.

Gloria Mondo.

GLIMPSES.

Listen! What is that sweet music? ? It comes from the Common Room. Let's open the door and see who's there. Hum, looks like a freshie convention.

CAROL RILEY and ANN ROTT are gliding across the floor to the strains of Strauss. The two girls in Pass Arts are alike as two peas—well, at least in their preference for the classics.

That's MARY O'BRIEN over on the sofa, with KATHIE SMYTH and "SKIP" MACNAMARA. As resident of First Year, Mary is haranguing the girls with the physical benefits of basketball. She's certainly having a hard time, though, for Kathie is all out for dramatics, and Florence insists that her time is well accounted for when the first nip of frost brings forth those silver skates.

MARY McEVENUE and ROSEMARY CONLIN, our Brenda and Cobina are discussing something down in the corner. It can't be about work, for one of them mentioned the Royal York.

Diminutive CLAIRE MARIE WALL bounds in, and in a flash is gone again—the most elusive woman at College, except for LUCY HOPKINS and LOIS GARNER, whose English Language and Literature course keeps them well out of range of the vindictive sophomore's eye.

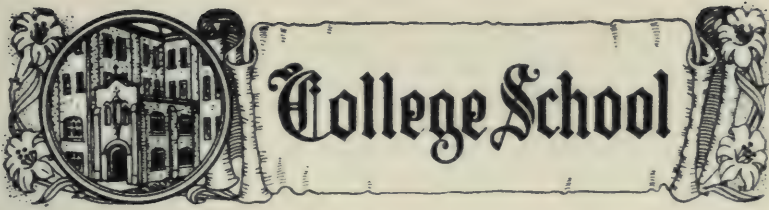
The door opens again, and who is it this time but PAT CLARK; she drops her books and sinks into a chair. "Oh, this German gets me down! Modern Languages! I'm going back to Bowmanville."

It's too bad the girls in Home Economics don't drop around more often. Then you could meet RENE CARDINAL and PAT DEWAN, from the great northland, Fort William and Ingersoll respectively. Then, too, there is ANN KEOGH, from the College School, and PHYLLIS BURKE from Humberston, where Kathie learned her ABC's.

Well, there goes the bell for lectures. You know, that's what I like best about St. Joseph's—"the freshies."

Mary L. Flynn.





Graduation. Like an exquisite medallion inlaid in the mosaic of the year's-end-activities, comes Graduation Day; and like a fitting mosaic, all those activities are tinged with the colour and character of that sweetest inset.

Holily the day begins for our Graduates, with Mass and Holy Communion in the Convent Chapel, and the Sisters and undergraduates filling the body of the Chapel with their prayer and love, and of course, with themselves! Perhaps this is the memory which will outlast all the others; it is the "that within which passeth show," the culmination of the spiritual in their education. Breakfast followed, laid in splendour of rose and gold and brown in the New Gym.

Every Graduation has similar essentials, yet each lovely day has its own characteristics. Convocation opened its doors at a few minutes before four o'clock to the many friends of the graduates and the school.

The choral work, directed by Mr. Albert Whitehead, with Mr. Quintin MacLean at the organ, was excellent, and of a variety that ranged from Brahms' "Ave Maria" to "Little Jack Horner," and included, of course, the beloved "Hail to Thee, Joseph!"

The Graduation medals were taken to their respective donors by two of the littlest tots in the school (also supernaturally demure!) Mary Niva McKee of the pale gold hair and elfin grace, and alert, naive little Eva Jarmicka. The Valedictory was spoken by Barbara Gallivan. She has been here in school since Baby Class and all of us were happy that this greatest of honours fell to her.

Monsignor Cline addressed the graduates and the school at the close of the ceremony, begging that each one take her talent or talents, be they one or more, and trade with it well until the time comes when its reckoning will be required.

And then the Graduates went back to School to end the day where it had begun, in the Chapel. Father Munnelly, assisted by Father Burke, gave Solemn Benediction and after

the parents and Sisters and girls had chatted for a few minutes, it was time to hurry home . . . for the evening was yet young!

The Graduates themselves have written of the various functions that followed graduation, and we are turning over the "Notes" to them:

GRADUATION DAY PROGRAMME.

Hail to Thee, Joseph School Hymn
Ave Maria Brahms
When Jesus Was a Little Child Tchaikovsky
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

CONFERRING OF HONOURS ON THE GRADUATES.

Down the High Road Old Tune
Arranged by M. Kennedy-Fraser
Little Jack Horner (Apologies to Handel) . . . J. Michael Diak
Billy Boy.

Edited by Sir Richard Terry.

VALEDICTORY.

Miss Barbara Gallivan.
Summer Is Icumen in Old English
Agincourt Song Old English

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

Right Reverend Monsignor M. Cline.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Choral Instructor and Conductor—Albert W. Whitehead.
Organist—Quentin Maclean.
Pianist—Nan Shaw.

Benediction—St. Joseph's Convent Chapel.

VALEDICTORY.

"Now time has fled—the world is strange.
Something there is of pain, and change;
My books lie closed upon the shelf,
I miss the old heart in myself."

Our books are closed and with them our school days;
perhaps the thought that is uppermost in our minds on this,

our Graduation Day, is that we are about to take our leave of you. Our years at St. Joseph's have been happy and gay, and we shall remember them always. The Sisters, by their kindness, loving sympathy and untiring labour in our behalf, have endeared themselves to us forever. And our parents! How shall we ever repay our parents who have given us this priceless gift of our Catholic education? We shall try to make a return at least in part by fulfilling the high hopes that they entertained for us.

As we say good-bye to-day to our old school, we realize that we are leaving forever that sheltered life, which forms such a contrast to the life we are to begin. During the past few years we have been steadily growing more conscious of the seriousness of our time, of the responsibilities which will be ours. For a new world is being born on the battlefields and it will be our privilege to aid in the rearing of this new world in the peace to follow. We are aware that we shall have trials; very definite conflicts may lie in the path ahead of us, but we have the Faith; we have courage; and we have confidence that, with God's help, these difficulties will be overcome.

A quite different vista is opening up before each one of us. But into whatever field of endeavour we turn, we shall strive to keep our ideals high, our hearts true, and our purpose clear.

We are especially honoured in the fact that we are graduating in the Silver Jubilee Year of our esteemed Archbishop. That we are to share in a special manner in his Holy Mass and prayers has brought us immeasurable joy! To-day in our prayers we have remembered him.

To our school-fellows who follow us, we wish the very best. Though we are leaving, a part of us will still linger at St. Joseph's as long as its corridors ring with the merry laughter of girls. Will you all at times be pleased to think of us and join with us in this prayer to-day:

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, we plead,

Lead us aright—

Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,

Lead us aright!

Barbara Gallivan, S.J.C., '43.

Graduation Mass. At nine o'clock on May 27th, thirty-three graduates in their navy uniforms with the dainty school colours, started in procession up the aisle of the

chapel. Mass was celebrated by Reverend Father Burke. The rest of the school added to the solemnity of the occasion with the beautiful strains of "Hail to Thee, Joseph," "Remember, Holy Mary," and "Soul of My Saviour." After the students had left the chapel, the graduates remained for a few minutes making their thanksgiving after Holy Communion, thanking Him to-day, in particular, for all His blessings during their school days and asking Him for guidance in the new life they were about to begin.

Lois Garner,
Graduate '43.

Graduation Breakfast. After the Graduation Mass, a breakfast was given in the Gymnasium for the Graduates. Streamers of brown and gold, bouquets of talisman roses and lilies of the valley decorated the table. At each graduate's place was a place card decorated in the school colours; and clipped to this place card was a school pin. Everyone received a beautiful holy picture also, from Sister Superior.

Claire Marie Wall,
Graduate '43.

Reception at Granite Club—Dance. In the evening of Graduation Day, a dance was held at the Granite Club for the Graduates and their friends. The patrons and patronesses of the Dance were Father Burke, Father McHenry, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ellard, Mr. and Mrs. George Keogh, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tyrell. Introducing the guests to the patrons and patronesses was Miss Theresa Munnely, one of the graduates of this year. The music was provided by Bob Shuttleworth and his orchestra who, during the course of the evening, dedicated the fitting song, "As Time Goes By," to the graduates, who in their white dresses and golden crowns were, of course, the stars of the occasion. In truth, it can be said that the graduates of 1943 and their many guests enjoyed their traditional graduation dance to the utmost.

Elma Hancock,
Graduate '43.

Extras—Entertainment. After the graduation dance at the Granite Club, Miss Catherine Coleman held open house at her home for members of the graduating class and their friends.

Miss Madeline MacNeil and Miss Katherine Frankish entertained too. Theirs was a coffee party at the latter's home and took place before the Graduation Dance. Mrs. Hanson and Mrs. MacNeill assisted Mrs. Russell Frankish in serving. The guests, who numbered fifty, included many members of the graduating class.

Jeanette Carpeneto,
Graduate '43.

Glad Tea Party. And maybe it wasn't a mad one too! Mad in its merriment! Early in June it was, with exams in the front of us and graduation just back of us and the rarest of Junes surrounding us. There were two tables set out on the lawn. The graduates wore their graduation finery and all of us wore our un-uniformed best. The centrepiece, a round mirror, pretended it was a lake and a porcelain little boy and his dog looked over a bowl of flowers into it; out of that lake flowed pink rivers, one to every girl's place, and to the ribbon rivers prophecies were attached; and really there is a thrill about reading a prophecy about yourself even when your pals wrote it.

Anyway, as we told our dear teachers who had planned it: "It was a delightful evening," and as we told each other, as we cuddled back down into the old theorems and conjugations: "It was a **swell** party!"

Alumnae Tea. On May 30th, the Alumnae held a tea in honour of the graduates, at St. Joseph's Convent. Gold and yellow spring flowers with brown streamers made an attractive centre to an attractive table. Mrs. Roesler gave an informative talk on the history and aims of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae. Mrs. Costello sang two songs—sang them beautifully, as she always does—and Mary Neff played twice—also beautifully.

Betty Ann Phelan.

Luncheon. On Friday, May the 29th, Miss Margaret Tait and Miss Vivian Trickey were hostesses at a luncheon given in honour of their fellow-graduates in the spacious dining-room of Diana Sweets.

Betty Way.

Another Luncheon. Another Luncheon given for the graduates was the one at Coles, at which Pat Conway was hostess, on May 29th.

Still Another. On Ascension Thursday, the graduates were brought together once again for a luncheon given in their honour in Haddon Hall by Ruth Prast and Barbara O'Neill.

Lois Garner.

Informal Talk.* On the Sunday before Graduation, the Graduating Class gathered in our Social Room, where Father Forrestell, C.S.B., spoke to us. Holding up to us as model, the Blessed Mother of God, he urged us to follow her, to be women of prayer, leaders in Catholic Society and unflinching defenders of the ideals that have been ours at St. Joseph's. A woman's influence, Father Forrestell urged, may mean much in the lives of others, and even in the social or political life of our community, that we should strive that that influence should tend to make others better. Father spoke of the debt that we owe to our school; academically, he said, St. Joseph's cannot be surpassed, while the principles that characterize its graduates are well known to be of the highest.

Claire Marie Wall,
Graduate '43

* * *

And so we conclude the Graduation Chapter by saying, Browning fashion:

“Grow up along with me,
The best is yet to be.”

Browning, of course, would have it “grow old,” rather than “grow up,” but he will forgive the liberty. And surely

the best is yet to be, and graduation from school leads into the freshmanship of greater, broader life. For even now—because this is an Indian Summer harvesting of Lilies—we are hearing of these new beginnings, and it is in the “College Notes” and “Alumnae Notes” and, yes, even in the “Community Notes,” that the volume of further chronicles may be read.

BIOGRAPHIES.

WINNIFRED BYRNE.

“But to know her was to love her.”

After receiving her primary education at Holy Name School Winnie (to all her friends) came to St. Joseph’s. Apparently light-hearted and easy-going, she has depth of character, and her genuine sympathy for all has won her countless friends. May her future years be crowned with happiness.

* * *

JEANETTE CARPENETO.

“In her tongue is the law of kindness.”

—The Bible.

Jeanette came to Saint Joseph’s from Saint Vincent de Paul’s in 1938. Endowed with a sunny disposition and perpetual good humour, she radiates happiness wherever she goes. Although, to outward view, Jeanette is blissfully carefree, in reality she is a deep thinker with sound, practical views on every-day life. Her unusual artistic and musical talents, combined with her outstanding scholastic ability, will lead to glorious success in whatever career she chooses.

* * *

MARIE CLOUTIER.

“Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight’s too her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.”

Radiating cheerfulness, with a smile that can dispel the deepest gloom, Marie has endeared herself during the past five years to each member of the Staff as well as to her fellow-

pupils. Not least of her possessions is a voice rivalling that of the lark in sweetness and in power. With such gifts, we feel sure that Marie will bring sunshine into the lives of those with whom she comes in contact.

* * *

CATHERINE COLEMAN.

"And we'll write on your slate
'We've loved you Kay'
Since we were a couple of kids."

"I'm sorry I'm late, Sister, but"—and Kay breezes in with such a good-natured grin that no one could remain annoyed with her for long. Her easy, self-confident manner and her superb optimism, whether on the subject of a coming hockey match or the crisis of a lifetime will win her an abundance of friends wherever she goes.

* * *

PATRICIA CONWAY.

"Her winning way has won her many friends."

Pat hails from Rhode Island, but the greater part of her eighteen years has been spent in Toronto. She entered St. Joseph's College School in 1938. Her ambition is to become a nurse, for which her disposition well qualifies her. Her initiative and lively imagination will take her a long way in her chosen profession. All who know Pat predict for her a bright future.

* * *

TERESA DUCK.

Of undisturbed humanity,
Eyes beaming courtesy and kind regard.

An open brow

Tall, graceful, with laughing blue eyes, Terry has endeared herself to all. During our school years together she has proved herself a good and faithful student as well as a loyal friend. An adept in all sports, she excels in swimming and skating.

* * *

MARIE ELLIOTT.

Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't you all contented like me?

St. Joseph's claims Marie for its very own. She came here in 1938 and has been with us ever since. A genuine



HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES, 1943.

BACK ROW—Marguerite Miller, Ruth Prast, Madeline Mac Neill, Barbara O'Neill, Margaret Talt, Vivian Trickey, Joan O'Grady, Theresa Munnelly, Catherine Coleman, Anne Keogh, Mary Hibbs, Patricia Conway.

MIDDLE ROW—Winnifred Byrne, Bernadette McGarrity, Katherine Frankish, Jeannette Carpeneto, Mary O'Brien, Elma Hancock, Bernice Lamphier, Theresa Duck, Teresa Sheehan, Marie Elliott, Lucy Hopkins.

FRONT ROW—Marie Cloutier, Eileen Spence, Barbara Gallivan, Helen Reynolds, Margaret Schooley, Erica Keller, Elizabeth Way, Claire Marie Wall, Joyce Moffet, Louis Garner.

student, she has also achieved great success in her music. Among her many friends she is loved for her natural amiability and cheerfulness. Her ambition is a nursing career and we wish her every success and happiness in this profession.

* * *

KATHARINE FRANKISH.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."—Wordsworth.

For six years Katharine has enlivened St. Joseph's with her freshness of thought, her practical common sense, her quiet good humour. She is a firm believer in deeds, not words, and as such, combines conscientious work with the vigour of a lively mind. The College of Pharmacy is fortunate to obtain such a student. The best of everything, Katharine,—may you go far on the road you have chosen!

* * *

BARBARA GALLIVAN.

"Tender and deep
Not speaking much, pleased rather with joy
Of her own thoughts."

Barbara has attended St. Joseph's College School since primary days. Early in her school career she distinguished herself as the tiny leader of the School Rhythm Band. From her Irish ancestors she has inherited a keen sense of humour, and her witty sayings, sincerity, and good will, have made her a favourite with all. She has shown herself talented in English and Dramatics in which she intends to specialize at University. We wish her every success in the future.

* * *

LOIS GARNER.

"Her mem'ry clings around our hearts, our
cloisters fresh and fair and sweet."

Five years has Lois graced our boarding school with her quiet, unassuming manner, her gentle, low-pitched voice, her pure and kindly heart, her excellence in her studies and her readiness to give to others what she has won by her own diligence.

ELMA HANCOCK.

"She hath a natural wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness; and these have lent her a dignity as moveless as the centre."—Lowell.

Elma came to St. Joseph's in 1939 from Normal Model School. Her simple sincerity has gained for her many friends. She possesses a natural dignity and an ever present good humour. Among her many talents is the art of writing poetry. Her scholastic ability together with her fidelity to duty will gain for her success in whatever field she pursues. We wish her a happy heart and peace and contentment.

* * *

MARY MADELINE HIBBS.

"Impulsive and jolly, sensible and true, a maid of quiet thinking and independent view."

Mary, who was born in sunny Florida has been at St. Joseph's for eleven years, where she has received her elementary education as well as her secondary. Her amiability and loyal sincerity have made her well loved by all her classmates and ensure for her a bright and happy future.

* * *

LUCY HOPKINS.

"Her learning conquers and mitigates the fear of adverse fortune."—Bacon.

From John Wanless School, Lucy came to us six years ago. A painstaking and brilliant student, she has been an inspiration throughout her entire course. Scholastic attainments have not been her only endeavour; she has participated in every sport offered by our school, and has won no small success in music. Her splendid class and school spirit, her unflinching friendliness combined with her keen intelligence, have gained for her the admiration, respect and love of all. We wish her every success and happiness.

* * *

ERICA KELLER.

"A countenance in which do meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Erica came to St. Joseph's three years ago and since that time a vivacious and friendly nature has won her many friends. Her tastes are varied, art and music being of the greatest interest and in the latter her choice ranges from Glen Miller's "Tuxedo Junction" to Debussy's "Clair de Lune." While

stubbornly maintaining her scholastic abilities are nil, she casually mentioned that a fine Arts Course appealed to her. Such a versatile person will carve a niche for herself in whatever line she undertakes and we wish her good luck.

* * *

ANNE KEOGH.

"Her eyes are blue and when she smiles
The world smiles too."

Anne Keogh was born in Toronto, attended St. James' Separate School. She took her entire High School Course (a brilliant one too), at St. Joseph's College School.

Her hobbies are tennis and music, her abilities many, her friends innumerable.

* * *

BERNICE LAMPHIER.

"Whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest."

—Charles Dickens.

Bernice came to St. Joseph's in 1940 from St. Joseph's High School. Unvarying kindness and conscientious loyalty to her work are among her chief characteristics. The avenues to success are numerous and rugged, but whatever may be Bernice's choice, we wish her a happy and successful future.

* * *

MADELINE CLAIRE MACNEILL.

"A spirit full of pleasant brightness."

Madeline was born in Toronto. She received her primary education at Holy Family School and then she came to St. Joseph's College School. Friendly, kind, patient and unassuming, she has won for herself a host of friends. We predict a bright future for Madeline in any profession.

* * *

BERNADETTE MCGARITY.

"She does not say what one expects
But one's the better pleased for that."

Bernadette arrived at St. Joseph's at the age of six, and has taken everything in her stride, come weal or woe. Her laughter has been heard echoing throughout these halls for many, many a year. If she keeps her good humour, love of

sport and deep understanding and carries them with her to Occupational Therapy, she cannot fail to succeed in her profession, and earn the respect of those who have the privilege of knowing her.

* * *

MARGUERITE FRANCES MILLER.

"To thine own self be true. . ."

It was a gay and hockey-minded Marguerite that came to us three years ago and has been endearing herself to us ever since with her sunny ways and witty, nimble mind. Capable, too, we are sure she will be a success in the nursing profession she has chosen, and what is more, a help and comfort to those who need her.

* * *

JOYCE MOFFAT.

"Sincere she is, and open, when duty calls, true blue,
With the charm of sweet simplicity, and a dash of humour too."

Joyce, a Torontonion, received her elementary education at St. Clare's School and arrived here, at St. Joseph's five years ago. Her naturally sunny disposition is in harmony with her long, blonde hair. We wish her all happiness and success in her career.

* * *

THERESA ANNE MUNNELLY.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for?"—Browning.

Talkative people fall into two classes: those who talk for effect and have nothing to say and are therefore uninteresting; and those who talk because they want to share with others their own wealth of ideas and imagery. Theresa is of the latter class. To qualities of brain and manner, she adds the deeper, more worthwhile charms of sincerity and loyalty. May all her associates recognize this as we do.

* * *

MARY PATRICIA O'BRIEN.

Merry Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With bits of sweet sincerity,
And bits of debonair-ity
And wistfulness and wonder in a row.

Mary came to St. Joseph's as a curly-headed, happy-go-lucky little girl of eight. She showed promise of becoming an outstanding student, and, in a short time, was ready for

high school. Not only did Mary attain success in academic work; she has also been a live wire in school activities and athletics. She is sincere and upright and her winning personality and cheerful disposition make her a welcome addition to any group. As our youngest graduate, she is about to enter the University, and we extend to her our wishes for success.

* * *

KATHRYN JOAN O'GRADY.

"She talked, she smiled, our hearts she wyled,
She charmed our souls, we wist na how."—Burns.

It seems not long ago that Joan came first to our school—a dainty little miss who played for us, sang for us, recited for us—and all so simply and with such a grace as only Joan could give. "Tops" with all her friends (and they are legion) she is frequently "tops" too of her class, for academic honours came easily to Joan. In whatever she chooses to do, may God bless her abundantly.

* * *

MARY BARBARA O'NEILL.

"Grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too little nor too great,
More than enough for nature's ends
And a little left to treat my friends."

If, as the philosophers tell us, truth lies in the middle course, Barbara is on the road to finding the philosophers' stone; for she is neither too fond of fun, nor yet too fond of work, too gay to be sympathetic, nor too solemn for jokes and jollity. On the whole, we consider Barbara excellent company. In her course as lab. technician we wish and predict success.

* * *

PATRICIA RUTH PRAST.

" . . . The year's at the morn,
God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."
—Browning.

Ruth's blitheness of spirit and happy go lucky ways (and we do mean lucky) have led her along life's highway without misfortune, and gained for her friends. Although she does not neglect her studies, she finds time for sports, and among these swimming and skating rank first. Ruth intends to go to University but is as yet uncertain as to what course she will follow. Success in whatever it is to be, Ruth!

MARGARET SCHOOLEY.

"Her high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before her always bright."

Margaret Schooley began her career at St. Joseph's in 1940 as a resident student. She attended Primary School and Junior High at St. Mary's, Ontario, coming to St. Joseph's in third form. Since then her naturally cheery disposition has won her many friends. We predict a bright future for youthful Margaret.

* * *

TERESA OLEF SHEEHAN.

"... too rich to know suspicion, too sweet to hold resentment."

When Teresa came from St. Mary's, St. Catharines, to St. Joseph's, she brought with her a smile which has never deserted her, but which often effervesces into giggles at the most inopportune moments, bringing embarrassment to her and delight to her classmates. Although an ambitious student, Teresa is a believer in the old adage that "all work and no play make Jill a dull girl"; and her powers on the field have made her a popular figure in games, especially basketball. Plans for the future are uncertain but we know her unwavering loyalty to friend and principle, her abundant vitality and her ready good humour will win her friends and success in her ventures.

* * *

EILEEN BEATRICE SPENCE.

"The De'il, he could na scalth thee,
Or aught that was belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'"

Quiet and dependable, Eileen has united in her small person the two qualities that must have pleased her Scottish ancestors, had they known her: diligence and perseverance. Yet not all for the solemn sobrieties of life is Eileen. Indeed to see her deftly putting the ball into its net or dancing so daintily the Highland Fling, one would not realize the vigour of her stronger qualities. Good luck and God bless you, Eileen, in whatever walk of life you choose.

* * *

VIVIAN AFRA TRICKEY.

"... dreams happy as her day
And laughter learnt of friends,
And gentleness." —Tennyson.

Vivian's sense of humour has never deserted her and has brought a glint of fun and happiness into many an otherwise

sober hour. Happy-go-lucky by nature, she is nevertheless dependable and sincere. Good luck in all you do, Vivian.

* * *

CLAIRE MARIE WALL.

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

Presenting Claire Marie Wall, our sports representative. Rather slight of stature, great of intellect, Claire Marie will ever remain dear to those who know her. She has always shown an interest in all school affairs and is ever ready to extend a helping hand to those in need. May she ever remain as well liked as she is now!

* * *

ELIZABETH CATHERINE WEY.

"Sugar and spice and all things nice . . ."

As our Class President Elizabeth has manifested splendid ability for leadership. However, it is as "Betty," everyone's friend, that she will be remembered. Her good nature, wit and sincerity will always keep for her a warm place in our hearts, and her clear thinking will keep her on top in the future, as it has done in the past.

May Procession On the last day of May we held our Annual Procession. Leading the procession through the grounds were the "babies," dressed in white and carrying bouquets. Winnifred O'Mara carried the standard of our Blessed Lady. The two little O'Hagan girls were her attendants. The graduates came next, led by Betty Wey, who was to have the honour of crowning Our Lady. The cross-bearer was five-year-old Marilyn Stinson. Following the graduates came the rest of the school in uniform and white veils; then the Sisters. A fair wind somewhat hindered the unity of the singing; perhaps it wafted its more perfect harmonies right to Our Queen's own courtyard. Her shrine stands in the angle between the old wing and the new and was sheltered so. Here Our Lady was crowned. Still singing, the procession wended its way around to the front door and in to the Chapel, where Benediction was given.

Barbara Gallivan,
Graduate '43.

War Benefit Concert. The War Benefit Concert took place two or three days after school closed. We quote in part:

“Musical events arranged by the Sisters of St. Joseph invariably are presented with discriminating taste; the War Benefit concert given in the School auditorium, sponsored by the Music Club and the School Choir, was no exception. . . . There was some effective singing by the choir of girls, under the direction of A. W. Whitehead. The choristers sang Brahms’s Ave Maria, Sir Richard Terry’s arrangement of ‘Billy Boy’ and a group of national songs and the school hymn, ‘Sumer Is Ieumen In.’ The girls sang unaccompanied. Tschaichowsky’s ‘Legend of the Christ Child’ was sung with organ accompaniment (by Harold O’Grady), the amusing little part song—with apologies to Handel—‘Little Jack Horner,’ with clever piano accompaniment played by Nan Shaw.” (Telegram).

EXAMINATION RESULTS—1943.

PIANO.

A.T.U.M. Solo performers—Mary Neff, First Class Honours.
 Grade X—Mary Baran (Honours), Rose Winterberry, Marie Cahill, Elizabeth Sinton (Pass).
 Grade IX—Stewart Crumpton (Pass).
 Grade VIII—Marilyn Finley (Pass).
 Grade VIII—Henel Boehler (Honours).
 Grade VI—Marie Mills (First Class Honours, Paula Hopkins (Honours).
 Grade V—Patricia Ryan (First Class Honours).
 Grade IV—Angela Monahan (Pass), Margaret Davies (Pass).
 Grade III—Hilda Degenmeier (Honours).
 Grade II—Marilyn Monahan, Shirley Smith (First Class Honours), Mary Ellen Williams, Rosanne Monfred (Honours).
 Grade I—Lexie Campbell (First Class Honours).

THEORY.

Grade V, History—Irma Morrisette (Honours).
 Grade V, Counterpoint—Mary Baran (Honours), Margaret Lobraico (Pass).
 Grade IV, Harmony—Mary Baran (First Class Honours), Margaret Lobraico (Honours), Mary Cahill, Dorothy Spitzig (Pass).

Grade III, Harmony—Mary Baran (First Class Honours), Steward Crumpton (Honours).

Grade II, Rudiments—Frances Conlin, Joan Carter, Gertrude Sandford, Helen Lagonterie, Irma Morrisette (First Class Honours), Josephine Conlin (Honours).

Grade I, Rudiments—Joan Doran (First Class Honours).

School Re-opens. There are numbers of girls this year: “great girls, small girls, lean girls, brawny girls, brown girls, black girls, gold girls and tawny girls, grave old plodders and gay young friskers” and these last are in the majority! We could never hope to introduce them all but let us show you our new boarders.

New Boarders. Some of our new boarders are new in a very restricted sense only. There is MARY JANE DWYER, who has been at St. Joseph’s since her primary class days but who is a boarder “pro tem”; translated that means until the foot that was operated on this summer is quite well again, and, though it has been grand to have Mary Jane with us, we hope the uncasting may be soon and successful. And then there is MARY FRANCES KEENAN, who began High School days here three years ago but interrupted them when her family moved to Owen Sound. We were glad Mary Frances was the same easy-to-know and easier-to-like Mary Frances. There’s only one difficulty about her: she’s difficult to guard on the basket ball field. MARILOU MANNING, who left St. Joseph’s when her parents went to Ottawa, now is back with us in boarding school. She and Norma Taylor are frisking parlourwards whenever we meet them, it seems. And then there is BIANCA NIEVES, also toeing the boarder-line these initiation days. Bianco came from Trinidad last year, too late for initiation, so we have to “grind her bones to make our bread” this year.

Thoroughly new are the others. WILLA McCaffrey hasn’t even got used to getting up in the morning yet . . . tch, tch, Willa, why it’s easy after the first year, easy as—easy as—well, anyway, there’s also VERONICA SMITH, who doesn’t appreciate the rising bell. Don’t they get up in St. Catharines at all?? Let us say in justice to Veronica though, that that

is the only time in the day that her cheeriness deserts her. Now BERNADETTE CAMERAND doesn't seem to mind—we understand she always was an early riser. The people from Foliette are all like that, she tells us.

MARGARET KEELEY brought with her from Timmins the Canadian Junior Pair Championship Title. Margaret isn't the bragging kind and we might never have found that out if there weren't a few other people around here who read the sport page now and then. But, like the grand old Duke of York, who gained the top of the hill and then rode down again, Margaret came in September to St. Joseph's, Toronto, but in October went back to Timmins, with an appendix—or rather without one! We couldn't remember afterwards who started the fashion, Margaret or MADELEINE MAGUIRE. Madeleine was back in record time and in class again within two weeks. With so many French girls around, Madeleine is a pearl without price, knowing as she does both languages equally well. MARCIENNE CARRIVEAU, from Quebec City, is learning English quickly. A good "ear" stands one in good stead, says Marcienne, whether it is piano playing or learning English; and MARIANNA KORMANN, another music lover and now studying it exclusively here agrees. Ditto too for TERESA NEVILLE, our little Irish songster from Douglas. MARY NOWAK, from Kitchener, is one student who takes time to "play tricks" and one senior girl tells a story about one time when—but enough! MARY COFFEY, from Caledon East, says her favourite pastimes are dining and slumber, but looking at Mary, trim and alert, we know there is a good student and all round girl under the exterior trappings. PHYLLIS MURPHY would proclaim to all the world that "early to bed and early to rise" is the motto underlying her successful future career. MARGARET McBRIDE seems more at home now that the first lost and lonely feeling is being dispelled. BARBARA FLOOD, who comes from Oshawa and loves badminton, was extra lonely too at first. And, of the bigger girls, that leaves only MARYSE PARADIS, from Quebec, who likes to cut out patterns . . . or likes to cut patterns, but it's only the initiated who know that joke!

Among the INTERMEDIATES, we would mention VELMA DESROCHES, from Montreal, who is learning English quickly; we think, though, that the many letters Velma writes must be in French. Velma likes all sports and even taught P.T. during the summer. CECILE BELLISLE, from Levis, writes a lot of letters in French and sings in any language you care to hear — sings well too. She's learning English and

managing to keep up in Commercial Class. STELLA CHADAM, from Woodstock, is full of life and conversation—we imagine that on initiation night Stella may know a few tricks. ZITA MARIE SANDFORD, tall and fair and hailing from Long Branch, is another kneeling to protest her fealty to the seniors. And we hear rumours that SALLY WRIGHT is to be resident student soon—Sally is debonair and practical, yet not unmindful of the world intangible; and words fail us to describe the little starry-eyed sister who is coming too. There are many among the little ones who are worthy of a whole paragraph each; the trouble is that there are too many, and time and space are limited. Some day, children dear, you will be big girls and we'll sing your glories then. In the meantime, it won't be long till the little Lord of Christmas fills your hearts with His splendid joys.

Our Work For the Exhibit.

Delegates from each of the seventeen High School forms took turns in our own St. Joseph's booth, explaining the history of the Community and answering questions of interested spectators. From First Formers to Fifth the girls measured up well and we are proud of them. May God bless them and also the girls of III-C who so generously gave their services to the Passionist Fathers in their booth during those busy days.

Many articles on the Missionary Exhibition have been submitted; all were very good but all cannot be printed. We chose this one:

The Missionary Exhibition.

The Missionary Exhibition is already successful in that it has aroused wide interest. Thousands of information pamphlets have been distributed to visitors who have taken away with them an indelible impression of those who have followed Christ's injunction, "Go ye, therefore, teaching all nations." Many who formerly had only vague ideas of the scope of missionary endeavour now will have spoken to men and women who have recently returned from India and China, Africa and the Arctic, and will have learned that the fate of the savers of souls is not necessarily death to satisfy the hunger of cannibals, but rather a martyrdom of work and privation worthy of our whole-hearted help.

Surely it is our duty to acquaint those who missed the Exhibit with the facts we have learned and the marvels we have seen displayed, to describe to them the vestments, the paintings, the articles of devotion, all wrought for God's honour and glory.

One of the greatest values of this exhibit is that we have learned ways in which we too may aid Mission work effectively. So often we are discouraged in our new resolutions by problems of "how," "when" and "where?" The Exhibition has solved some of these questions. Let me instance my own experience: in five minutes, I received an envelope in which I might place a contribution to the Catholic Church Extension Society, pamphlets directing me where to send old stamps, several copies of prayers of intercession for the missions; for one who can wield a needle or a pair of scissors there opened a wide field of missionary work in the making of altar linens and vestments—really some of them seemed easy too—in the Women's Auxiliary or the Church Extension. For every person there is some one of these avenues of aid open. If only we come to realize this in some increased measure, the Canadian National Missionary Exhibition will have made the Catholic Church still more Catholic.

Jean Ross, S.J.C.S., XIII-B.



From left to right: Miss Lois Garner, of St. Catharines, Fontbonne Scholarship in French and Latin; Miss Lucy Hopkins, Toronto, Gertrude Lawlor Scholarship in English and History; Miss Mary O'Brien, Toronto, St. Joseph's Scholarship for General Proficiency. All are students of St. Joseph's College School.

YEAR'S END.

It has come to a close—the year which has made us loyal pupils of I-D. The examinations are over, and despite the preceding despair and aging worry, we tell ourselves and sometimes believe our own predictions, that we have all attained honours in History, Geography and Mathematics and shall, after all, live to witness the wonders of Second Form. And yet, it seems so short a time ago that we all agreed one day with Jacqueline when she remarked during a discussion of graduation activities that “we shall be lucky if we get out of first alive!” But all such thoughts are over now; the time when we were lazy school-girls, thinking only of “The Mystery of Carlitos” and “Anne of Inglewood,” is just part of a regrettable past. Now that we have reformed and that our brains have had time to relax after the strain of the past two weeks, we are inclined to think poetically of that regrettable, unforgettable past—and the thoughts go something like this:

“Eleanor staring into space,
Elma hunting maps to trace;
Rita, busy painting, looks
At Eileen, reading mystery books.
Nancy’s sitting fiercely writing,
Pat and Shirley busy fighting.
Ant’nette’s tying up her laces,
Jack and Sally are making faces.
Arlette’s drawing with her pen,
Gracie’s counting up to ten,
Sister’s teaching patiently;
Catherine’s throwing things at me.
Mart’ty’c twisting at her hair,
Gloria wondering what to wear,
Bianca playing “Plastercine,”
Carol smiling at Josephine;
Margaret Tipping’c chewing gum,
Lorraine and Irene wanting some,
Rosie’s studying hard as she can,
Anne Smith chuckles with Margaret Anne,
The other Sally, the other Lorraine
Combined, make one grand Algebra brain.
Shirley Thompson’s dreaming dreams,
Eileen’s sewing puppet seams;
Sister’s teaching how to draw,
Jean Tighe “laying down the law,”
Each one striving hard (?) to pass
From out this busy, dizzy class.

But that’s all over now. Two weeks before the June Brain Teasers everyone settled down to good honest work and the results (we keep telling ourselves and sometimes we believe the tale) are not going to be unhappy ones.

Anne McGinn, Form I-D,
S.J.C.S.

CLASS-ROOM DRUDGE.

Hear me, oh, hear me, ye desks and blackboards, ye brushes and chalk, ye pictures and maps of Grade XI. Give ear to a friend who is at the mercy of thoughtless students, ever willing to share their misery with me but never their joys.

Daily I have thrust at me ridiculous algebraic solutions, unscientific equations, distortions of the beautiful French language and positive insults to the King's English. I have given the best years of my life, but exhausted as I am, I have been more than overworked to-day . . . Desks in Grade XI. have just received their Easter cleaning, and I am only the class's unappreciated waste basket!

Joan Moore, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver.

BUY A BOND.

When you're feeling kind of blue,
And have nothing else to do,
BUY A BOND!

It may help a soldier on his mission,
To pass along the ammunition,
So BUY A BOND!

It may be the Navy's cue
To sink a sub beneath the blue,
So BUY A BOND.

It may aid those "silver wings"
To smash Tokio and Berlin,
So BUY A BOND.

I repeat without infraction,
It will give you satisfaction,
So

BUY
A
BOND!

Joan Isabel Hebblethwaite,
Commercial 1942-43,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

CINQUAIN.**THE POET.**

He sings
A hundred songs
Of themes to us unknown;
He thrills our inmost hearts—and then
Is gone!

Rita Hireen, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

MOTHER'S PLEA.

Having joined the parade of children, I found myself roughly forced into a heavy, dark cloud of smoke. Recovering from a coughing spell, I realized I had secured a "ringside" view of a big fire. Flames were leaping high when the pitiful voice of a young mother filled the air. "My baby," she wailed, "my poor baby, what will he do! Oh, someone, please, please—the baby buggy! the baby buggy!"

The thought uppermost in my mind was how utterly futile would be even an attempt to save the precious life of the infant. Nevertheless, a young hero rushed into the flaming house, to be forced back before he had gained the front door. But the pleading, pitiful sight of the frantic mother urged him to venture a second time.

Breathless we waited! Through the dense smoke, a staggering figure appeared. Had he the baby? Yes! There he was pulling a carriage draped with a heavy blanket.

"God bless you," muttered the grateful mother, as she seized the buggy and hurried to wheel it away. But we who had suffered with her demanded to see the baby.

"The baby," she replied, "you mean little Jimmie? Oh, he's over at mother's. Thanks again for saving his carriage. I just bought it last week, and I didn't want anything to happen to it. You understand!"

Margaret Cummings, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

SCENES.

Mrs. Smith smiles proudly as she watches her golden-haired little Philip, with the Grade Three class, lustily sing, "O Canada, we stand on guard for thee."

It is 1941. Philip is with the AirForce. For eight months he has been flying over Germany, each time wondering if these will be a return journey over the white cliffs of Dover.

Has come the flight that knew no return. One more plane has crashed into the side of a mountain. Philip has made the great sacrifice!

A brief line in the daily papers, a cursory glance by the average reader, and then perhaps the irrelevant question: "What is it, spades or hearts?" Is it not so?

Ah, there have been hundreds and hundreds of Philip Smiths. Each is a tragedy—with two central figures: a young life of promise, and a grief-stricken wife or mother. For the soul of the one and the support of the other, could we not pause for a moment to whisper: "My Jesus, mercy! Passion of Christ, strengthen them!"

Anne Salmon, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver.

"VANCOUVER'S CHINATOWN."

In the Oriental section of Vancouver ten thousand Chinese have made their homes here.

Situated in the east of the city, Vancouver's "Chinatown" is a bit of the real Oriental China transplanted to Canada. Along Pender Street in the rear of "Chinatown," one can see a "city within a city" where all the special features of Chinese business life are in evidence.

It is an attraction to see the Chinese stores stocked with Oriental goods and foodstuffs. As one walks along the streets of "Chinatown" he hears the Chinese language spoken by thousands of people and see the Chinese characters indicating the places of business, etc. The people for the most part dress in Western style.

Although the older Chinese, most of whom have come from Southern China (Canton), still retain many of the customs of their homeland, the younger generation, Canadian-born, observe the Western customs almost exclusively and speak excellent English. The children attend English schools for the regular hours, and later go to their own schools to learn the essentials of Chinese writing and language.

Education is widely spread amongst the Chinese and a great number of students are enrolled at the U.B.C. Practically all the Christian Churches are doing missionary work among the Chinese population, and the Catholic Church boasts the only all-Chinese Grade School in Canada.

"The Chinese Times" is a daily newspaper published in Chinese. Chinatown also has its own theatre for the production of Chinese stage shows. In every line of activity business, social, religious and professional, the Chinese are well represented, though the bulk of the population is engaged in small store business.

To speak of Vancouver's attractions without mentioning the Chinese section of the city, would be to omit the feature which distinguishes this Pacific Ocean port from all the other great cities of Canada.

Mable Loretta Wong, Commercial,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

It is May, 1918. Hundreds of American doughboys are on their way to a dangerous sector of France. A wayside Shrine of the Pieta arrests their gaze. The image of the Sorrowing Mother looking down upon her Dead Son makes strong appeal to Catholic hearts, and inspires their well-beloved "padre" to give expression to: "Yes, boys, that's the way to die—in the arms of our Blessed Mother."

Some ten weeks later, depleted ranks return over the now devastated region. Gratitude for safety prompts a halt before Our Lady's Shrine. The ravages of a bomb had torn from the Mother the Body of Her Son. But the Mother had found another child. In her outstretched arms were enfolded the remains of a mortally wounded soldier of France.

Anne Salmon, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE.

It is the summer holidays and I am working at a lumber factory. As I put piece after piece of wood into a machine I realize that every boy out of school for two months could do a great deal for his country. Work may seem tedious but every second counts in our glorious cause.

Why already the day's work is over! The whistle's shrill, shrieking sound is re-echoing throughout the plant. Machines are being turned off, electric switches are pulled down, box cars are securely closed and everyone scrambles to his locker. All leave the mill for the main office and stand in line. My turn comes; I firmly take hold of the swing lever and press number "eighty-three." Hurriedly, I run to a waiting street-car to obtain a seat rather than stand after a strenuous day's work at the plant for "Victory."

Ernest Iannacone, Form III,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

OUR LITTLE BIT.

What are YOU doing to help Canada's war effort? Of course we at home are not in the front line manning anti-aircraft guns, or ferrying bombers to Britain, but we too can do something which will gradually grow until it becomes beyond our expectation. For instance, when our boys bring down enemy planes and sink enemy ships, wouldn't you feel much better if you could say that your little sacrifices helped? Well, it is possible for every man, woman and child to do something towards our war effort, for every little helps. For instance we could economize in the home, save scrap for Red Cross, but our big endeavour is to buy war bonds.

This is the people's war and it is up to us to help our boys on the land, sea and air.

Buy war bonds; to-morrow may be too late.

Hitler and his Nazi crew

Must be crushed—it's up to you.

Rose Christian,

Commercial, 1942-43,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

ONLY ONE

I sat on the train as it sped along. The door opened and a woman whose face told of sorrow, stepped in. She sat beside me and began to knit. "This is a sweater for my son overseas," she told me. "I have three boys on active service. The despatch that my eldest son was wounded came early this morning, so I am going to see his wife." I sympathized with her.

Her eyes were bright with unshed tears. "I am only one of many but if victory be ours, we are rewarded." True courage!

Virginia McCabe, Form II,
St. Joseph's High School.

RETREAT.

This, I think for the majority of us, was our first Retreat. We had many expectations and thoughts of the coming two days, April 12, 13.

To begin our retreat with a fine start we had an excellent speaker, Rev. Father McHardy, S.J., who spoke to us on very well-chosen subjects. And planted the seeds for later thought and contemplation.

The closing day was begun by the celebration of Holy Mass in the Convent Chapel, which was sung by the student body.

We all received the "Papal Blessing," which marked the end of our Retreat that was made so well by the majority of the girls.

Gloria Slade, Form I-D.

S.J.C.S.

A MAGIC CARPET.

I found myself high on a white fluffy cloud, in a sea of blue. Houses with bright coloured roofs and shutters peeped up, while fairy-like folk in rainbow-coloured gowns moved around. Snow-capped mountains made a background and tiny falls reflected the sun as they splashed gaily over the rocks.

Thump! I awakened. My fairy kingdom had vanished.

Corinne Frost, Form I-A,

St. Joseph's High School.

I TRAVEL.

My book is "Lands so Far Away." Here I am in France and I walk into Madame Celine's dress shop. The styles are the latest and Madame designs them. Now I visit Venice and sail down the streets in a gondola while the boatman sings as he paddles along the canal. In a moment I am in Egypt beside the pyramids, then a big jump to Alaska. The friendly Eskimos run to greet us and ask us for supper. The rocker bumps; the book falls to the floor; I am home.

Annette Pitchot,

St. Joseph's High School.

LEISURE TIME.

In my leisure time in winter I knit, and knitting is always useful.

In the summer I grow different flowers. In my garden I spend many happy hours but my carnations won't grow. I cannot make them grow. One day they perk up, the next wilt. My dark red rose bush is my pride. I try to put two seeds together to grow a different kind of flower, but so far I haven't succeeded. I gather my best flowers for mother, for she loves them.

Helen Trecola, Form I-A.

St. Joseph's High School.

MY DIARY.

May 16, 1837—I was the only one left! Creeping, crawling the water swept over the schooner. Had they forgotten me? This fear gripped my heart. The captain and his crew were already rescued. Suddenly a crash, then a great splash, the mast was gone.

Night came. Painfully I tried to pull myself free from the board that pinned me down. Lightning struck one part of the schooner, and a small piece of it drifted away. I was on it.

May 17, 1837—Morning at last. In the gray mist of the dawn I could see the small rescue party on the shore. I waved feebly. Quick as lightning a man came swimming at great speed. He disappeared. When consciousness returned I found myself on land. Then all went black again as I fainted, exhausted from fear and exposure.

Lena Dorner (aged 10), Grade 6,
St. Patrick's School.

MY FIRST RAILWAY JOURNEY.

It was a warm day in July when mother and father were busy packing. I was washed and a clean fancy dress was put on me.

"Where are we going, mother?" I asked. "We are going to grandmother's farm," mother replied.

I was excited because I was to travel on a train. I was six years old then. People were getting on and off. A voice called "All Aboard."

With a jerk we were off. Trees, stores, people seemed to dash by us.

We had travelled all afternoon and night was near. I was taken to a small room with two beds, where I fell asleep.

When I awoke I was no longer in the small room but was in my grandmother's arms.

Marion Manchella, age 12,
Holy Rosary School, Thorold.

FIRST TRAIN RIDE.

I was to have my first train ride.

I jumped up on the train steps and walked into the car. My father was behind me and held my hand so I would not get lost in the crowd.

We were going to Arizona to spend a month with my grandmother. We passed by mountains, lakes, mountain-streams and on high bridges over deep canyons.

I saw some cowboys tending some steers. They were big, husky fellows on horses.

At seven o'clock in the evening we arrived at the station in Arizona, where by grandmother was waiting for us. She greeted us and took us to her home, where she gave us some hot tea.

Anthony Luciani, age 12,
Holy Rosary School, Thorold.

LIFE AND THE SEASONS.

One day the idea came to me that life and the seasons were similar in this way. In the spring the flowers come to life just as we are born. In this phase of life we must be cared for tenderly to deter us from being killed by weeds which are our bad companions.

In the summer when we grow to manhood and womanhood, the sun, which is the battle of the devil, grows fiercer, and often when it is at its height we wilt into the pathways of sin. But the tender Father of all sends cooling showers of grace to His children, but even now some of us stay in the trend of sin and these showers are lost.

Then comes the autumn when we are old and bent and weary of all life and we will die during the bleak winter of death. But others will come to take our place.

Sheila McMahon, Grade VIII,
St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.

THE SECRET SMILE.

The evening quiet began to descend over George Nazwell's country home. It was often very lonely there, but I was enjoying it.

The last rays of the sun streamed over my shoulder, highlighting the subtle tones of Murillo's "Money Counters," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and just over the fire-place, "Mona Lisa."

The portrait of Mona Lisa had always fascinated me. With my eyes half closed and dusk descending, I began to weave a story around da Vinci's creation.

In a little Italian village a thin girl about eleven years old ran through the main street at the head of a half dozen screaming urchins. Her long, black hair streamed out behind her; her dark eyes were wild. Old Alberto shook his head. "That Mona Lisa, before many years—she will bring disgrace to her poor parents."

Years passed. Mona Lisa became a beautiful young woman. Then young Antonio came and he was going to marry Mona Lisa. But he was found dead—poisoned. No one knew who had killed Antonio but there was talk. Mona Lisa stood before the town's leading citizens. She was told to leave the village. Burning words passed her lips. Then she was gone.

Many years later a procession of villagers made their way up to the great stone Gioconda home. The great man had returned with a bride and they brought presents and good wishes. The woman who watched from the high window, thought, "They are coming to pay homage to me." Mona Lisa, now Signora La Gioconda, smiled. Triumph gleamed in her dark eyes and on her pale half smile, there was mocking scorn, a chill, icy hate, that had burned deep and long. Had I fathomed that mysterious smile? But La Gioconda looked back to me, remote, cool, but forever guarding her secret.

Dolores Cross, Grade VIII,
St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER FROM HISTORY.

My favourite character from history is Marie Antoinette. She is fascinating although her behaviour, at times, was a trifle unseemly. Her enemies called her "that Austrian Woman" and "Madame Deficit." Her expenditures and extravagances in dress, entertainment, and palaces are widely discussed topics in history. Artistic people adore her. The writer expands on her life, her gay parties, her magnificent balls and dinners, and on her tragic death and the romantic and terrifying events which led up to it. The poet writes about her beauty, intrigues, and execution, with deep emotion and understanding; and the artist paints her either from imagination, ancient miniature, or from information gleaned from historical writings. He paints her in all her glory of costume, beauty, and jewels.

The painting of Marie Antoinette I prefer is a small oval picture which shows her standing against a background of trees, mountains and clouds, surrounded by blooming rose bushes of various rich hues. She holds herself proudly and graciously with her head tilted as if to defy the world. The soft white hair is dusted with jewels glittering behind rolling curls. Her eyes are large, luminous and tragic. The nose is pinched, sensitive and extremely aristocratic and the mouth personifies her character in its pride and firmness. White shoulders rise majestically from her gown and the glow of her skin is pale and delicate.

Katherine Hawrey, Form IV-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER FROM FICTION.

Among my favourite fictional characters I hold with special regard Sydney Carton in "The Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens. He is not a model of virtue. The first half of his life, squandered in fits of dissipation, has little to commend it. Those few hours when he strove to work showed that he might have been much different. Then love came into his life—a love so strong that he was driven to despair while battling with its mighty passion. He had to exercise the greatest self-control to keep that love within bounds. Yet he kept it within himself till the very flame of it almost scorched him beyond endurance. When the test came he was strong enough to stand unflinchingly before it. His plan to save the life of Charles Darnay to make happy the one he loved, was executed with calm strength. He did not wish gratitude but he knew the one woman's heart would tell her of his sacrifice. In the prison he had compassion on those who were suffering with him, and by his courage gave strength to the French girl who rode to the guillotine beside him. The words of Sydney Carton are true when he says, "This is a far better thing I do than I have ever done"; and I esteem him for his noble strength of character which carried his purpose to the end. For the only gift he could send his loved one was his life and he died happy in the knowledge that he had found, at last, something worthy to lay at her feet.

Joan McColl, Form IV-A,
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